

**SPECIAL  
YEAR-END  
ISSUE**

**SPIN**

**THE  
YEAR  
IN  
MUSIC**

**THE  
BANGLES**

**SERIOUSLY, FOLKS**

**YUPPIE LIKE ME**

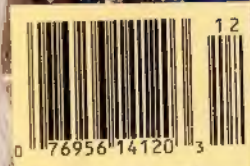
**DWIGHT  
YOAKAM  
INTERVIEWS  
BUCK  
OWENS**

**BOBBY  
BROWN**

**WILLIAM  
GIBSON**

**JAMES  
BROWN**

DECEMBER \$2.95  
CANADA \$3.95







*the Waterboys*  
FISHERMAN'S BILLIES



**No gift is warmer than J&B.**

J&B Scotch Whisky. Blended and bottled in Scotland by Justerini & Brooks, fine wine and spirit merchants since 1749.  
To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-528-6148. Void where prohibited.



# IN

Volume Four Number Nine

December 1988

**Editor, Design Director & Publisher:**  
**Bob Guccione, Jr.**

Associate Publisher/Adv. Dir.: Richard Keech

Executive Editor: Robert Keating  
 Managing Editor: Drew Hopkins  
 Features Editor: Bart Bull  
 Senior Editor: John Leland  
 Senior Editor: Joe Levy  
 Senior Editor: Celia Farber  
 Senior Editor: Legs McNeil  
 Associate Editor: Christian L. Wright  
 Copy Chief: Gary Shrader  
 Underground Editor: Byron Coley  
 Staff Writer: Scott Cohen  
 Staff Writer: Brian Cullman  
 Staff Writer: Adam Greenfield  
 Reporter at Large: Dean Christopher

Art Director: Gary Koepeke  
 Editorial Assistant: Robin Reinhardt

Business Manager/CFO: Michael J. Herson  
 Circulation Director: Bruce Sheridan  
 Assistant to the Publisher: Caren Curtis  
 National Sales Manager: John T. Rollins  
 Account Manager: Grace Whitney  
 Account Manager, West Coast: Anita Rao  
 Advertising/Sales Manager: Jonet Girdwood  
 Classified Adv. Manager: Brendan Amyot  
 Promotions Manager: Marissa Scauzillo  
 Administrative Assistant: Jerri Meyer

Cover photograph and photo above  
 by Jimi Giannatti

**TOPSPIN** 6

**POINT BLANK**/Letters 10

## FLASH

Transvision Vamp, Skinny Puppy, Rock'n'Roll Cuisine, Dear Elvis, Bruce dish cartoon, They Might Be Giants, Stryper, EPMD, Fly Fashion, Beached Elvis, Rio Hip Hop, Bob Z vs. the Sanitation Police. 12

## RUNAWAY GREENHOUSE EFFECT

We all know the greenhouse effect is making the earth hotter. But now scientists are saying it's a lot worse than we think.  
 By Drew Hopkins. 28

## GEORGIA SATELLITES

Like Tiffany, the Georgia Satellites have real roots. You can leave your fake rock'n'roll mythology at the door. By Tony Paris. 33

## NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

At the height of his criminal notoriety, we dug up a James Brown record you can't buy in stores: the original rapper's rap sheet. By Bob Mack and John Brodie. 36

## BREAKFAST IN AMERICA

Ten years ago, Sham 69 was one of the fiercest punk bands in the world. Now, thanks to the miracle of singer Jimmy Pursey's sustained rage, they are again. By Celia Farber and Adam Greenfield. 38

## PAID IN FULL

Bobby Brown's rise from street crime to the big time. By Barry Michael Cooper. 41

## A COUPLE OF COWBOYS SITTING AROUND TALKIN'

Forget "Hee-Haw." Buck Owens was once the hardest rocking country musician in the world. His leading disciple, Dwight Yoakam, asks, what up? A dialog. 45

## L.A. WOMEN

Confessions of a Bangles groupie: When Vicki said go south, our reporter just blushed.  
 By Michael Corcoran. 50

## 88: TIME TO SET IT STRAIGHT

A special section on the year of no half-stepping: Youth power in effect, musicians of the year, day-by-day public humiliation, the mutant Elvis, failed comebacks, the year of the *shmatte*, the big things that weren't. 55

## ANTIHERO

Before the Sex Pistols, badness was Malcolm McLaren's hobby. Then it became his life's calling. By Malcolm McLaren. 72

## MOVING IMAGES

Slice'n'dice master Clive Barker's bodily obsessions; Richard Kern's super-8 sleaze. 82

## AIDS

A look at art after AIDS.  
 By Thomas S. Ryan. 86

## YUPPIE LIKE ME

Our resident sleaze goes undercover.  
 By Legs McNeil. 92

## NEW ROMANCER

When William Gibson first juiced up science fiction literature, he didn't know what he was starting. Now, from Max Headroom to *Blade Runner* to MTV, cyberpunk has taken over. Ignore at your peril. By Adam Greenfield. 96

## SPINS/Records

Keith Sweat, Johnny Kemp, Al B. Sure!, Guy, Bobby Brown, Bananarama, That Petrol Emotion, Balancing Act, Soundgarden, Nick Cave, feedtime, Kassav', James Brown, 7 Seconds, Original Concept, Scrawl, Etta James, Three Johns, Toots Hibbert, Talk Talk, Little Suffy's Quest for Music: R.E.M. 101

**SINGLES** 112

**UNDERGROUND** 114

## YO! IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

The colorized version. By Darius James. 122

This One



03GE-6PS-8T7D

Maternal chronikony prawem autorskim



Henry Chalfant

## TOP SPIN

There's a saying which suggests the questionable sanity in starting the same magazine twice: "Once a philosopher, twice a pervert." I heard Norman Mailer say that on TV and he said he got it from Voltaire. This being the year of Joe Biden, we're all a little more careful with our attributions now.

A year ago, we restarted SPIN, publishing our December '87 issue while still reading our somewhat premature obituaries. I'd say it was a strange environment if SPIN wasn't so used to strange environments. Once we thought it something we had to apologize for, or at least explain. Now, almost a sagely four years old, we just shrug our shoulders and shake our heads.

We were born, the first time, like the ugly duckling, in the *Penthouse* magazine building in New York, a floor above *Penthouse* and *Omni*, and one below the glitzy busy-ness of "Good Morning America." Our floor was known as the Dead Zone till we occupied it like an eddy in an otherwise placid stream, a frenzied spiral of activity and sometimes enigmatic inspiration. For two and a half years we published some thirty issues there, until our formal relationship with *Penthouse* ended, and we left, a thin caravan of publishing nomads crossing Manhattan in search of a new home, editing the next issue on the way.

So when it came to putting this issue to bed, representing a year since we resettled, we thought about calling it a first anniversary. But since we already felt like parents who have given birth to the same child twice, we decided to let the milestone pass. We're going to be four in March, to call ourselves one in December seems too much like climbing back into our own womb, too Freudian even for us.

Well, to paraphrase (and credit) Charles Dickens, the past year has been the best of times and the worst of times. In "'88: Time to Set It

Straight" (p. 55), we explain what that has meant for the year in music. For SPIN it has been a good year although anything but uneventful; culminating, at the moment of writing this, in our November issue being banned from a growing number of stores across the country for containing a condom.

The Chinese have the colorful tradition of identifying each new year with an animal, every so many years repeating them on some sort of eternal loop. They should take this past year as an opportunity to introduce a new one, and officially make '88 the Year of the Ostrich. Because in 1988 America buried its head in the sand and refused to accept how obviously awful some things were, refused to deal with ever worsening reality. Like a nation on barbiturates we watched numbly as the banana-republic-like corruption in the Reagan administration; Bush and Dukakis's painful ineptness; Quayle's frightening proximity to power; Meese's blatant contempt for justice; the dying, disenfranchised AIDS population; the ongoing atrocity in South Africa, highlighted by the Mandela concert, lowpointed by the same concert becoming little more than a Coca-Cola commercial when broadcast here. TV news chronicled the disintegrating environment in a race to a gruesome finish with the economy and American education to see which will fall apart first.

When we could summon the collective energy to change the channel, we changed it to MTV and blamed everything on music: In 1988, we prosecuted Judas Priest and people who owned record stores in a surreal trial by proxy for the crimes of Boesky, Reagan, Bush, the polluters, and the inner city drug cartels. And then we nodded off to sleep in front of the twitching, pixilated glass screen.

When we woke in the morning, the "Today" show was flickering and

jabbering at us and we saw Jane Pauley, grinning contentedly at Willard Scott, who looked like a Moonie walrus sinking into the set's couch, turning shiny yellow tomatoes over in his big fat hands and gushing about how wonderful yellow tomatoes are and how much he loves them until finally even the producer must have whispered into his earphone to change the subject. All this less than two months before we had to elect a president to lead us through what might well be the most precarious period in our mostly fortunate history, and we not only didn't complain, I don't think enough of us even noticed.

It was a year, as I suppose most are, of ironic paradoxes. It was the year that pop music was taken seriously and that the most serious musical statements, made on behalf of Nelson Mandela at Freedomfest, were taken so casually that they were appropriated in broad daylight to sell Coca-Cola. And it was the year in

which the quintessential vapid, catchy, pop song, "Don't Worry, Be Happy," perfectly defined the depth and extent of current political dialogue.

We sat idly by. We elected an idiot to the White House (since I'm writing this is late October, I don't yet know which one). In 1988 we were more than cowards, we were fools. We held the coat while someone beat us up.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

Top: One New York graffiti artist has the Christmas spirit.

Below: They're on each other's list this holiday season: Pat Boone (left) and Bob Guccione, Jr. (right), after a live debate on The 700 Club last March. In the middle, not worrying and being happy, the Reverend Winkie Pratley from New Zealand.



The Corporation: Chairman of the Board: David H. Horowitz; President/CEO: Bob Guccione, Jr.; Secretary: Richard Keech

SPIN (ISSN 0886-3032), Volume 4, Number 9. © Copyright 1988 by Camouflage Publishing Inc. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States by Camouflage Publishing Inc., 6 W. 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608, tel. (212) 633-8200. Subscriptions: Inquiries: Send new or renewal notices or change of address (send both old and new addresses) to SPIN, Box 1712, Riverton, NJ 08077-9712. Allow six to eight weeks for change of address. Subscriptions: U.S. and its possessions: 1 year, \$24.00; 2 years, \$40.00; Canada: 1 year, \$30.00 (U.S.); 2 years, \$50.00 (U.S.). Postmaster: Send address changes to SPIN, Box 1712, Riverton, NJ 08077-9712. Second class postage paid New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, and internationally by Select Magazines, Inc., 6 E. 40th Street, New York, NY 10016, tel. (212) 696-7300. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to SPIN Magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and therefore may be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of SPIN. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Single copies, \$2.95 in U.S. and AFD; \$3.95 in Canada. Tel. (212) 633-8200. Advertising offices: New York—SPIN, 6 W. 18th Street, New York, NY 10011-4608, tel. (212) 633-8200. West Coast Office, 11950 San Vicente Blvd., Suite 216, Brentwood, CA, 90049, tel. (213) 820-8181.

# THE TIMEX CARRIAGE COLLECTION



# THE TIMEX CARRIAGE COLLECTION



1940 Packard

THE TIMEX COMPANY  
WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS  
MADE IN SWITZERLAND

SOME  
LOVE  
THE FACT  
THAT  
TDK  
HIGH BIAS  
AUDIO CASSETTES  
FEATURE A  
SUPER AVILYN  
FORMULATION  
THAT  
INCORPORATES  
COBALT-ADSORBED  
GAMMA FERRIC  
OXIDE PARTICLES  
WHICH PROVIDE  
OPTIMUM  
SONIC  
REALISM  
OVER A WIDE  
DYNAMIC RANGE







SOME  
SOME

JUST

LOVE

THE

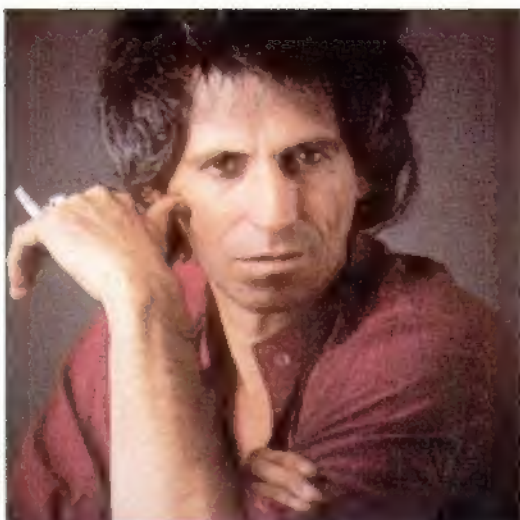
music.

MUSIC

TIDK NO REAL

©TIDK NO REAL.

Material chroniony prawem autorskim



Derek Ridgers

Keith Richards contemplates the Void.

### Try to Remember

Nick Tosches' piece on Keith Richards's LP *Talk Is Cheap* (November) was . . . was . . . well, what was it? A hit below the belt while the poor guy was vulnerable at a urinal? Or a highly insightful comment on the absolute absurdity of the Rock'n'Roll Hierachy and the medium's (d)evolution from adventure to convention? Yeah, that's what it was. Here's to the old days.

—M. Edwards  
New York, NY

### Parents Never Understand

I read the review of Patti Smith's album [October] by Tim Holmes with great interest. However, he doesn't do his homework very well. Beverly Ann Smith is not Patti's daughter. Beverly Ann Smith is her mother—me.

—Beverly Ann Smith  
Mantua, NJ

### As Sung by the General Public

Yo, SPIN! You're so much better the second time around—you don't have as many snot-noses writing their juvenile tripe anymore. In fact, I could safely proclaim SPIN the baddest music mag of the century. No publication ever covered the range of music that ya'll do.

Keep up the good work and my hat's off to you for your articles on

AIDS. They're some of the best I've read anywhere. Don't give up the fight!

—General B.  
Chicago, IL

I am glad there is a magazine around that is not afraid to mention bands like the Ramones, Sex Pistols, and isn't afraid to use the word "punk." Also your AIDS articles are logical, not just full of warnings. If I were stranded on a deserted island and had a choice out of three magazines, SPIN would definitely be my choice.

—Roxane Rude  
Chicago, IL

SPIN is, without a doubt, the best U.S. rock magazine available on the newsstands. Nonetheless, there are some areas where, I think, it could be both better and more useful to its readership.

Your readership, presumably, consists mostly of professional, college-educated persons who spend quite a bit of money on buying recorded music. Thus, the biggest value to us from a rock magazine is buying advice. In SPIN there is simply not enough. The Underground column, under Mr. Coley, has become nearly valueless. [His] fanzine style of reviewing is truly of little help to me when I am at the record store.

—Vyto Babrauskas  
Bethesda, MD

### Heights of Conscience

Music and politics are my favorite things, and rarely have they been as artfully blended as in your "Rock Activism" series [September]. While your erstwhile competitor treads water in neo-conservative slag and naive liberal mush, you've set a fresh, progressive, and sophisticated course.

Especially impressive was your "Silence = Death" piece. It's about time someone addressed homophobia in rock—for a "counterculture" medium it sure spends a lot of time reinforcing mainstream sexual hypocrisy and ignorance.

Also very good was the "Rock Against Racism" story—how inspiring to see the best of rock'n'roll values actually bring people together and make some changes.

I guess this means I'm subscribing.  
—Maia Ettinger  
Oakland, CA

High praise goes to Jim Fouratt for his article "Silence = Death." I think the major irony is that most of the people who are afraid to be thought of as "queer" are the very same people who condemn people with AIDS, and call it a "gay disease."

—Jill Herschman  
North Hollywood, CA

### Tama in Stanzas

Is Anybody Out There? Party Lines by Tama Janowitz [October]

was like a well paid for meal, Balanced with spice, color, and burps. Her experience at the DNC sounds similar. Hot air and empty heads are credentials for any "self-grandeur-ball-room-blitz." Not to be discouraged, Tama, we do wake up from bad dreams . . . And . . . some of us just sleep walk.

Thanks for the insight.  
—Kathryn Weatherbell  
Los Angeles, CA

### Armed with a Plastic Uzi

In the Public Enemy story [September], Chuck D claims that [interviewer John] Leland's opinion is limited. What about his own? He calls himself and Farrakhan prophets; I call them prejudiced men. Stop blaming every white person in America for the black person's problems. It's easy to sit back and ridicule—let's see some action from these prophets. I'd say the plastic Uzis aren't the only fake things Public Enemy totes.

—Anonymous  
Manchester, NH

### Short Sharp Stolen

Amidst all this Michelle Shocked [October] talk, I've yet to see mention of the outright plagiarism involving *Short Sharp Shocked's* title and LP cover. [See] the cover of Chaos UK's *Short Sharp Shock* (Children of the Revolution Records, Bristol, England).

Sorry, Michelle. This is too much of a coincidence. It's kinda hard to take her seriously now, isn't it?

—Karl Heitmueller  
Lancaster, PA

Ed.'s note: Actually, Karl, "short sharp shock" is a phrase that goes way back to a song by Gilbert and Sullivan, who, as far as we know, were never photographed being held in a headlock by policemen.

### Class Distinction

The "Rock'n'Roll Caste System" article [October] by Michael Corcoran was absolutely hilarious! I could almost be classified as an "untouchable," but I don't smell like herbal shampoo or wait outside for limos. But I do pay for my tickets and the \$18 for a T-shirt that doesn't last after it's washed a few times.

It must be wonderful to be an "unreachable" and to be granted divinity by a laminated piece of paper.

Thanks to Mr. Corcoran, the next time someone screams from the stage in all their supremacy, "Are you ready to rock?" all I'll be able to do is laugh.

—Maureen Brunetti  
Rego Park, NY



Share the wreath.  
Give friends a sprig of imported English greenery.

Tanqueray<sup>®</sup>  
A singular experience.

Send a gift of Tanqueray anywhere in U.S.A. Call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.

# FLASH

Transvision Vamp, They Might Be Giants, Skinny Puppy, Rock'n'Roll Cuisine, Bob Z. and the Sanitation Police, EPMD, Rio Hip Hop, Heavy Metal Heretics, the Writing on the Whale, Dear Elvis, Fly Style, the Hungry Heart

---

## POST-MADONNA SYNDROME

After months of little girls whose names end in "y" and "ie," I find myself longing for one of the original "ie"s, who may have had a heart of glass, but could at least sing and at most wear a mini-skirt and mean it. Remember when innocence was offensive? Remember Real Women with Real Bands? Seconds before a toxic nostalgia kills me, Transvision Vamp saves the day.

"Tell That Girl to Shut Up," is Transvision Vamp's timely single off their debut LP, *Pop Art*, and is the perfect response to the insipid Top 40 "y" and "ie" madness. And Wendy J, the London group's gorgeous glam/biker/smart-tart is just the 22-year-old to do it.

"When I was growing up, there were the Pistols . . . and that's just not possible anymore. But we still maintain that when you're young you shouldn't be accepting things. In the '80s, that spark of rebellion . . . it's just not here anymore. We're caught in this post-Madonna syndrome with prissy little girls with adult managers putting them in short skirts. Madonna, at first, was making a real strong statement—very powerful, body showing and all that—and young girls were copying that fuck-off attitude. But now it's just all these weak females acting like goody-two-shoes all over again. It's just like the '50s or something. And I don't believe that's necessarily a good goal for little girls to go after. I'm not talking just 'bad,' but strong.

"Tell That Girl" is a positive thing. I'm opposed to submissive girls who just pamper male egos. You know, women are brilliant—child-birth and all that—and when women are strong, there's nothing that can beat them. The stronger you are, the more attractive you are: dressing how you want to dress, saying what you want to say, doing what you want to do. Ultimately, this is more attractive."

No surprise, then, that the guy who signed the Sex Pistols signed Transvision Vamp. Or that Jamie Reid, who designed the Sex Pistols record sleeves, has come out of record cover retirement to work with TV. If *Pop Art* and their biker videos don't spell it out, Wendy J does: "We're about confronting, not conforming. And at the end of the day, that's why Transvision Vamp will still be around."

—Jessica Bendinger





# GERMANY. E.M.



# BLOOD ROCK

## Skinny Puppy's Morbid Extremes

"Whatever it takes to get the experience across, I'll do it," says Nivek Ogre, Skinny Puppy's visionary vocalist, about his on-stage theatrics. "Without totally destroying myself, that is." Skinny Puppy takes performance art to a morbid extreme. In the past, Ogre has made his startling entrance behind a backdrop, only his shadow visible. He grasps a demonic puppet and the two writhe in mortal combat until finally Ogre emerges and begins the show. Bowls of "blood" are poured over his body; his eyes roll back; he growls and screams to the dense wall of static punctuated by heavy drum beats. Many shows have climaxed with Ogre's mock suicide.

Audience reactions vary, but oddly enough, they have never been violent. Ogre (AKA Kevin Ogilvie) believes "our simulated violence onstage is drawing that out of them." However, the intent is always the same: to shock and disturb, to elicit a reaction. It works. During one live show, a member of the audience responded to Ogre's ranting and screaming with primal screams of his own. "It got very intense," he recalls, "to the point where the audience was exhausted by it and left feeling very good. That's exactly what we try to provoke."

To some, Nivek appears twisted or insane. But there is, in fact, a method to his theatrical madness. The purpose of it all, he insists, is "a catharsis, for myself and the audience. People look OK on the surface, when they're really ripping themselves apart inside. There's a lot going on underneath," he says.

Skinny Puppy takes a new turn with the latest LP, *VIVIsectVI*, a biting commentary on animal rights from the inside out. Onstage, Ogre plays the role of laboratory vivisectionist, then enlightened man, realizing the evil of animal experimentation. Finally, Nivek transforms himself into the tortured animal, in a desperate attempt to convey "the inner workings of the mind under the strain of vivisection."

Skinny Puppy is, at once, synthetic and animalistic in nature while their concerns go beyond bloodbaths and shock therapy. "People have to start looking at what they're putting into the earth," Ogre says, "or it will be an environmental disaster for all of us. If human beings can just step off our pedestal and realize we are the disease, it might be OK."

—Staci Bonner



Kevin Wescenberg

# HEY DUDE, LIKE IS IT SOUP YET?

If you're like me you've spent countless hours of your life wondering what Cher likes in her macaroni salad, and you've spent days pondering how Eric Clapton likes his pea soup. At last, such burning questions are answered, thanks to Peggy Honeyman-Scott, Robin Le Mesurier, and their new book *Rock 'N' Roll Cuisine*.

In this frank and very brave new work, the authors prove conclusively that people like Kim Wilde and Yoko Ono are just as talented in the kitchen as they are in the recording studio. We're treated to Debbie Harry's recipe for "Nutty Shrimp" ("do not overfry!"), the Bangles's "Holiday Quiche" ("it's quick and ridiculously easy"), plus Dave Stewart's take on Carrot and Orange Soup ("serve in a nice, friendly bowl—preferably with a photograph of the queen on it"). Just to show that the authors are not without a sense of irony, however, they have included Stevie Nicks's recipe for dip.

It is, perhaps, just a happy accident that the authors are two rock'n'roll wives—a class of human being normally known to excel only in areas of masochism and self-loathing. Honeyman-Scott was married to the first late Prefender, and Le Mesurier was once hitched to a guy cool enough to play for Rod Stewart.

Do not despair in the eleventh minute—when you've just closed the back cover of *Rock 'N' Roll Cuisine* and your head is spinning—because Ms. Le Mesurier is currently at work on a chronicle her former trade: that of a Playboy Bunny in Los Angeles.

—Jim Farber

## The Rock'n'Roll Cookbook



**We're so small, so why are the big guys scared of us?**

**Alwa is hardly a household word. In fact, outside the music business and audiophile circles, very few people have ever heard our name. It's pronounced "I-WA."**

**Even fewer people have read an Alwa ad. Our chairman is an engineer. So he makes sure all the big bucks go to research and development instead.**

**Our competitors aren't worried about our diversified line. We don't have one. Alwa only makes audio. No microwave ovens. No shavers. No kidding! We're specialists.**

**With all this going against us, we must be doing something right.**

**It's this: In side-by-side comparisons, no matter who we're compared with, Alwa dubbing cassette decks knock their socks off every time. Now wouldn't that make you nervous if you were our competition?**

**For a free demonstration of the Alwa AD-WX909, AD-WX808 or AD-WX707 see your nearest Alwa dealer. But bring along an extra pair of socks.**

**Alwa. What a difference!**





# DEAR ELVIS!

## Monthly Advice Column

Dear Elvis,

The other night I'm home watching "Sonny Spoon" and I see this camera commercial come on with Rosanna Arquette in it. Shit, El, I couldn't believe it. I mean, why the hell she'd go and do that for? You never sank that low. She's an actress, a good one, and real good looking too. I mean, hell, I'd sell ever thing I own just to talk with her a while—and I know some of my friends would do the same—so she could get cash real easy that way, and here she goes hiring her sweet face out to sell cameras, or film, or some shit that doesn't matter to anyone. And isn't she Peter Gabriel's love buddy? I mean wouldn't he just lend her some cash if she really needed it?

Anyway, Elvis, why'd she do that? Signed,  
A jaded Elizabeth Montgomery fan who used to like Rosanna Arquette.

Dear Jaded,

You know, it's just hard to understand why people do what they do sometimes. When a lot of people start to depend on you, you do something that everybody will hate just so they realize they don't know you at all. They can't depend on you anymore, you know? Then you have time to sleep. And to eat and to sleep and to call some people on the telephone.

Miss Arquette don't need cash, 'cause you can only have so many cars, and if she did she couldn't ask her Mr. Gabriel, 'cause then she would owe somebody. You never wanna owe nobody. When you owe, you get confused, you start hurtin' people. You never wanna hurt nobody. Priscilla woulda never made that movie about me if she didn't have a feeling of owing.

You see, you got to respect Miss Arquette, 'cause she owns. And you shoulda watched the Liberace TV movie instead so you wouldn't have shaken things up.

Now, go register for the draft.

Remember me,

E.

Dear Elvis,

I must tell you how disgusted I am at all this cheap, infantile exploitation of your name. People should have more respect for you because you were a good man.

Your fan,  
Mark Mulcahy, Miracle Legion

Dear Mark,

I wanna thank you for your kind letter. For a long time I've felt real misunderstood, but then when I had the chance to let the world know what they had misunderstood, I just couldn't say. I don't know. Maybe you do.

I'm gonna tell you something I

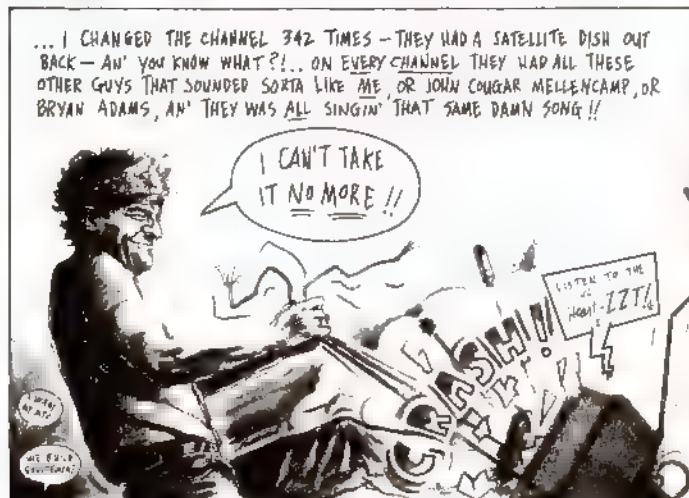
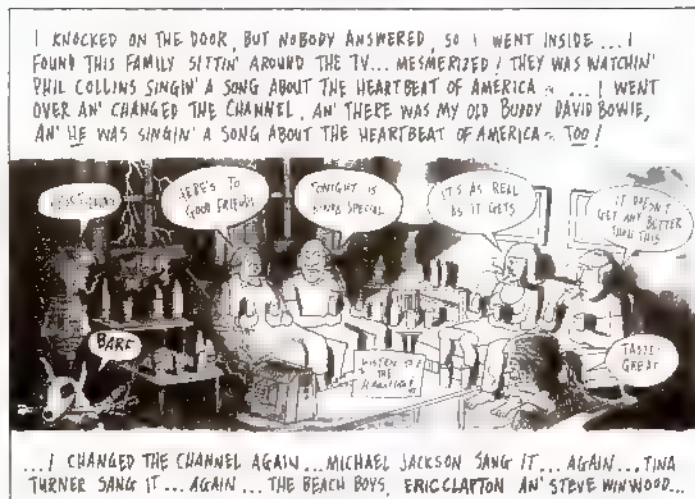
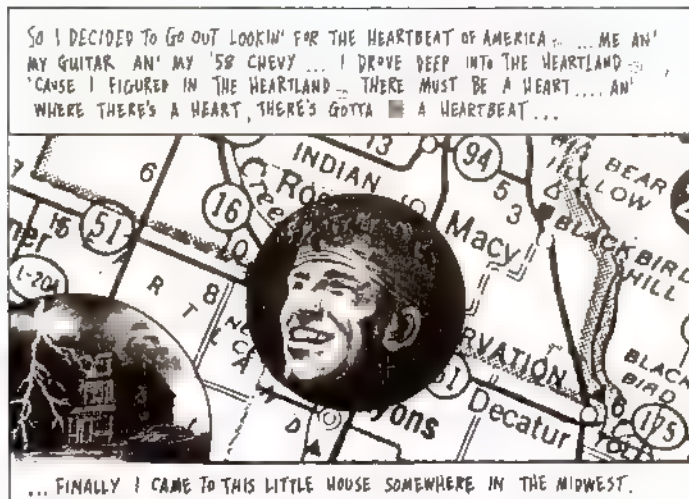
haven't told nobody, 'because you're a good man and you know how I feel. I feel so bad. So bad. My Lisa Marie, my baby, my soul, she went and got married. She mighta learned from my hard times, my sins. And, like you say, the exploitation. But the world done her wrong. Maybe Priscilla did. Maybe I did. Maybe Peter Stringfellow did. I don't know.

Do me a favor, man. Next time you see one of them liquor bottles in the shape of me in my Shooting Star suit, destroy it. Any way you want. I trust you . . . and I thought I was all over trusting.

Yours but not everybody's,  
E. A. Presley

If you have a letter for Elvis—and who doesn't?—send it along to SPIN, 6 W. 18th Street, New York, New York 10011. It will be forwarded to the King. His reply will be taken down and will appear here next month. Keep letters short; Elvis is a busy man.

# HUNGRY HEART



©1988-DEAN RAABER  
W/DAN LEO

**“It’s only part-time.  
But I deliver Johnnie Walker.”**



**Good taste is always an asset.**

Send a gift of Johnnie Walker Red anywhere in the USA.  
Call 1-800-243-3787. Void where prohibited.



# DOES SIZE MATTER?

**Nineteen Questions They Might Be Giants Are Waiting to Hear**



Chris Carroll

But first a short bio: They Might Be Giants are from Brooklyn and are currently touring the country in a very dirty, white Ford Econoline van. Their second LP *Lincoln* is out on Bar None Records.

**1** How much trust will you put in a 50-year-old “record producer” who begins a conversation with “I remember when rock and roll were two completely separate genres”?

**2** If rock is an in-bred dinosaur, do you think its eyes are different colors, or are they both in one socket?

**3** If you, They Might Be Giants, really believed in the integrity of a product, wouldn't you be compromising it by having it do a crass corporate sponsorship deal with a rock band like yourself?

**4** When you meet someone famous whose work you don't respect, do you stand there with a frozen smile like a rabbit staring at oncoming headlights?

**5** Do you prefer playing at small, intimate clubs, or large, insensitive discos?

**6** Advice for new bands—Should you press a club owner on his attendance figures if you see bullet holes in the office wall behind where you are sitting?

**7** Was that question based on something that actually happened to you on the road?

■ When you heard that I. M. Pei was designing the rock'n'roll hall of fame, did you think the building would be in the shape of:

a) Philip Johnson's glasses? b) Philip Glass's Johnson?

**9** You often think about growing your hair long. Is that a statement?

**10** Did you get involved in rock music to avoid working for a living, or did you see it as a way to avoid sleeping and eating well?

**11** If you're not roadies for the Replacements, which band is?

**12** Was Michael Dukakis formerly a cast member of “Fireball XL5”?

**13** Do you believe the ozone hole and classic rock radio are somehow connected?

**14** When you stay in budget motels, is it upsetting to realize that they're much more pleasant and organized than your own homes?

**15** Do you find the “influences” questions difficult because:

a) you'll lie to be interesting and your friends will call you on it?

b) you'll tell the truth, and no one will respect you anymore?

**16** Who do you think will emerge as the spokesmodel for this generation?

**17** Are you terrified of the people who stand perfectly still near the front of the stage smiling enigmatically, as though waiting for the right moment to do something really horrible?

**18** Does it ever bother you that these people often show up unexpectedly at shows in widely separated cities, acting as though nothing is unusual?

**19** When the mainstream press refers to you as wacky nerds, is your first reaction to pull out a gun and blow them away, or to go home and invent a death ray?

—They Might Be Giants



**Sony extends  
the range  
of your music.**

**Our UX tapes deliver higher highs, lower lows and wider dynamic range. All in a distinctive new package.**

Drummers don't just keep the beat. They are the beat. They don't compromise their music. Why compromise yours?

For unbeatable musical reproduction, record with the Sony UX Series. Because nobody plays it back any crisper or clearer. From the power of a bass drum to the artistry of a snare, you'll capture every single note as it was originally played.



Sony UX-ES, for example, offers the best frequency response of any type II tape ever formulated by Sony. Going even further is the Sony UX-Pro, the tape *Audio Magazine* rates as "overall... the best of the type II's."\* Also noteworthy is our improved formulation for UX-S, which is unsurpassed by any of today's comparable models.

So tape to the beat of a different drummer. The Sony UX Series. With distinctive new packaging.

**SONY**  
THE ONE AND ONLY.

\*Reprinted with permission from *Audio Magazine* © Diamond Communications, Inc.  
© 1985 Sony Corporation of America. Sony and The One and Only are trademarks of Sony.



R. J. Capook

# HEAVY METAL HERETIC

## The Blasphemy of Stryper

Heretic. It's a strong accusation, and one shouldn't go throwing it around carelessly. As incontrovertable proof, there are—coincidentally—ten powerful reasons finding Stryper guilty of heinous crimes against rock'n'roll:

- 1. Stryper are winners.** Give us a break, guys. We know you're going to Heaven, so in the meantime quit belly-aching about all the injustices and misunderstandings meted out to you 'cause you rock for Jesus.
- 2. Stryper are irresponsible about sex.** We've seen some of the bodies on those young born again babes and you guys are letting them all go to waste. If that isn't a crime. . . .
- 3. Stryper look like women.** There. I've said it. The Stryper "guys" use a lot of make-up, are fine-featured, and wear apparel cut to a feminine line. Their hair is the envy of my wife, and yours.
- 4. Stryper's lead singer sounds just like the vocalist in Styx.** It's true. My wife heard "Honestly" playing on the stereo and said, "Whozzat? The guy sounds like the lead singer from Styx." It was an interesting theory which I put to the test by re-enacting the experiment with my friend, Al. He said, "Whozzat? Stryper? They sound like Styx." That cinched it. Unoriginality. God doesn't like people to rip off Styx even if they do it in his name. What's more, God doesn't even like Styx. You guys sure you know what you're doing?
- 5. Stryper throw Gideon Bibles at their audiences.** Yeah, I was wondering where the one from Room 245 of the downtown Akron Ramada Inn went to. That's low. That's really low.
- 6. Stryper would lose in a fistfight with Slayer.** Take a

look at Stryper. Then find a picture of Slayer. If the guys in Slayer ever strolled up to the guys in Stryper and said, "Say you love Satan!" as they held them down and put out lit cigarettes in their flesh and then dropped leeches on the wounds, Stryper would just turn the other cheek. It's a nice sentiment, but hardly the stuff of sex machines.

- 7. Stryper are too nice and too polite.** "Nice" and "polite" are not words synonymous with great metal. How about "churlish," "sullen," and "jerk"? Who wants to listen to someone who would not vomit on his grandmother?
- 8. Stryper are boring.** If Stryper wouldn't even abuse their grandmothers for rock'n'roll, do you think they're going to bite the heads off pigeons at board meetings? Smash amps and burn guitars? Expose themselves onstage? Get arrested for public urination? No, of course not. No cool stuff to talk about while in detention. No cool stuff to talk about at all.
- 9. Stryper do not rock and roll.** This is really the bottom line. My mom came into my room once when I was listening to Budgie and declared it "the work of the Devil." I knew they had to be cool to get that extreme reaction out of her. Stryper ain't the same. They don't want to get anybody's mother in a froth over the music. That's anti-rock, anti-youth, and totally conformist. Rock'n'roll is not about conformity (or it didn't used to be)—ergo Stryper do not rock.
- 10. Stryper make lousy records.** You know, if they played good metal, everything else might have been forgiven. Might have. Or at least a "stay of execution" granted. But the music sucks and, in the end, that's all that matters.

—George Smith

## "Erick & Paris Makin' Dollars"

It wuz a hot summer clay, when i got acall from my man, bill. seemz there wuz an assignment to be done on Erick & Paris, so I gave 'em a call at their hotel.

*in yor opinion, what makes y'all unique in turnin' it out; would ya blame it on tha sunshine or tha boogie?*

PARIS: Me & Erick said, "if we got a chance to do this, we'd turn it out." i was goin' to college & Erick wuz in H.S. . . . we went to clubs & stores to get juice.

*yo, i dig dem hype beats y'all play, who kumz up wit' tha looney tunes for y'all's jamz?*

PARIS: We would just try tuh come up wit somethin' funky. Like, i would go to sleep, wake up & say, "oh sh-t, Erick, listen to this!"

*Erick, how do you feel about tha violence?*

Like Chuck said, don't believe tha hype! violence iz in society, wether in rock, soul or rap, i think tha media iz playin' on tha ghetto label. They don't hear about us goin' to tha jailz & raisin' \$5,000 for tha homeless.

*What about yor customers, how do thay get treated at jams & shows 'round about?*

Niggaz lie to talk sh-t but i don't care cauze we gettin' paid, ya know, Bönz?

*i hear ya, Ezoe!*

Anotha \$100,000 & we're gold in only two months!

*So them punks can't swing long, huh?*

PARIS: we got one more thing to say, "get off tha band wagon!" They know what we talkin' 'bout. Thay was even thinkin' 'bout rappin', thay suckerz! wik, wik, wak!

ERICK: I don't go to parties unless we gotta make an appearance.

PARIS: yo, Bönz, we gonna jet, cauze we got a show tonight. Yo, we check you out later on, bet?

*You knowit, Lounge.*

Later, that night, i bought a one-way ticket to blasstauf col. i arrived in strong isl. at approx. 7:30 pm. There wuz nuf females in da house. Whooz house? run's house. right! Az cool az can be, i played tha boastful, social, hopeful, minglin' & tinglin' wit' booz. Suddenly, tha lights grew dim & warm. Tha place wuz packed firm like snow, when EPMD, put their show! Tha crowd flipped when thay bust out wit, Let tha funk flow, tha crowd got in until thay said, "ya got's ta chill." It wuz then plain to see that thay were, strictly bussiness & you're a customer. Well, i got my story, plus, made two new friends. And to my date, who left me at tha gate; "If ya don't like me & ya yellin' boo—there's nothin' wrong wit' me, there's somethin' wrong wit' chool!"

—Bönz Malone

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.  
©1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



**THE  
REFRESHEST**  
*Greetings*

©1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

# WHAT'S YOR STYLE, SEXY?

Take off them Lee's & the B.V.D.s & come wit me to West 8th Street. To those who don't know how to shop for clothes, just pick up tha phone & call B. Malone. If yo'r ready to start, just raise yo'r hand, & I'll letcha wear my Pierre Cardin, jump!

"It's been a long time, B., s'up?"  
Ain't nuthin', sweetheart, how you, huh?

"My style iz village all tha way. I like the Ghandi pants & tha long tailored shirts."

Ya don't wear any name brand clothes?

"My moms iz a fashion designer. Everything I wear iz custommade. Those particular name brands iz a dime a dozen. They know who they are."

That's word ta big bird. What's yo'r name, pretty?

"Trendy. I like to make impressions wit my clothes & I feel I can do that by lookin' trendy!"

OK, love, stay warm.

Hello, B. Malone!

"I'll shop at the Gap, mainly when

there's a sale, & I'll go to Macy's only if there's a clearance."

What's yo'r name & style, sexy?

"Well, my name is Saadia & my style iz preppie."

Oh yeah? & what's next?

"I wear oversized clothes to make me look smaller, like a kid, again, ya know?"

Don't you like tha name brands? Huh?

"No! cuz I could have it sewn. I rather have it made than spend all that money!"

Ya damn right.

This iz B. Malone goin' solo, wearin' Gucci & Polo. Hello!

"Where's West 8th Street, iz it in tha village?"

You don't ask stupid questions on my show!

CLICK!

Hello, this is Methadone!

"Hi, my name iz Rena. My style changes wit my mood."

Oh, iz that so, well show & tell!



Chris Carroll

"Sometimes I'm conservative but mostly it's hip hop."

What about fashion fads, ain't you hip to tha jive?

"Benetton's losing it, it's tha same stuff all tha time. I love MCM & Fendi, & if I like it, I'm going to buy it."

So what iz it about tha fashion watch?

"It's simple, you don't want a guy to notice yo'r friend & not you! You both wanna be noticed!"

An believe that she gets it too.

The sad thing about it iz that most of y'all would pay any price to look nice. When ya start payin' rent, bills & babysitter fees, then you'll find wisdom. Not through words, but through experience! We love tha village, cuz tha village accepts us. If yo'r lookin' 4 a cure, I'll send you this brochure. And to all tha fly ladies that look fine, happy newears & merry kiss mines.

—Bönz Malone

# BEACHED ELVIS

"The whale—which is now under guard by park rangers—is covered with graffiti and looks like a Mini bus," said National Park Service spokeswoman, Holly Bundock.

—San Francisco Chronicle, September 9, 1988

There was no return address on the whale. It arrived quietly without luggage in the middle of the night. It stunk up the beach. Now, somewhere in the Pacific, a pod of angry relatives is plotting revenge against an Irishman named Tony because he spray painted "This is Elvis" on the soft white belly of the whale.

"If Elvis was still alive, he'd be about 80 tons, right?" says Tony. "I'm sure he'd smell pretty bad, too."

Perhaps the whale's relatives are psychic. Perhaps they can influence events at a distance. Perhaps Tony should be less cavalier. Because in the last week, he has lost all his hair.

"I'm not really a skinhead. I just don't have any hair. I lost all my hair after I went down to see the whale. It just fell out the next day after I washed it. All my pubic hair too. All I've got left are eyelashes and eyebrows and my eyebrows are just barely hanging in there."

We found Tony because we were in Escape From New York Pizza and we were talking about the story. The girl behind the counter said, "You're writing about the whale? You have to talk to Tony."

"Well, it all started off on the corner of Union Square," says Tony, "when I first read about these Elvis sightings. I had done a few Day-Glo orange paintings—on pieces of white board—and I was wearing them around my neck. They were 'Elvis Is Alive and Well and Presently Residing in My Underwear' paintings. I was on the corner of Union Square trying to hustle money off of tourists with this painting."

"When I saw the first few clippings about the whale being landed up at the beach, I thought, 'I want a piece of that story.' It was right beside a story about an Elvis sighting somewhere around San Francisco. [I thought] Wait a minute. This is too weird. Maybe Elvis was swallowed by that whale like Jonah in the Bible. Maybe that fucking whale is Elvis."

Tony went down to Fort Funston at four a.m. "I just tried to scratch it because I didn't have paint the first time I went down there. It didn't show up too good." Then Tony went back with black spray paint and a video camera. "It said, in big, four-foot letters, 'This is Elvis.'"

"The newspaper didn't get the humor of what was written on the whale. They just called me a vandal. They didn't give me any mention about being an artist. They called me a vandal and a—what?—a souvenir hunter." They probably thought he was the one who cut off the 8-foot penis, but Tony says he didn't do that.

—Cary Tennis



Chris Carroll



# PULL NO PUNCHES.

Somewhere out there is a place you've only dreamed of finding. So don't hold back. Find that place in our Dodge Power Ram 50. It's the ideal import 4x4 to take you there. Just turn the

key and bring your Power Ram 50's 2.6 liter engine to life. Then shift the standard 5-speed into gear, let the 15-inch tires dig in, and you're off. With plenty of room around you and over 1,600 lbs. of payload behind you. The 1989 Dodge Power Ram 50. Getting there doesn't get any better than this.

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.



**THE NEW SPIRIT OF DODGE**  
PERFORMANCE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS



Catherine Buckles

## RIO HIP HOP

### Brazil's Culture Quake

It's another one of those warm winter nights in early September and a friend has brought you through heavy security into one of the sweatiest parties you've seen in a long time. Packed into a darkened gymnasium, a couple thousand kids bounce enthusiastically to the hip hop tunes spinning off the turntable. At first, only the dancing lets you know you're not in New York City: no breaking here, none of the neck-snapping woppariants you see in NYC clubs—just a sea of freestyle broken by snaking conga lines and islands of polished Pips-like group displays. J.J. Fad's "Supersonic" comes on and the entire gym starts chanting something that isn't in English but sounds vaguely like "Oooo-oh-oh! Dona Marta is a ho!" Who is this Dona Marta person? you wonder. And where the hell are you anyway?

If you answered Rio de Janeiro, give yourself a brownie point for hipness. Dona Marta, it turns out, is a *favela*, one of the many hillside slums (and one of the baddest, as the chant—*Dona Marta é um terror!*—insists) that rock the *bailes funk* of Rio. As news of hip hop scenes in such exotic locales as Paris, London, and Dallas trickles in, Rio remains global hip hop's best-kept secret. How it does so is a mystery, because with estimates putting the number of paying partyers at close to a million a week, Rio's rap audience rivals even New York's.

So far, though, Brazil has yet to produce a rap group that can move the Rio crowds the way even jive Miami sleazemongers do (2 Live Crew's "We Want Some Pussy" was a huge *baile* hit last year). The Rio posse still prefers imports, and in order to supply them, the DJ crews that run the weekly dances depend on a motley network of amateur smugglers. It's not unusual for these guys to take a morning flight to New York, shop the Manhattan specialty stores for as many records as they can carry, then hustle back to JFK in time to make the night flight home.

With this small-time disc-trafficking confined to DJs, the hefty Brazilian hip hop audience barely shows up on the international music biz's cash register. Even within Rio, the scene stays close to invisible; local media take little interest in the *favelas* except when they erupt into drug-gang warfare. And while the rest of the world ignores them, Rio's hip hoppers gladly return the favor. Only the DJs know or even care about the names of the artists and songs they play. And nobody pays attention to the English words—the real lyrics are the Portuguese chants that the crowds come up with to fill in the breaks.

Wait, did I say hip hop scene? Pop Shangri-La is more like it. Rio's *bailes funk* are a hidden consumerist fantasy, pure fun isolated from the usual distractions. No records to buy, no industry hype not to believe, and the only stars are the ones out there on the dancefloor, making up the words and looking even sharper than the Pips.

—Julian Dibbell

## FREE BOB Z

### One Man's Stand Against the Sanitation Police

It's hard to find a good political prisoner you can get worked up about these days. Sure, South Africa, El Salvador, Northern Ireland, etc., have jails teeming with oppressed martyrs, just waiting for a good rock'n'roll song or a bad TV movie to be made out of their life stories. But here in the good ole USA, it's been a while since arguing the merits of losers like John Sinclair, Abbie Hoffman, and Rubin "Hurricane" Carter could get you laid. Don't be discouraged, though, because political correctness is coming back into style. Here at SPIN, we've been keeping our eyes peeled for a true "cause celebrity" and we think we finally found a visionary worthy of your veneration.

Meet Bob Z., poet, musician, promoter, and all around fun guy. For the better part of his adult life, Bob has devoted his time to promoting rock'n'roll happenings in Brooklyn: finding a venue, booking some bands, slapping up posters, and charging three bucks at the door to pay off the talent. Not exactly Wall Street, but it kept Bob out of trouble. That is, until the Iron Fist of Repression came knocking at his door.

"Open up! It's the Sanitation Police!"

Who?!

"The Sanitation Police! Special Undercover Squad!"

Vinnie, is that you pullin' my chain?!

If only it had been Vinnie instead of that new top-secret arm of the New York City Police Department dedicated to squashing litterers everywhere. Yeah, the dreaded garbage pigs, S-men.

The crime was Postering on Public Property. Bob Z. was rousted from his bed and grilled hard by these toughs before being lilt with a fine. For them, it had been a rough case—tracking down the posters, stalking out Bob's apartment, questioning his garlic-breathed landlady, calling Bob on the phone and talking punk lingo. But good police work pays; the Sanitation Caps always get their man. Mark this case J—for Justice served.

It might have been amusing if Bob hadn't been slapped with 74 summonses totaling \$22,000 in fines. And if the First Amendment hadn't been completely disregarded. There was a time in New York City and other places when artists were welcome additions to the community. Today, "yuppies don't like sleazy posters mucking up the neighborhood," Bob says while standing in a Department of Sanitation trashcan. Yeah, we can see the future now. Next it will be color coordinated fire hydrants and street lights, hardcore joints replaced by billiard rooms and trendy art galleries. And then all our wards and culture will be cleaned and pressed for proper presentation. Finally, we will live in a perfect world filled with Laura Ashley and L.L. Bean clothes, Audubon and Details the only magazines, U2 and Sting the only music on radio, and the Sanitation Police looking over our shoulders to keep it all straight. Hey, I know I'll sleep a lot better knowing they're out there.

—Legs McNeil



SEAGRAM'S 7 AND THE 25<sup>TH</sup>



Seagram's Seven Crown

America's Good Time Spirit.

To send a gift of 7Crown, call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.



# **THE RUNAWAY GREENHOUSE EFFECT**

We all know the greenhouse effect is making the earth hotter. But now scientists are talking about "runaway greenhouse"—out-of-control global warming that could make the earth an uninhabitable desert.

Article by Drew Hopkins

**A**s the northern hemisphere enters winter, thoughts turn to the summer ahead—sunny beaches, cool oceans, an afternoon thunderstorm on the plains.

But scientists now have little doubt that the future holds none of these—that our summers will become hotter and hotter, our beaches deadly cancer zones, and our corn and wheat stunted and brown in a dust-filled "grain belt."

The five hottest years in more than a century of measuring the average global surface temperature were 1980, 1981, 1983, 1987, and 1988. In 1980, 1983, and 1988, the United States also had its three worst droughts in more than 50 years. Economists at the Worldwatch Institute, a Washington-based research group, say that a similar drought in 1989 could result in "world catastrophe."

Also in 1988, Hurricane Gilbert, the most violent hurricane on record, ravaged the Caribbean. At the same time, 65 million acres of crops in central China were devastated by drought, and another 25 million acres were lost to flooding along the Chinese coasts. Tens of thousands died from

flash flooding in Kenya, Sudan, India, and coastal China. Unusually heavy storms hit Australia and New Zealand as well. Three quarters of Bangladesh were flooded, killing thousands and displacing millions.

The heat and accompanying global climate changes have convinced scientists and even politicians (although the latter usually get the facts hopelessly wrong, often to the benefit of the auto and petroleum industries) that an accumulation of heat-trapping gases, produced by industrialized societies, has brought on the long-predicted, almost science-fiction-like greenhouse effect.

Nature regulates the earth's temperature through a daily cycle. During the day, sunlight heats up the surface of the planet and at night, much of that heat, or infrared radiation, escapes back into space.

But the greenhouse effect disrupts this process. So-called greenhouse gases, while they do not inhibit sunlight from reaching the earth, trap the infrared radiation that should go back into space and retain it near the earth's surface, causing the planet to heat up.

Illustration by Gary Mele

The most significant greenhouse gas, although not the most potent, is carbon dioxide, which is now at levels 25 percent higher than a century ago. Carbon dioxide, which is released when anything is burned, accounts for some 50-55 percent of current and projected global warming, according to James Hansen at NASA's Goddard Institute of Space Studies in New York. Methane (natural gas), nitrous oxide, and various trace gases account for an additional 30 percent. The remaining 15 percent, reports Hansen, is caused by chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), a family of man-made chemicals used as refrigerants and aerosol propellants. Irving Mintzer, senior associate at the World Resources Institute, a research group in Washington, D.C., says, "the traditional CFCs are, on a per-molecule basis, 10,000 times more potent as greenhouse gases than carbon dioxide."

Although there is agreement that the greenhouse effect is unavoidable, scientists have reached no consensus on how much or how fast global temperatures will increase. "The models we have for atmospheric movement are very inadequate," said Karl Taylor, atmospheric physicist at Department of Energy (DOE)-funded labs of the University of California in Livermore. Taylor said recent DOE research indicated that over the next 20 to 100 years, global temperature will increase by two to ten degrees Fahrenheit.

Other models, foreseeing greater increases in the use of fossil fuels as developing nations become more industrialized, predict as much as a 30-degree increase within the next 85 years. At the height of the last Ice Age, scientists have concluded that the average global temperature dropped by only eight degrees Fahrenheit.

The most comprehensive greenhouse model to date was prepared by Hansen at the Goddard Institute and published in the August 20, 1988, issue of *Journal of Geophysical Research*. Hansen's model predicts an increase of from two to five degrees Fahrenheit in the next thirty years, depending on which of three alternate futures the world's nations choose: continued expansion of fossil fuel use at the current annual rate of 1.5 percent; a moderate cut-back; or a radical shift away from fossil fuels to alternate sources of energy, such as solar, nuclear, wind, or hydroelectric.

The warming Hansen predicts would make the planet hotter than it has been in 100,000 years—well beyond the 30,000 years of history since our species emerged. They would be enough to cause flooding of coastal cities, vast droughts almost every year in temperate regions, mass starvation, the displacement of tens of millions of people, et cetera.

These predictions are based on the current and projected world use of carbon-based—fossil—fuels. They ignore, however, factors impacting upon the planet's vegetation, which absorbs carbon dioxide and provides us and other animals with oxygen. Scientists now fear that, because of these other factors, we have set off a "runaway greenhouse"—global warming gone out of control.

"A 'runaway greenhouse' comes when various environmental stresses work together to create a negative feedback situation where everything propels global warming," explains Dr. Donald Squires, head of the Marine Sciences Institute at the University of Connecticut.

Squires and others fear that the substantial depletion of the planet's protective layer of ozone in the upper atmosphere and the destruction of tropical rain forests for development are destroying the mechanisms for carbon dioxide-oxygen exchange, which, combined with the over-use of

fossil fuels, are propelling the earth toward a runaway greenhouse condition.

"From a greenhouse point of view," Squires says, "ours is a negative feedback society."

While the light and heat from the sun are necessary for life, unfiltered solar, or ultraviolet (UV), radiation breaks apart the protein chains that are the basic components of all living tissue. On earth, a protective layer of ozone—the three-atom form of oxygen—in the upper atmosphere shields us from the most harmful range of UV radiation. If the ozone layer was not there, life could not have evolved here. If it were to disappear, life could not continue.

For the last several years, however, CFCs have been rapidly depleting this protective shield. Mintzer says, "When they are first released, CFCs spend anywhere from five to ten years in the lower

## **One result of ozone depletion may be the loss of roughly one-half of the oxygen in the atmosphere and a 25-percent increase in annual levels of excess carbon dioxide, rapidly increasing global warming.**

atmosphere, where they are a very strong greenhouse gas.

"They then rise into the upper atmosphere, where they break down in the presence of ultraviolet light, releasing chlorine, which combines with oxygen to form some very reactive chemicals which catalytically destroy ozone."

According to Carl Sagan, each molecule of chlorine from a CFC molecule destroys 100,000 ozone molecules before sinking back into the lower atmosphere.

The destructive potential of CFCs was first described in the scientific literature in 1974 in research by Dr. Sherwood Roland of the University of California at Irvine, and his colleague Mario Molina.

Models derived from Roland's theory projected only a three to five percent loss in ozone by 2050, so the entire scientific community was shaken in 1985 when a substantial hole in the ozone layer—reduced by as much as 98 percent in some areas—appeared over Antarctica. The hole, now larger than the Antarctic continent, has continued to expand every year since.

"The hole appears most dramatically in October," says Roland, "when the southern hemisphere is emerging from its winter." Through November and December, he says, the hole thins out and spreads north, sending ozone-depleted air across the planet.

In 1987, as the hole began to break up, there was a sudden drop of 10 percent in the ozone layer above Melbourne, Australia. Parts of the hole have also appeared over New Zealand and parts of South America. A similar hole has begun forming over the North Pole as well, Roland says.

Scientists predict millions of new cases of skin cancer and cataracts with each percentage-point drop in the ozone layer, and recent studies show that increased ultraviolet radiation also damages the immune system. The most serious threat facing people, however, is from the threat of UV radia-

tion to plants.

Because their primary task is to convert sunlight into stored energy, plants are extremely light-sensitive. Many will wither and die as UV radiation increases. Particularly sensitive are the microscopic plants, or phytoplankta, at the surface of the ocean. "These microorganisms," says Mintzer, "have evolved within a very narrow range of exposure to hard ultraviolet radiation and do not have adequate defense mechanisms."

"With a further two to three percent depletion in atmospheric ozone," says Squires, "phytoplankta will be in real trouble."

In addition to being the foundation of the food chain for the entire planet, phytoplankta are, says Mintzer, "absolutely crucial for the gaseous exchange between the ocean and the atmosphere."

We are putting out an estimated 5.5 billion tons of carbon dioxide every year, according to reports from a conference on world climate changes held last summer in Toronto. Plants, which take in carbon dioxide and release oxygen, absorb about half of this. The remainder is the excess that is causing much of the global warming. Of the carbon dioxide absorbed, phytoplankta handle about half. They also provide about half of the oxygen we breathe.

According to Squires, the species of phytoplankta that are most important for this exchange are also among the most sensitive and will be among the first to die as the ozone layer is depleted. The result will be the loss of roughly one-half of the oxygen in the atmosphere and a 25-percent increase in annual levels of excess carbon dioxide, speeding up global warming.

No one knows how rapidly the CFCs already in the atmosphere will deplete the ozone layer. Because it can take years for them to release their chlorine, Roland says that, regardless of actions taken now, chlorine levels will increase throughout the next century. Some of the hardest CFCs will still be destroying ozone at the end of the 23rd century.

If the phytoplankta die, that will leave only the terrestrial forests and plants to absorb carbon dioxide and provide oxygen. But, as you probably know, these are in trouble, too. Many of the forests in temperate regions are being weakened and destroyed by acid rain (formed when sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides from coal and petroleum mix with water vapor in clouds to produce sulfuric and nitric acid). And, depending on the extent of ozone depletion, many trees and plants, and crops in particular, will be killed by the increased ultraviolet light. The greatest threat, however, is not from some complex chemical reactions in the atmosphere, but from the direct destruction of tropical rain forests for lumber and to make room for ranchlands.

Rain forests cover only six percent of the land on the planet, but, because of their dense vegetation, they are responsible for 40 percent of worldwide carbon dioxide-oxygen exchange. Development projects sponsored primarily by the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund (IMF), and the Inter-American Development Bank are forcing the destruction of millions of acres of rain forest every year.

The World Resources Institute reported that every year between 1976 and 1980, some 42,300 square miles—27 million acres—of rain forests were destroyed, primarily in Brazil, Indonesia, and Zaire. That is roughly an area the size of Pennsylvania, every year.

*Continued on page 121*

ON AUGUST 19TH & 20TH, 1988

AT ANDERSON FAIR RETAIL

RESTAURANT, A MUSIC HALL IN

HOUSTON, TEXAS

NANCI GRIFFITH TOLD

SOME OF HER BEST

STORIES AND SANG SOME

OF HER BEST SONGS

"...IT IS A GREAT HONOR FOR ME TO RECORD MY ONLY

BARE BONED ACOUSTIC ALBUM LIVE, WITH EVERY FACE OF EVERY AUDIENCE

I'VE BEEN FORTUNATE TO HAVE SHARED MY SONGS WITH

IN MIND, AT THIS MUSIC HALL OF RED BRICK FLOOR ON A STAGE SO

IMMEASURABLY DEAR TO ME I LEARNED THERE THAT A

REAL SONG OF HEART MUST BE ABLE TO STAND ON ITS OWN TWO FEET, BARE

BONED AND INNOCENT IN ITS PUREST FORM OF ONE

WRITER/ONE INSTRUMENT, IN ORDER TO WALK OUT INTO AN AUDIENCE AND

BECOME A PART OF THEM."

IT WAS...  
"ONE FAIR SUMMER EVENING"

THE NEW ALBUM BY  
NANCI GRIFFITH

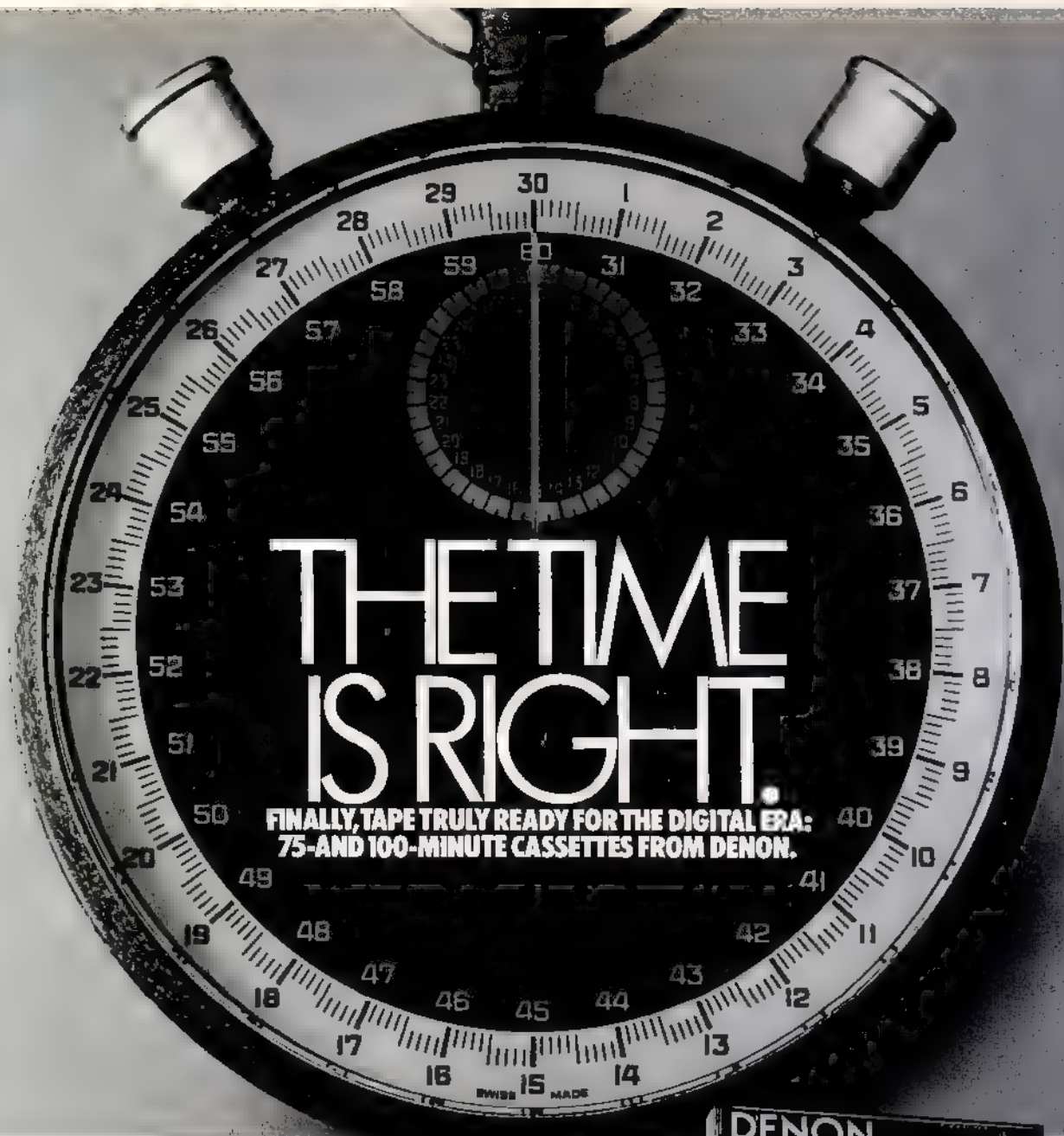
MCA RECORDS

© 1988 MCA Records, Inc.

AVAILABLE ON MCA COMPACT DISCS  
HQ CASSETTES AND RECORDS

# Nanci Griffith





**FINALLY, TAPE TRULY READY FOR THE DIGITAL ERA:  
75- AND 100-MINUTE CASSETTES FROM DENON.**

The introduction of digital audio created a serious time problem. With over 45 minutes of music, many digital sources simply won't fit on a single side of the conventional C-90. And with a maximum playing time of 75 minutes, many of the latest digital programs won't even fit on an entire C-60!

That's why last year Denon introduced the country's first 100 minute audio cassette, HD8-100. And that's why we're now introducing a 75-minute version, HD8-75. It takes full advantage of the 75 minute potential of today's digital sources. With HD8-75, you get all the performance characteristics of the Denon HD8-90—without any waste.

Finally, you've found cassette tape truly ready for digital. And it's about time.



**DENON**

*The first name in digital recording.*

Denon America, Inc., 222 New Road, Parsippany, NJ 07054  
Denon Canada, Inc., 17 Denison Street, Markham, Ont. L3R 1B5





Gary Gerstl

# GEORGIA SATELLITES

Back when it wasn't cool to rock, the Georgia Satellites made the windows rattle.

Article by Tony Paris

Photograph by Dennis Keeley

**B**efore we get started, you gotta watch this." Dan Baird, guitarist for the Georgia Satellites, pops a tape in the VCR. Without warning, Neil Young comes on the screen and pulls the first notes of "Like a Hurricane" out of his black Les Paul. For the next ten minutes, Baird and I stand transfixed, as Young plays the definitive version of that plaintive love song of dreamers and dreams, complete with gut-wrenching guitar solos that make the recorded version on *American Stars 'n' Bars* pale in comparison. Young flails away on the guitar, Crazy Horse stampedes through the song and suddenly nothing seems to matter, nothing except for the moment, that moment. We don't say a word to each other until it's over. There's nothing to say.

"What makes a person keep going after a performance like that?" I ask finally, partly to myself.

"The chance that maybe, the next night, you can do it again," he says. "Or do it better."

The Satellites always lost out. They weren't hip; they rocked. They didn't sound like a wind-up toy propelled by "AA" battery-powered synthesizers. In 1980, if you don't remember, rock'n'roll, and guitar solos, were not cool. So the Satellites (the "Georgia" didn't come until later, for legal reasons) did the only thing they could. They took up residency as the house band at Hedgen's Rock'n' Roll Tavern. Don't let the name fool you. It was worse than it sounds. Hedgen's, located in a crumbling shopping strip in the otherwise fashionable North Atlanta area of Buckhead, was a storefront bar with a teenager's rock'n'roll bedroom decor: Beat-up traffic signs shared wall space with posters you'd get free inside album jackets. (My favorite



Tom Jacobs

**"The first record was a tense record because it was a tense time. We were old men making our debut record, scared that we didn't know what to do. Everybody in the band was really nervous."**

was the Cream *Goodbye* poster someone had taken the time to frame.) But the whole scene was cool, especially for all the underagers in town; rarely did Hedgen's check ID at the door. Consequently, there were some mighty horrible scenes in the bathrooms of the place—all those kids experiencing their first drunks and everything. This was all less than a couple of miles away from the governor's mansion.

But Hedgen's, to which the two Georgia Satellites albums are dedicated, was also the perfect breeding ground for the Satellites and their music. The place was so unhip, it was hip. When the Satellites set up shop there, every Monday night and most weekends for what seemed like forever, it quickly became the place the tragically hip hit after shows at the main clubs in town. Hedgen's had the latest last-call of all, and the owners—I wouldn't say management, because nothing seemed to be "managed" at Hedgen's—would at least let you finish your drink before booting you out the door. Needless to say, at Hedgen's, everybody looked better at closing time, and the Satellites always sounded good.

You could always tell if the Satellites were having a good night, not by the number of people there, because in the beginning it was just they and their friends, but by whether or not the glass windows in the front of the place were about to vibrate out of their fittings. For some reason, the stage was set up in the front of the bar, where the full-length windows were. I could never figure out if that was so customers could see who was playing as they pulled into the parking lot or so the band members could watch the traffic passing by if they got bored onstage. (The windows eventually did fall out and

were replaced by plywood, on which the band line-up was painted every week, then white-washed, and the next week's roster painted over it.)

When the Satellites were having a good night, the place rattled and rocked. And after the first year, it wasn't uncommon, more shows than not, for them to be on. This still didn't help their hip quotient. Not when you could drive downtown and see R.E.M. at the 688 Club on a Wednesday night as they trudged through covers and assembled the skeletal beginnings of their soon-to-be widely heralded repertoire. And you never had to worry about blazing guitar solos from them; Peter Buck would be the first to acknowledge he didn't know how to play one at the time.

That's where the difference lies between the Satellites and many of the Atlanta/Athens bands that were getting recognition in town. All of the Satellites knew how to play their instruments. Not many people in the post-punk bands could make that claim. But punk had made it OK not to be able to play. And the guys in the Satellites had always been in bands.

Rick Richards, the curly-haired guitarist/singer, was Atlanta's archetypal rock'n'roller. The Desperate Angels, the Famous Unknowns, the Sissies; he played with 'em all and jammed whenever and wherever he could. In the period immediately after the Satellites broke up for the first of what seemed like 40 times, before he formed the Hellhounds with Rick Price and Mauro Magellan (which would later become three-quarters of the present-day Georgia Satellites), he did a solo gig, playing acoustic and singing to pay the bills. You could never keep Richards off a stage.

Price did time in numerous bar and lounge

bands, playing Top 40 covers before Tom Gray rescued him from limbo and recruited him for the Brains. As the guitarist in the Brains, Price recorded two Steve Lillywhite-produced LPs for Mercury Records (the first featuring "Money Changes Everything," later to be a hit for Cyndi Lauper), toured the country finding out what it meant to make no money in a new wave band, then, with the Brains on their last legs, recorded an EP for the Atlanta independent Landslide Records, with new Brains drummer Magellan, who'd moved to Atlanta after traveling around both North and South America playing music and hanging out.

*What's Rick Richards's job?*

Dan Baird: Absolute authenticity. He's got stability. Price has got a stability. I'm probably the least stable member of the band. Mauro's is just driving. His job is keep the hammer down—stupid trucker phrases, you know, push as hard as he can. And my job is to be the gifted amateur.

*There's basically no leader?*

I'll do the most mouthing off onstage. I'll usually call out most of the set but I'm always open if somebody wants to take the bull by the horns. If they've got intuition on their side, run with it. Run with the goddamn ball.

*There's no set list?*

No. It's different every night.

When I met Baird, in the mid-'70s, he was playing guitar in a maniacal group called the Nasty Bucks. During their first show, at an American Legion post, the lead singer, a guy named Fly Stone, got arrested for taking his clothes off and rolling around on the ground, caressing the mike stand while he screamed about shock treatment. The Bucks lasted long enough to start attracting crowds to their gigs, then they self-destructed. But not until after they played the "First Annual [and only] Atlanta Punk Fest" at the Great Southeast Music Hall, a week after the Sex Pistols's American debut at the same venue. The punk fest had the Nasty Bucks sharing the stage with a then-unknown group from Athens called the B-52's.

*What kind of music did you listen to in high school? Being a guitarist, were you into Hendrix?*

I didn't like Hendrix at the time. I was in this crowd that was real pro-Procol Harum and Cream. We didn't like Hendrix and we didn't like the Doors. We were real dumb-asses. It was my first attempt at musical elitism. I continued for years 'til NRBQ, seeing them the first time just started kickin' away all that shit. I remember that weekend; they played three nights. It was a Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and it was one of those "change your life" kind of things. It was real cool.

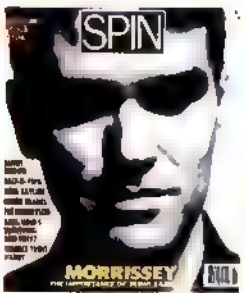
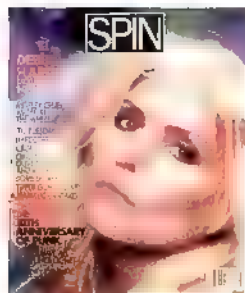
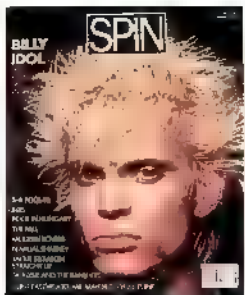
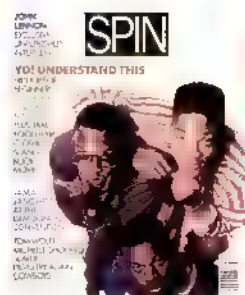
*And right after that was the Pistols?*

Right after that was going to see the Pistols. The Nasty Bucks wanted to open up for them so bad.

*Did the Pistols have as much of an effect on you as NRBQ?*

Well, yeah, the Pistols and the Ramones and NRBQ all had that big effect. And Elvis Costello's first record—that was an incredible record for the time. Songs under two minutes that had no tongue-in-cheek at all. It wasn't like the Ramones, having fun. That was a great record. Nothing he did could

*Continued on page 116*



# SUBSCRIBE NOW AND NOBODY GETS HURT

It's as simple as that. You can risk the slow death of not knowing what the heck is going on in rock'n'roll, you can be the laughingstock of your neighborhood, the object of the scorn and derision of your hip friends or you can take the easy way out. You can fill out the coupon thoughtfully provided or simply call 1-800-228-2288.

Come on! Be a part of the only national magazine that gives today's music scene serious coverage—for up to 50% off what you'd pay on the newsstand!

# NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

James Brown  
Discography of Crime

Article by Bob Mack  
and John Brodie

**W** ■ all know that James Brown is Soul Brother #1, but to authorities throughout the South, he's better known as Public Enemy #1. A brief examination of the Hardest Working Man in Show Business's records—both criminal and musical—reveals his curious urge to also be the hardest hitting, fighting, driving, and PCP-consuming man in any business.

Brown was introduced to show business at an early age. "As a kid growing up in a warehouse, I was known as Little Junior," says James Brown, in his autobiography, *The Godfather of Soul*. "Outside, Highway 1 ran right by the door. . . . Inside, there was gambling, moonshine liquor, and prostitution. I wasn't quite six years old. Some people call it crime, I call it survival."

Brown's definition of survival soon broadened. "I don't remember when I first started stealing," he says. "At first . . . we might steal ■ pair of skates. Later we got into everything that wasn't nailed down." Once, when His Bad Self was caught stealing, his close friend, Big Junior, warned, "Police catch you, they gonna send you to the penitentiary."

"Naw," said Brown, nicknamed Crip for having played football with his broken leg in a cast. "They won't ever catch me again."

Soon after, Brown was caught again and sentenced to a term of eight to 16 years for "four counts of breaking and entering, and larceny from an automobile." "The Music Box" (his prison name) was granted early parole on the condition that he get a job and not return to Augusta. At the time of his release, he had served exactly three years and one day.

However, as James himself has put it, we should



Tino Hall

"wait and think—about the good things." Among other good deeds, he has performed for American troops in Vietnam, initiated Jimi Hendrix and Bootsy Collins into the musical arena, and helped quell riots throughout the long hot summers of the late '60s. Ironically, he re-entered the world of crime when ■ riot broke out in 1966.

## November, 1966, Kansas City, Missouri

At least 20 people are arrested, one woman stabbed and another cut by broken glass after several thousand teenagers riot at a James Brown performance in front of Municipal Auditorium, where he bills himself as "a one-man riot act." Bands of youths smash windows of nearby shops, turn over refuse baskets, and throw bricks at cars after more than 100 policemen storm the show, stopping it because of the allegedly obscene dances being performed on stage. *The New York Times* reports that "Mr. Brown, as part of his act, wails, 'Do you love me baby?' and invariably teen-age girls wail back: 'Yeah, baby, yeah.' At one point in his act, the girls are encouraged to rush onto the stage and rip his jacket off. They invariably do."

## December 10, 1972, Knoxville, Tennessee

Notorious for abdicating the stage only after repeated encores, Brown is charged with disorderly conduct while his manager and an aide are charged with disorderly conduct and assaulting police officers after refusing to leave the concert hall and fighting with authorities following a performance. The group is released after posting \$3000 in bonds.

## December 12, 1972, Knoxville, Tennessee

"The whole incident," says Knoxville Mayor Kyle Testerman, "was a combination of misunderstandings." This conclusion was reached after more than three hours of meetings with Brown's lawyer, Albert Ingram, who said that the singer had been beaten by police and was threatening to file a \$1 million damage suit against the city. (Brown eventually filed a \$2 million suit and lost.)

## December, 1976, Newark, New Jersey

After years of boasting that "I can do wheelin', I can do dealin', but I don't do no damn squealin'," Brown keeps his word and testifies at a perjury trial in Newark Federal Court that he never made payoffs to have his records played on New York's WBLS FM. Earlier, Brown's personal manager Charles Bobbitt claimed to have paid DJ Frankie Crocker \$6,500 over an eight-year period to play certain recordings. Crocker, who had been charged with lying to a federal grand jury, says that he never received "payola."

## July, 1978, New York City, and Baltimore, Maryland

Brown, who has crooned that "I need no shackles to remind me that I'm a prisoner," is arrested in New York City after being issued ■ contempt of court order for his failure to appear at ■ hearing in Baltimore, where former owners of Brown's radio station, WEBB, had alleged that Brown owed them \$175,000. Released later that week from Baltimore City Jail after posting a \$5,000 bond, the man who

maintains that "you got to, got to payback" agrees to place the station in receivership.

#### March, 1983, Beech Island, South Carolina

The IRS seizes and sells—for a total of \$17,500—Brown's Lincoln Continental, Mercedes Benz, furniture, flatware, van, and television. Obviously, "this is the big payoff."

#### September, 1984, Beech Island, South Carolina

The self-styled Godfather of Soul's 40-acre country home is seized by the IRS for unpaid taxes and scheduled to be sold at a public auction. "I don't owe taxes," says Brown, who has exhorted audiences to "shake your money maker"—and still owes \$9 million in federal taxes.

#### January, 1985, Baltimore, Maryland

Wearing a fur coat, the man who has begged "turn me loose one time," arrives at court via limousine and convinces a federal magistrate that he is too poor to pay creditors \$170,000. He testifies that in spite of regular performances, he has no money, because his home and company are owned by his children and a network of trusts managed by lawyers and accountants. "I have a seventh grade education," Brown remarks. "I don't handle the business." U.S. Magistrate Frederick Smalkin is apparently moved, as he dismisses the lawsuit filed by creditors who claimed that Brown owed them for the radio station he bought in 1969.

#### June, 1985, Aiken County, South Carolina

Though appraised at \$122,700, Mr. Dynamite's 40-acre ranch—including a 3,500-square-foot house, swimming pool, and kennel—is sold by the IRS for a mere \$9,500. "It's an embarrassing thing for me to lose my home—me, a man who fights for his country and fights for humanity—over a technicality," says the man who cried "Deal with it!" In rather Aristotelian fashion, Brown adds that "I've been 'Godfather of Soul,' so I can't be the Godfather of Real Estate at the same time."

#### September, 1987, Aiken County, South Carolina

Brown, who apparently believes that he is "more than all right, outta sight," is arrested on charges of speeding and fleeing the police.

#### November, 1987, Aiken County, South Carolina

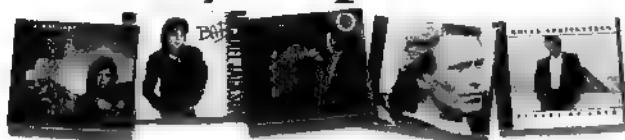
After years of advising followers to "stay on the scene," the so-called "Man Who Never Left" is jailed overnight on charges of leaving the scene of an accident and resisting arrest. Police report that Brown's van struck another vehicle in a parking lot, and that the singer fought with authorities after being pulled over.

#### The day after Easter Sunday, 1988, Beech Island, South Carolina

The author of "It's a Man's Man's Man's World" is arrested on assault charges after allegedly beating his wife with a metal mop handle and firing a rifle at the car in which she attempted to flee. Brown, who is currently working on a gospel album, leaves on a tour of Brazil after posting a \$15,000 bond and saying that he "never laid a hand on her." On second

Continued on page 120

# Buy any Sony CD player and get a lot more than you paid for.



## 5 compact discs for the price of 1.

Plus membership in the CBS CD Club.

There's no better time to get a Sony CD player. By buying one now, you can take advantage of our new CD offer. Whether you enjoy rock, classical, jazz or anything else, it's a great way to start your very own CD collection.

Between **September 1, 1988** and **January 31, 1989**, buy any Sony home, car or portable compact disc player and receive any 5 of the CDs listed below for only \$12.98 along with membership in the CBS CD Club. Just mail the coupon below, together with a copy of the proof of purchase for your Sony Compact Disc Player and your check for \$12.98.

**How the Club works:** Every four weeks (13 times a year), you'll receive the Club's music magazine. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive special offers for a total of

up to 19 buying opportunities. If you want only the Selection-of-the-Month, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection—or none at all—mail the response card, always provided, by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days, you may return the Selection at the Club's expense. The CDs you order as a member will be billed at regular Club prices, plus shipping and handling. You are under no obligation to buy anything and may cancel at any time.

<b>363357</b> <b>LYNYRD SKYNYRD BAND</b> <i>Southern By The Grace of God</i> Lynyrd Skynyrd Tribute Tour—1987 MCA	<b>365138</b> <b>DAVID LEE ROTH</b> <i>Skyscraper</i> Warner Bros.	<b>364818</b> <b>FOREIGNER</b> <i>Inside Information</i> Atlantic	<b>369184</b> <b>TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY</b> <i>Introducing The Hardline According to Terence</i> Trent D'Arby Columbia	<b>364449</b> <b>THE JOSHUA TREE</b> Island
<b>364827</b> <b>BADE</b> <i>Stronger Than Pride</i> Epic	<b>366872</b> <b>NADJA SALERMO-SOMMERBERG</b> <i>Mendelssohn: Concerto In E Minor; Saint-Saëns: Intr. &amp; Rondo</i> Capriccioso Massenet: <i>Meditation From "Thais"</i> N.Y. Chamber Sym. / Gerard Schwarz Angel	<b>362293</b> <b>ANDRES SEGOVIA</b> <i>GUITAR The Segovia Collection (Vol. 1) Bach</i> MCA Classics	<b>36462</b> <b>TIFFANY</b> Tiffany MCA	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>367984</b> <b>JULIO IGLESIAS</b> <i>Non-Stop</i> Columbia	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>362079</b> <b>MICHAEL JACKSON</b> <i>Bad</i> Epic	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>367837</b> <b>KIRK WHALUM</b> <i>And You Know That!</i> Columbia	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>368575</b> <b>STING</b> <i>Nothing Like The Sun</i> A&M	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>363739</b> <b>BRANFORD MARSALIS</b> <i>Renaissance</i> Columbia	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>368575</b> <b>STING</b> <i>Nothing Like The Sun</i> A&M	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>362529</b> <b>STEVE WINWOOD</b> <i>Chronicles</i> Island	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>368575</b> <b>STING</b> <i>Nothing Like The Sun</i> A&M	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>365825</b> <b>BILLY OCEAN</b> <i>Bar Down These Walls</i> Jive/Arista	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>368575</b> <b>STING</b> <i>Nothing Like The Sun</i> A&M	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>365679</b> <b>ROGER NORRINGTON</b> <i>Bach: Invention No. 3 ("Choral") / Kenny Walker/Power/Salerno</i> The Schutz Choir of London/The London Classical Players Angel	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>368575</b> <b>STING</b> <i>Nothing Like The Sun</i> A&M	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>365484</b> <b>GEORGE HARRISON</b> <i>Cloud Nine</i> Dark Horse	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>368575</b> <b>STING</b> <i>Nothing Like The Sun</i> A&M	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza
<b>365189</b> <b>JAMES TAYLOR</b> <i>Never Die Young</i> Columbia	<b>364895</b> <b>WYNTON MARSALIS</b> <i>Baroque Music For Trumpets Vivacelli</i> Telemann/Pachelbel / M. Haydn/Biber English Chamber Orchestra Raymond Leppard CBS Masterworks	<b>368575</b> <b>STING</b> <i>Nothing Like The Sun</i> A&M	<b>360148</b> <b>DIANE SCHUR AND THE COUNT BASIE ORCH.</b> <i>Diane Schur &amp; The Count Basie Orchestra</i> GRP	<b>366716</b> <b>ROBERT PLANT</b> <i>Now and Zen</i> ES Parozza

Mail this certificate, a copy of your sales receipt and a check for \$12.98 made payable to CBS CD Club to: **SONY/CBS CD OFFER**, P.O. Box 1129, 1400 N. Fruitridge Ave., Terre Haute, IN 47811.

<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
CODE NO FREE CD NO 1	CODE NO FREE CD NO 2	CODE NO FREE CD NO 3	CODE NO FREE CD NO 4	CODE NO FREE CD NO 5

I have enclosed a copy of my dated sales receipt as proof of Sony CD player purchase plus a check for one CD at \$12.98. Rush my 5 CDs and enroll me in the Club under the terms outlined above. I understand I have absolutely no obligation to buy anything ever and may cancel at any time.

**Note these important offer terms:** Offer limited to one per household at address. A copy of your sales receipt must be dated between September 1, 1988 and January 31, 1989. All certificates must be postmarked by February 28, 1989. Void where prohibited by law. Offer valid only in continental U.S.A. (excluding Alaska and Hawaii). CBS Compact Disc Club reserves the right to reject any membership. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
CD Model No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Date Purchased \_\_\_\_\_

My main musical interest is (check one) But I may always choose from any category:  
 HARD ROCK  SOFT ROCK  CLASSICAL  
 JAZZ  POP/EASY LISTENING

**SONY**  
THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

© 1988 Sony Corporation of America. Sony and The Leader in Digital Audio are trademarks of Sony.

F847C



Celia Farber

# BREAKFAST IN AMERICA

A black sheep of punk emerges into the sunlight. Here's his spin on punk history—and his view of what comes next.

Article by Celia Farber  
and Adam Greenfield

They were called Sham 69, and they were the quintessential British punk band—an authentic slice of Cockney anguish, served up with ringing guitars and anthemic lyrics that recalled the chants of English soccer terraces. They had an enormous UK following, even though, pitted against a more cynical press who called frontman Jimmy Pursey naively idealistic and foolishly self-deceptive—a self-proclaimed working-class hero who “cried like a fishmonger,” according to one rock critic. As the history of punk settles, especially in an age when Malcolm McLaren is honored by a museum retrospective, Sham 69 stands out as a band with an intensity and an honesty unmatched by their contemporaries.

“I knew that punk was dead,” Pursey says flatly, poking a fork at his poached eggs at a Sixth Avenue coffee shop. “I knew it was over, I knew the intensity was gone by the middle of '77, and that what I was doing in England with Sham 69 was coming to an end. But I didn't want to do what everybody else had done. As far as I'm concerned, Malcolm McLaren is guilty of murder because of what he did with the Sex Pistols. His thing was all about, 'How do we portray this thing punk, and sell it in vast quantities?' And here it is 1988, and they go to him and ask *him* what it was all about. I was so scared. I didn't want Sham to go to America and be in exactly the same situation as the Clash and the Pistols.”

*Jimmy Pursey, coffee achiever.*

In 1980, after the release of their fifth album, Sham 69 broke up, feeling out-of-sorts without the urgent calling of earlier times. Jimmy Pursey went solo for a few years, and then disappeared altogether. "I used to watch bands on television," Pursey grins, "and I kept saying, 'I know I'm better than that.' My girlfriend at the time must have thought, 'Christ, who is this ridiculous, bitter old has-been, shouting at the television.' She said to me, 'Jimmy, why don't you just do something about it?' So finally I said, 'Fuck it, I'm putting Sham back together again.'"

The new Sham 69 shares a few similarities with the first version: the ringing harmonies and singalong choruses remain intact, as well as the feeling of Everykid directness. But the new band is far more sophisticated musically, throwing in influences as far afield as country-western and funk. Live, they come across with a crisp, punchy feel despite the addition of progressive instruments like keyboards and saxophone. Most importantly, Sham 69 is still about asking questions—still too angry to simply entertain. "The thing that's going on in England now, it's worse, much worse than it was in 1976 or '77," says Pursey, the morning after Sham's sold-out two-night stint at CBGB that kicked off their return to America. "You have Acid House, smiley-face T-shirts, people taking as many drugs as they possibly can. It's the same attitude as the hippies had in the '60s, the same mistake. People are talking about pretend realities they've had with drugs that are so amazing, and they're telling you they've been 'beyond your mind,' whereas last night I had an experience I'll never forget for the rest of my life, and it took place right in front of my very eyes."

Although it's been ten years since their salad days, Sham had no trouble filling the club and Pursey is obviously pleased. "As soon as I walked onstage, I felt that I was supposed to be there. I had gone through everything to be there. It wasn't a case of selling a record, because we're off our old label and don't have a new one. But here I was in a place that could understand us now better than anyplace in the world. Those people could understand us better than any kid in England."

Much of the crowd, in fact, couldn't have been far out of diapers when Pursey first clenched his fist and declared, in Sham's best-known song, "If the kids are united/They will never be divided." Sham 69 have always grappled with the fact that, as straightforward as they are, there are sizable groups of people who deliberately misunderstand them. In the early days far-right National Front skinheads latched onto Sham as an avatar of the skins' own brand of discontent; Pursey eventually had to explicitly dis-

avow them. "People were saying Sham meant 'Skin Heads Are Magic' and all this shit—absolutely ridiculous. If I see Nazi skinheads sieg heiling at the shows, I'll grab their hands and I'll bite their hands, I'll slap their hands down, and I'll scream, 'I DE-TEST NAZIS!' You have to let them know. I'll look at them and say, 'I don't really care if you want to kill me, if you do just do it already, let's get on with it. Don't fuck around.' They can't handle that, because they're so lost. They go, 'No man, we don't want to be Nazis, we want you to tell us not to be Nazis.'"

Pursey's refusal to allow Sham to degenerate into a "cabaret act" has struck a chord with a new generation of kids frustrated with the vapidity of 1988 culture. Despite the fact that a large contingent of the CBGB crowd were skinheads initially unreceptive to the new material (and who threatened to start a riot if the keyboards were used), this tension played perfectly off Sham's raw power and had the club filled with a crackling electricity. The band seemed perfectly at ease in this element, as though they had been designed to play New York City, America, here and now. "I was saying, do you want a band? We'll be your band, but do you mean it? If you mean it, we'll do it, we've got nowhere else to go. It's not like we could go to China and sing 'If The Kids Are United,' because they're not going to allow them to be united with anyone else. But we can come to America, stand in front of the Stars and Stripes, and say, 'Unite,' and we can be heard. America can either destroy the world or it can save the world, because it's the only country that has the resources." While it was still a race, Pursey sarcastically dedicated the Sham 69 classic "Tell Us the Truth" to "Mr. Bush and Mr. Dukakis."

"My political status is as an observer. It doesn't matter if Bush or Dukakis wins. The only difference is that Bush has already had his turn, he's fucked things up enough, so now maybe you should give Dukakis a chance to get in there and fuck things up for himself."

Jimmy Pursey stirs his sixth coffee of the morning. "I think the next couple of years are going to be an exciting time. I think it's a new age. The period of 1984-1986 was a terrible time, a terrible void of music. I'm not turning around and saying, yes, there is a God—but I am saying, yes, there has to be a belief. It's like, there's sex, there's fucking, and there's making love, but there has to be something higher. Someone said to me yesterday, 'You came across on stage as though you are very bitter. People got very upset about what you said about the Clash and the Sex Pistols.' And I said, 'Well, I'm not bitter, and I'm not an angry young man, and I'm not an angry old man. I'm just an angry man. Do you understand?'"



# Jensen shatters.

The sound of Jensen car speakers won't just blow you away. It will blow you to smithereens. Its sound that splinters. Sound that explodes. With enough power to turn your car into an earthquake of rock and roll.

AMERICAN CLASSICS JTX-340 6"x9" TRIAXIAL SPEAKERS. 150 watts peak/60 watts continuous power. Dynamic cone tweeters. Long throw woofers. Bass optimized design.

CLASSIC BLUES JCX-220 6"x9" COAXIAL SPEAKERS. 130 watts peak/55 watts continuous power. Dynamic cone tweeters. Long working woofers. Hot new cosmetics.

JXL 653 6½" TRIAXIAL SPEAKERS. 135 watts peak/65 watts continuous power. Polycarbonate dynamic cone tweeters. Long throw woofers.

All speakers made in U.S.A.



**JENSEN**  
The most thrilling sound on wheels.



© 1988 International Jensen Inc. Jensen is the registered trademark of International Jensen Inc.



PHOTO BY TOM MADDAY © 1998 EDISON MENSWEAR GROUP

jeans west  
**JW**<sup>®</sup>

FOR A STORE NEAR YOU  
CALL 1-800-445-8135



# PAID

At ten, Bobby Brown was shot. At 11, he was stabbed. At 12, as a founding member of New Edition, he was boning freaks and not worrying about what happened to all the money. Now, at 19, he's getting his.

**C**HICAGO—This really is the Windy City. An October wind digs into the skin with icy hooks. A huge poster announcing an in-store appearance by Bobby Brown has been torn off one of the windows in front of Metro Music. A thousand or so teenage boys and girls are all over the place, in the front, in the back, trying to bum-rush the tiny record store. The Chicago cops in checkered hats surround Metro, nervously tapping nightsticks in their palms, braced for action. As the star-struck, lusting girls begin to scream, the nippy air rings with a tension that is both sexual and violent.

Like picnic ants on a discarded chicken bone, the crowd moves in on the black limo as it pulls up to the store's rear. When the doors open, the screams increase in volume. I step out, along with a record company executive and her assistant, to the sound of a young female voice saying, "I don't know him. He problee ain't nobody." I smile. A young, robust kid in a snakeskin baseball cap and bright red leather Troop jacket screams, "Who is you? You the man? Take me to Hollywood!"

Inside, signing autographs behind a counter, Bobby Brown is dressed like a young money man: olive silk and gabardine suit, a thick piece of gold cable circling his neck, with a solid gold medallion shaped like a crown. He wears a black derby reminiscent of Al Capone and carries a slim black attaché. One by one, the young girls come in, shake his hand, kiss him on the cheek, scream, cry, and fall out on the floor. Bobby Brown, the budding superstar, 19 years old, with a No. 1 album on the black charts, seems so unaffected by it all: the screaming young honeys, the envious hardrocks trying to crash the place and get a good view of a kid making the "stupid money" legally, the TV monitor and massive album, cassette, and CD displays that refract his image all over the store, until the teenage female screams piece it back together into a giant sexual icon.

This is what it's all about: the attention, the desire, the money, the need to be elevated onto a pedestal, so you can be easily knocked off and shattered when the public wants someone new to worship. For the moment, Bobby Brown is enjoying his rise to the top. He sees the press at the doors, the hundreds of people who have come to see him, who are ready to fight to get inside and touch him. He has to see if the excitement is really

Article by Barry Michael Cooper

# IN FULL



Todd Gray



Todd Gray

right on the money. He stands up. "Yo," he says, with a mischievous grin, "everybody come on in." There are more screams, louder screams. The glass doors shake. It feels like a riot and a thunderstorm.

A little girl squeezes through, limping, holding her left side. Brown looks over the counter, worried. She had the wind knocked out of her. When a store employee helps her to a chair and offers to get the crying girl a glass of water, she sobs, "I'll be alright if I can kiss Bobby on the cheek."

At the age of three, Bobby Brown knew he wanted to be the king of stage. It was at the Sugar Shack in Boston, 1972, during the intermission of a James Brown concert. His mother noticed how engrossed her little boy was in the Godfather of Soul's slides, splits, yelps, crooning, and the absolute control of his band and the audience. Bobby squirmed in his mother's lap, trying to mimic everything he saw onstage. During the intermission, he didn't mimic anymore; his mother pushed him onstage, and little Bobby's two-minute set wrecked the audience at the Shack.

However, life offstage wasn't orchestrated, especially in the inner city of Roxbury, Boston's equivalent of Harlem. Growing up in the rough and tumble projects known as Orchard Park—or

the O.P.—Brown always wanted to make money, and didn't always stay within the boundaries of the law to do so. "Me and my crew," he says, "we used to hustle. We would steal and take off other crews, take their money. My parents had it hard enough taking care of eight kids—I'm the second youngest—and I hated to always have to ask them for things. I wanted to get stuff on my own."

When Brown was ten, he was shot in the knee, caught by a stray .22-caliber bullet from a skirmish between two gangs at a block party in the black neighborhood of Dorchester. At eleven he got into an argument with an acquaintance who slashed him in the shoulder with a knife. After his mother sat him down, spelling out his prospects of landing in jail or the graveyard, Brown began to pour all of his energies into music. He won several neighborhood talent shows, and even taught older kids how to dance at a community center near his home.

He started singing with Mike Bivens, a running partner from the basketball courts. Bivens pulled in Ricky Bell and Ralph Tresvant, who had a popular neighborhood group known as the Double R Connection. They rounded out their group with Ronnie DeVoe, whose uncle, Brook Payne, served as their choreographer. They called themselves New Edition.

They were an immediate success. "Candy Girl," their first single for Arthur Baker's

Streetwise label, took their Jackson 5-ish, beat box, bubble gum funk to the top of the pop charts. The public went wild over the five young kids who could step just as good as the Temps. Especially the young—and older—ladies. "Being with all the girlies was nice," Brown says with a sly grin. "It taught us a lot. We wasn't little dogs or nothing like that. We would get the girls and the older women, too. When we used to play the Fever [Disco Fever] in the Bronx, we were like 12 and 13, and the women were like 22 and 23. Sometimes the whole group had parties. We learned a lot on the road."

What they didn't learn, at least from the women backstage, was how ruthless the record industry could be, especially to young blacks who don't have the best people managing their affairs. Despite the enormous success of "Candy Girl" and its followup, "Is This the End," Brown says, without bitterness, "The most I saw for all the tours and all of the records we sold was \$500 and a VCR."

Amid a furious contractual dispute, New Edition signed to MCA, where, several platinum albums down the line, Brown was still dissatisfied with the management of the group. Tired of being worked "like little slaves by people who were only interested in money and power, and not the welfare of New Edition," he left the group, and signed a solo deal with MCA. Although his first solo album, *King of Stage*, went gold, Brown says, "It wasn't my sound. I wanted to come out hard, with the street in full effect."

At the UIC Pavillion the night of the in-store appearance, Bobby Brown shouts, "They only gave me 25 minutes up here, but they'll be the best damn 25 minutes you ever heard in your life!" As the opening act on New Edition's Heartbreak tour, which also features A&B, Sure!, Brown tears onto the stage, gyrating, sliding, pumping his shoulders, swinging bolos—as if he were Mike Tyson and the audience were former contender Mitch Green looking for a street fight in the Dapper Dan leather boutique—crooning, putting his all into his half-hour set as if it were his last. From Harlem wunderkind Teddy Riley's "My Prerogative"—which sounds like gin-drenched, Roaring Twenties swing—to L.A. and Babyface's "Don't Be Cruel"—a kind of Texas Rangers-meets-Stonehenge-solstice-chorale-meets-Bootsy Collins—Bobby Brown has the audience in the palm of his hand. Despite his lousy sound system, despite his mike going dead for a portion of "Don't Be Cruel," despite the impressive shows A&B, Sure! and New Edition will put on after him, Bobby Brown comes out hard and "wrecks things."

The audience response, along with the platinum sales of "Don't Be Cruel," say that the hardrock ethic has worked for Brown, as he continues to evolve his creation of crooning rap which draws the new jacks and the young grandmas to his electrifying shows. But even in the hands of a reputable manager, George L. Smith of Pacific-Cal management—and even with the promise of enough money to buy and sell all the suckers who ever tried to front on him—the old wounds and financial worries still haunt Brown. But maybe what I read as pain is really catharsis, as Brown struts the stage in his electric-blue silk suit, diamond-encrusted crown medallion, black derby—just to let us know he's large and in charge—a cigar, and that attaché. He points to the case, trim, black, and informs the audience, "Don't worry about nothin', baby, 'cause I got the money. I'm paid in full." ❧

Learn how to  
toot your own horn.

**K**enny G has a way with a saxophone that's put him at the top of his field with such hits as "Songbird".

He also has some great advice for anyone who's ever wanted to play a wind instrument: start with the Casio DH-100 Digital Horn. It's both easy to learn and fun to play.

It comes with the built-in sounds of a saxophone, trumpet, Hear Kenny G's latest hits on his new album, "Silhouette."



oboe, clarinet, flute, and synth-reed. So you can become a virtuoso on more than one instrument.

Learning is easy because the DH-100 uses recorder-type fingering.

And when you blow into the mouthpiece, you get a great sound every time with dynamic control over volume and tone.

The DH-100 also comes equipped with MIDI which allows you to control other

MIDI instruments or sound sources. It's battery operated and has its own built-in speaker so you can play anywhere.

If you've always wanted to learn how to play a wind instrument, Kenny G will tell you the DH-100 is the right place to start.

How far you'll go is all up to you.

**CASIO**  
Where miracles never cease

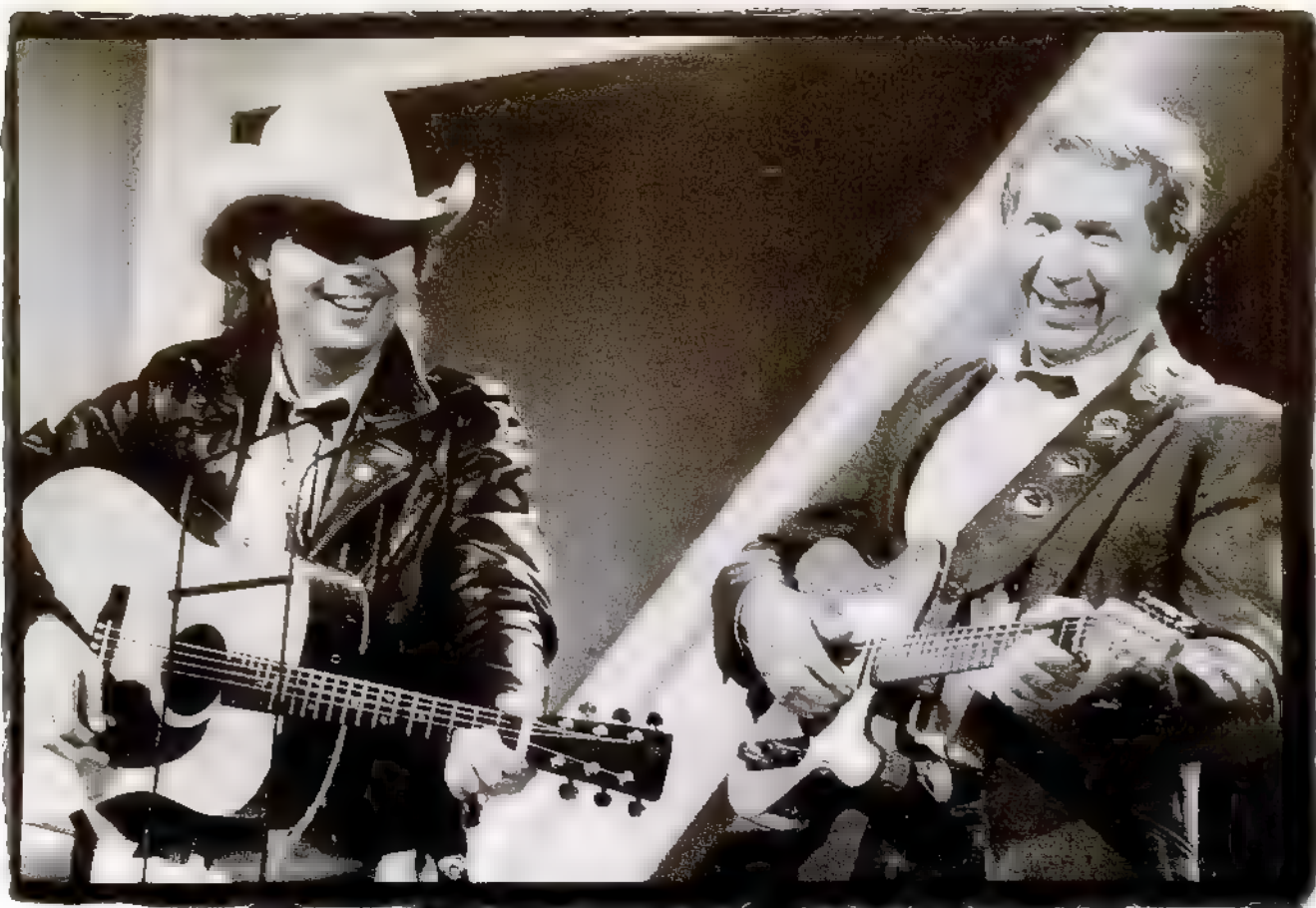
# THE ORIGINAL

Brewery fresh draft beer in bottles and cans. Since 1959.  
Coors, an American Original.  
Just like you.

## SEE THESE COORS ORIGINALS

ALASKA'S HOBO JIM - ALASKA  
BIG TWIST AND THE MELLOW FELLOWS - ILLINOIS  
THE CHEETERS - WISCONSIN  
CLASS OF '62/SURF BOYS - WISCONSIN  
THE KINGPINS - CALIFORNIA  
SASSY JONES - NEW MEXICO  
SHEBANG - GEORGIA





Alan Messer

## *A Couple of Cowboys Sittin' Around Talkin'*

In the '60s, Buck Owens was the hardest-rocking country performer in the world. Then came "Hee-Haw." Now he's back. Owens's disciple Dwight Yoakam asks Buck what it's all about.

**B**uck Owens has spent the last few years looking after business in Bakersfield, California, back again where his career began. When country music went slick in the '70s, Buck let it alone—and for the last decade or so, he's been remembered by most people as the grinning face they saw when they clicked the channel past the "Hee-Haw" reruns.

There was a time, through most of the '60s, when Buck Owens was the most consistent hit-maker in country, when he and the Buckaroos were the hottest live act in the field, when the Beatles' cover version of his "Act Naturally" hit the pop charts right alongside the Buckaroos' "I've Got a Tiger by the Tail." The Bakersfield Sound, as represented by Buck Owens and Merle Haggard, offered a powerful alternative to the mass-produced Nashville Sound, with the Bakersfield boys representing the honky-tonk tradition against the threat of homogenization that would nearly destroy the music in the '70s.

Like Merle Haggard, Buck Owens was a Southwesterner, born in tough circumstances, and raised around hard work, hot music, and cool bars. The Buckaroos, with Don Rich playing guitar, fiddle,

and singing those unmistakable harmonies, were the best performers in country, and the music he made was unfailingly commercial—"Together Again," "Love's Gonna Live Here," "Foolin' Around," "Cryin' Time," "Above and Beyond," "My Heart Skips a Beat," and a whole bunch more are still shuffling 'em around dance floors tonight.

Which doesn't mean Buck wasn't an innovator in his own way. Back in 1965, when country music conservatives were making concerned clucking noises about the way the Buckaroos' records were getting over in the world of rock'n'roll, Buck made a special effort at calming them down, taking out full-page ads in the trade publications to declare his undying loyalty to the music. "I shall sing no song that is not a country song," he wrote, "and I shall not forget it." His next single, with the Buckaroos banging away full blast, was Chuck Berry's "Memphis."

Dwight Yoakam, a devoted acolyte of the Bakersfield Sound, was instrumental in luring Buck out of his self-imposed retirement from music. Collaborating on a single with Dwight called "The Streets of Bakersfield," Buck is also releasing a new album of some re-recorded early hits entitled *Hot*

Dog. Sitting around a hotel room in Nashville, Dwight had a few questions he wanted to ask.

DWIGHT YOAKAM: When do you first remember hearing a song that had an impact on you and who was the artist?

BUCK OWENS: You know, the first music that I remember hearing, I must have been about four or five years old. It was in Dallas and it was the Light Crust Dough Boys. I lived in Texas but I listened to it over, I believe, WFAA radio. And I liked that and it was kind of Bob Wills-y, you know? Western swing. Then later on when I went to Arizona we had an old radio that my daddy took out of a car. I don't know if it was ever in the car, but it was a car radio and he'd take the battery out of the car—we only went to town once a week—he'd take the battery out of the car and that was our entertainment. We'd listen to those high-powered Mexican stations on the border. They played Bill Monroe and Charlie Monroe, and they played Wayne Rainey and Lonnie Glossen. It was on those big transcription things.

**Here's what "Hee-Haw" did: It took a name and a sound and it put a face with it. But you reached the point of diminishing returns, after a while. I think some television is great for you; but I sure think too much is deadly. Overexposure'll kill you.**

DWIGHT: Do you think people were aware that Bob Wills had had such a profound impact then? Certainly Bob Wills is known for Western swing, but people don't realize that that was dance music—it was dance hall music. Do you feel that perhaps the greatest affinity you have to him is that you created dance music also?

BUCK: Well, yeah. You know, when you live in the Southwest there wasn't no places to play. The only places you had to play was the honky-tonks and people danced in the honky-tonks. There was no school houses to play, you know. If you didn't play for dancing, you didn't play.

The only role model that I had really in those days was Bob Wills. I saw him many, many times. He used to play Bakersfield once a week—he'd play in the big old dance halls. One of the things that Bob Wills always had that influenced me more than anything else—he always had a great band. And he had several great guitar players, you know. I remember some of them—Junior Bernard, and some of those guys that could really play. I used to go for the guitar playing. But I went for the whole thing. Bob Wills, he was my hero.

DWIGHT: At what point did you move from Mesa [Arizona] to Bakersfield?

BUCK: After I'd turned 21 in 1951.

DWIGHT: Based on what? Hearing that there was music going on there, or were you really looking just for work?

BUCK: I'd been there a lot of times. There was a lot of fruit there and a lot of cotton and a lot of work, for a field worker. And I had a lot of relatives there also. Two of my uncles played the guitar a little bit and there's always music around where there was a bunch of country folks. They'd just strike up at the house. So I went on out there when I was 21 years old. I'd run away from home when I was 15, went out there and then came back and then I'd go back out there—I'd been there several times. But there's a pretty strict rule in those days, if you weren't 21 not only could you not perform, you couldn't be in there [honky-tonks] either. So, as soon as I turned 21 I headed back out there.

I got a job, right after I first went there at a honky-tonk—a big, big honky-tonk, held about 500 people—called the Blackboard. I worked there a total of 7 years. Commuted to L.A. and back and a few times to Nashville. But I got to learn my trade. The important thing was there that I got to play with a lot of different people. I made enough money to support my family and meet my obligations and get to do what I wanted to do, man, what I dreamed. We played for dancing, and when we played tangos and rumbas and sambas and mambos, and I didn't know the differences. But I learned after a while; I learned how to play some of those things that were good. It was just good all around experience for me.

DWIGHT: When did you first play the guitar?

BUCK: You know, Dwight, my mother taught me the first chords on the guitar when I was probably nine or ten years old. An old Regal guitar.

DWIGHT: Regal?

BUCK: Yeah, I remember the name of it because I never saw another one.

DWIGHT: Mine was a Kay, and then I broke it and I

had a Silvertone.

BUCK: Same thing with the strings about—

DWIGHT: Silvertone was way up.

BUCK: Yeah.

DWIGHT: Bleed—your fingers'd bleed.

BUCK: Yeah, I remember that.

DWIGHT: I want to ask you to talk about "Hee-Haw" a little bit.

BUCK: Okay.

DWIGHT: I guess I should ask what initiated the concept for that show and then what brought you into it?

BUCK: I didn't know the name of the show when the guy asked me about doing a country-type "Laugh-In" show.

DWIGHT: So it was a country counterpoint to "Laugh-In." Putting this in context, people perhaps don't remember that at the time for a country artist to be given the opportunity to host his own network TV show was something that you kinda didn't look twice at. You didn't look that mule in the mouth. Right?

BUCK: Unbelievable, because they had—you gotta remember that for many people that was a dream, far-off dream for somebody. In May they said they had the money to cut the show, and in July of '69 "Hee-Haw" went on CBS. And of course then they took it off. It was network for about a year and a half, if I remember right, maybe two years and a half. Maybe two years. Then whenever they took it off, they took off at the same time too things like Lawrence Welk and they took off, you know, Mr. Haney—

DWIGHT: Oh, "Green Acres."

BUCK: I remember what the guy said he was going to do to the network; he said he was going to "deruralize" it. He took off "Beverly Hillbillies."

DWIGHT: Those were all CBS shows at the time?

BUCK: Well, not the Lawrence Welk show, but yeah. It seemed like the networks had all had a meeting and said, "Okay, folks we're going to take off all this country stuff."

DWIGHT: You know, I did "Hee-Haw" once, and I tell you, I had fun doing it. Was it fun for you?

BUCK: It was, very much. It was a lot of fun. You've got to remember that it went away from the original concept. See, these guys were comedy writers, and they sold their interest in the thing, and it went away from music to more and more comedy. So after a while it had deteriorated to where it must have been 70 percent comedy. Very little music, and they thought less and less of my music.

DWIGHT: With "Hee-Haw" moving further away from music and more into just the one-line comedy gag situation things do you think that you lost contact with your musical audience? With a new, perhaps an on-going musical audience, I want to add.

BUCK: Yeah, I think that's absolutely correct. I think one of the things that the TV does to you, it just lays you open. I mean, folks, it removes all mystique, because you're there every week, and they can hear you sing every week, right? And, you know, what happens is like one guy asked me one time, "Did you just sell out for money?" And I said, "Well, maybe we could put it in another way, you know." And in reality, I never thought of it as that. I thought of it as after a while, you know, a way to get off of the road.

DWIGHT: Well, it certainly served a financial purpose. But I think that's an unfair assessment. I think you've answered probably more accurately that the show just moved away from music—from your music. Your music didn't necessarily change that drastically in terms of you selling out your music—I think that they just, they moved it away from music.

BUCK: Well, I think they did. And maybe they did it the right way, who knows? But I mean, it's 20 years now. But when I left the show in '86, we had left each other, really. I wanted to leave the show at ten years. But the very thought of going out there and trying to pick up \$400,000 for two or three weeks work was a tough situation. So, you kind of look at it again and you say, "Well maybe I'll do one more year." But I enjoyed doing "Hee-Haw." I left lots of friends there. "Hee-Haw," here's what "Hee-Haw" did: It took a name and a sound and it put a face with it. But you reached the point of diminishing return, after a while. I think some television is great for you; but I sure think too much is deadly. Overexposure'll kill you.

DWIGHT: Tell me a little bit about you and Merle and the Canadian border and Moose medicine.

BUCK: [Laughs] We had a drummer—you know Merle [Haggard] played bass on that trip—actually it was in Michigan, that's where it was. We travelled along in this camper and this drummer called Moose was driving along and he gets on the wrong side—it's a two-lane road and he crosses across a double line, just a little bit, and lo and behold a block away he's coming face III face with a state trooper. Well, he turns around and stops us, you know, and so he got us all out and searched us. He thought we was a bunch of hunters—we had some guns, but they were just .22s, just target things. So then, he pokes in my pocket. I got a great big wad of money in my pocket but he don't know it's money. And he says, "What's that?" And I says, "Money." And he says, "Yeah, let me see it." So, you know, I had on those tight jeans and I reached in my pocket, and he says, "Careful now." And so I reached out and I show him all this money and so the man, he says, "Don't nobody move." He goes back—he calls in—

DWIGHT: Desperate-looking guys that you were.

BUCK: Well, you know, we probably looked pretty bad. We were pretty raunchy. And he goes and he calls in and he comes back and he says, "Okay, maybe you guys ain't robbers." He goes searching everywhere and he looks in the glove compartment—now Merle, you know, he's still on parole

# Come on down!

If you've reached down into the ultra low tar world only to come up empty on taste, come down to Merit Ultra Lights. Thanks to Enriched Flavor,<sup>™</sup> Merit Ultra Lights delivers deep-down tobacco taste you'd never expect in a cigarette so low in tar. That's why it's one of today's fastest growing brands. So raise your standards.

Come on down to Merit Ultra Lights.

Enriched Flavor,<sup>™</sup> ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



## Merit Ultra Lights

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Everything it touches turns delicious.™



## KAHLÚA & CREAM

A country day. Sunlight. That's the taste 1½ ounces of Kahlúa brings to 4 ounces of cream or milk over ice. Every sip, pure delight. To enjoy Kahlúa to the fullest, go by the book: the free Kahlúa Recipe Book. Do send for as many copies as you like. Kahlúa, Dept. A, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.

©1988 Kahlúa® 26.5% alc./vol. (53 proof) Maststone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA



at that time, but we got permission for him to leave California. And so he looks through our glove compartment and he runs across this little brown vial that looks like a prescription for medicine and he's got something—I don't know if it had any inscription on it or not, but—we're up here in hunting country now, and so this state trooper, he shakes it and he shakes it and he says—our drummer's named Moose now, and he's the one that's been driving and he's the one that's going to get the ticket—he says to Merle, who was sitting there in the front seat, he shakes this at Merle and he says, "What's that?" And Merle says, "Moose medicine." Meaning that they were diet pills and they belonged to Moose. And the cop said, "Oh, okay," and throws them back in the glove compartment. Of course, moose medicine.

DWIGHT: [Laughs] Give them to the moose. A lot of booze in country music at that time but there was also a lot of pills.

BUCK: A lot of diet pills. Mostly it was all diet pills.  
DWIGHT: Speed. Stay up. Drive—truckdriver medicine. You know, you touched on something there—there was a lot of booze in country music. There are classic examples—most overt examples are Hank Williams, Senior, and his battle with it. You never really had a problem, never drank really?

BUCK: No. The only time I drink—I never drank very much, but when I drank one time I drank a bottle and a half of wine.

DWIGHT: What happened?

BUCK: I got married. And when I sobered up, I got it annulled.

DWIGHT: Is that the famous one that everybody talks about?

BUCK: You know that's the famous one.

DWIGHT: Are you still friends?

BUCK: Oh, we're good friends. Yeah, I had three very successful marriages.

DWIGHT: [Laughs]

BUCK: I ain't kidding; I look at it that way. And I don't count that one because, you know, we annulled it. You know, you marry—

DWIGHT: Went to bed for a week and—

BUCK: For two days.

DWIGHT: Two days.

BUCK: Worked out all right. But anyhow, there was more booze then, I think than there is today. You know, I never even saw any "Mary Jauana," see, I can't even pronounce it right. I never saw it.  
DWIGHT: But the drug thing was just more involved with the booze and, you know, the speed, the bennies.

BUCK: Yeah, that's the only thing that I ever saw. Only thing I ever saw was diet pills and booze, you know.

DWIGHT: None of the street drugs that were in vogue at the time, like acid and things like that?

BUCK: No.

DWIGHT: Yeah, I'm going to take your advice and stay clear of the wine. Especially the marriage wine. You know, I was going to say, the Beatles were obviously aware of you. Did you ever meet the Beatles?

BUCK: No, I never did. Capitol had set up a meeting for me. The Beatles, they were so hot, man, that the security broke down and so they didn't come. We was going to meet at some hotel. It was about '65, before they cut "Act Natural." They asked if I wanted to meet the Beatles and I said, "Oh, you bet." And they said, "They like you."

DWIGHT: What about other rock artists? Did you ever meet the Byrds? Or John Fogerty from Creedence? People you obviously influenced.

BUCK: No, I never got to meet any of those people. I would play sometimes the same places they'd played.

DWIGHT: Like the Fillmore. You played in a lot of the rock'n'roll venues in the '60s, didn't you?

BUCK: Yeah, yeah. It was tough sometimes there. A lot of the young people, even then, liked music with a lot of beat.

DWIGHT: What do you think appealed to those audiences and drew them to you musically? I mean, I know what did for me.

BUCK: I think it's the same thing. I think the honesty and integrity of the music, as well as, you know, the zing. It had a lot of beat to it, a lot of percussion-type zing.

DWIGHT: Recorded with your own band, too. There was always an active band in the recording.  
BUCK: Yeah, and it was the same band I toured with. The same as you. The same as Hag. It goes clear back to Bob Wills. I mean, the people that you saw with him was the people that made the records. The people I see with you is the people that made the records and all that. I think that's what makes a difference between a recording for the industry—see I think a lot of people go in the studio and record for the industry instead of for the people.

DWIGHT: You own all your masters from Capitol records. When do we the public, the listeners, the fans of yours, maybe look for the opportunity to be able to get a hold of those in stores ever again?

BUCK: When you come up with the money, Dwight.

DWIGHT: Oh, man, now they're going to print that. And the truth will be known once and for all. About what it takes. Why do you—why are you making music again? You know, you said to me one time you felt like you got in trouble when you started making music for the industry and not for yourself. When did that occur?

BUCK: '78, '79, you know, during the pop music craze. And the record companies—once again I don't blame the record companies for wanting to sell all the product they can sell.

DWIGHT: It's a business.

BUCK: That's what it is. But when the crossover thing stopped, I mean, you know, there must have been pandemonium at that time.

DWIGHT: Now who'd you make this record for?  
BUCK: Well, I made it for me, I made it for the folks. I made it—you know, I made it to sell. I made it because I thought that's what the folks would want to see and hear me do. And I researched those songs, I kept tabs on those songs where if I ever recorded again I'd want to do that again.

DWIGHT: But your motivation was...?

BUCK: 'Cause I enjoyed it. I wanted to do it. Ten years out of the studio and I couldn't get you to help me at all.

DWIGHT: [Laughing] Well...

BUCK: I'm teasing, I'm teasing.

DWIGHT: You know I love you and I love your music.

BUCK: Yes, I know. I figured I was going to get you to say that one way or another.

DWIGHT: I hope that it is fun for you and I hope the record was fun for you to do. As much fun as it was for you to come in and record "Bakersfield."

BUCK: Well, you know there's another thing too, I ought to say—there's a lot of things, you know. With "Bakersfield" making number one, and that's lots of fun and—

DWIGHT: Doubles the fun.

BUCK: Well, it sure does.

# THE SPIN VIDEO

## H O T

### SALES AND RENTALS

VIDEO REVIEW, the leading home entertainment magazine, compiles the "Video 20" exclusively for SPIN.

1

#### HISTORIA

*Def Leppard*—PolyGram

2

#### CIAO ITALIA

*Madona*—Warner Reprise

3

#### RAW

*Eddie Murphy*—Paramount

4

#### THE WALL

*Pink Floyd*—MGM/UA

5

#### FAITH

*George Michael*—CBS

6

#### HAIRSPRAY

*Dwight*—RCA/Columbia

7

#### AEROSMITH'S 3 x 3

CBS

8

#### MUMBO JUMBO

*Robert Plant*—Atlantic

9

#### ERIC CLAPTON AND FRIENDS

Vestron

10

#### INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE LIVE!

*Terence Trent D'Arby*—CBS

## C O O L

### DUE IN STORES THIS MONTH

1

#### NOT OF THIS EARTH

*Traci Lords*—MGM/UA

2

#### MONDO NEW YORK

*Karen Finley*—MPI

3

#### THE MODERNS

*d Alan Rudolph*—Nelson

4

#### RETURN OF THE KILLER TOMATOES

New World

5

#### ENDURANCE

*clips from the crazed Japanese game show—*  
New Star

6

#### STARS AND BARS

*Daniel Day Lewis*—RCA/Columbia

7

#### RIKKY AND PETE

CBS/Fox

8

#### STORMY MONDAY

*Melanie Griffith, Sting*—Paramount

9

#### SOME LIKE IT HOT

*Marilyn Monroe*—MGM/UA Disc

10

#### KILLER KLOWNS FROM OUTER SPACE

*John Vernon*—Media

THE PERFECT MIX...KAHLÚA  
AND YOUR FAVORITE VIDEO

**KAHLÚA**

The Bangles in bed: (L-R) Vicki Peterson, Michael Steele, Susanna Hoffs, Debbi Peterson.





# L.A. WOMEN

*So far, the Bangles have enjoyed their share of underground credibility, mainstream success, dirty dish, and novelty appeal.*

*Now they want respect. But will they get it?*

*Article by Michael Corcoran*

**T**he first one was Vicki Peterson, the lead guitarist, who winked at me during the encore in Portland, Oregon, then dispatched a roadie to bring me backstage after the show. It was my first time in that most-privileged locale, so you can imagine the look of awe on my face as I traversed the gala proceedings, in a trance. For any of you who have never been backstage, let me say that it's everything it's cracked up to be and more. Much more. There are blonde girls with skirts slit up to their tan lines circulating with trays of champagne. They caress the air with credit card perfume and laugh at feeble jokes. I bet you that heaven is just backstage at hell.

Dave the roadie brought me back to the dressing room, asked, "This guy in the red shirt?" and, when Vicki smiled in affirmation, left. "So," Vicki said as she circled me and angled her eyes downward, "I noticed that you knew all the words to 'Walk Like an Egyptian.'" Actually I only knew the "oh-way, oh-way, oh-way, oh" part, but I wanted her to like me, to really like me, so I said "yeah." Then she said, "You remind me of a song I just wrote today. Come back to the hotel with me and I'll play it for you." As we walked to the limo, I kept thinking, "Man, Lloyd is not going to believe this: me and the Bangles. Yes." The big Fleetwood was crowded, so I sat on Vicki's lap. A blonde guy with dreadlocks sat on Michael Steele's lap, the roadie sat on drummer Debbi Peterson's, and Susanna Hoffs had a bowl of carrot sticks and cherry tomatoes on her lap. For the entirety of the ride, Vicki gently burrowed a knee between my legs and hummed "Chantilly Lace," moving her mouth up to the opening of my ear when she got to the "oh baby, you know what I like" part. I

*Photograph by Jimi Giannatti*

thought we'd never get to the hotel.

When we arrived at Vicki's suite, she went right to the bathroom and I sat on the edge of her bed, wondering how she was going to play her new song for me since there wasn't a guitar in sight. Then I had a terrible thought: uh-oh, a capella. Vicki came over to me wearing a bolero jacket and a gold anklet and said "Why don't you make like a swallow and go south?" I looked up at her, confused, but she just smiled and said, "Don't worry. I'll let you know when it's springtime." Then suddenly the whole room went black and both ears hurt real bad. The next thing she asked me, an hour later, was how much cab fare I needed. And you know what? I was right. Lloyd didn't believe a single word of it.

The next time the Bangles came to town they were high on the charts with "Hazy Shade of Winter" and were booked into a much bigger hall. I snuck backstage after the show and found Vicki, who acted like she didn't remember me or my migration from earlier that year. As I talked to Vicki ("Remember? Red shirt, blue jeans, \$8 cab fare?") I noticed that Michael Steele was grinning at my behind like I just sat in cherry Kool-Aid. Micki, as I would come to know the magenta-headed bassist, gave Vicki some sort of eye signal and Vicki quickly excused herself. Micki then idled on over and made the strangest inquiry: "So, have you lost all your baby fat yet, you young cut of rump roast?" "Yeah," I told her, "I guess so." She tilted her head longingly, cupped my buttocks and squeezed them like they were loaves of day-old pumpernickel. "Well, what's this then? Feels like baby fat to me," she said, mock serious, then called Debbi Peterson over. Debbi poked my rear nonchalantly and said, "Yep, that's baby fat alright. Why don't you show him some exercises to get rid of it?" Since the new hotel was further from my home than the time with Vicki, I got \$10 in cab fare and a kiss on the cheek at sunrise.

Instead of going home, however, I bought a one-way bus ticket to Eugene, where the Bangles were to play the next night. I showed up at soundcheck and waved at Micki. "I told you I might be here," I said, delighted to see her again. Even though we'd just met the night before and had only spent about an hour together, I missed her. As she started toward me, smiling, my stomach seeped into my knees. "Hi," she said, "you must be the local Columbian rep."

Dejected, I turned to walk away. Right here I should mention that I look just like Matt Dillon. "Hey, Matt Dillon lookalike," a voice sweetly chirped from behind me. I wheeled around to see Susanna Hoffs laughing and throwing back her inky mane. "Why don't you let me play Miss Kitty for awhile after the show," she offered demurely. See, I look like the Marshall, not the actor. Since the Eugene

show was the last gig of this leg of the "Rock Like an Egyptian" tour, the after-show party was a wild medley of drunken debaucheries. The girls got so torched that at one point they actually redecorated their hotel rooms. When hotel officials entered suites 2401-2406 the next day and saw them resplendent with bead curtains, lava lamps, and Day-Glo peace signs, they estimated damages in the tens of thousands of dollars.

Excerpted from the fictitious *It's OK, I'm With the Bangles*, written by Richie Lamora (as yet unpublished).

Every day the Bangles don't die, Richie Lamora gets another day further from his blood contract. "We've had a lot of mean-spirited and inaccurate shit written about us, but it's nothing compared to the utterly unredeeming crap that gets written about people who can't defend themselves," Michael Steele announces in the same cold blue voice that the artsy weirdo in your high school had. "I think parasitic journalism sucks, no offense." The Bangles have not read the Albert Goldman book which Debbi calls *The Lies of John Lennon*. "I've only read a paragraph or two that was excerpted in the newspaper. Just enough to show what a mean fucker Goldman is," Vicki says.

It's 11:30 a.m. and the real Bangles, not the fictional stepping stones you met in the italics, are looking less than glamorous. Of course I wouldn't kick any of them out of bed for eating crackers, or even for butchering a moose for that matter, but none of them, even fluttersmith Susanna Hoffs, looks like the poster girl of peach-fuzzed daydreamers. As I join them at their cramped table in the hotel coffee shop, Susanna reads my mind and says, "We don't look very 'rock' do we?" No, they don't. "I always get people coming up to me and saying, 'You know, you kinda look like that girl in the Bangles only you're shorter.'" Armed less with questions than with a list of topics not to bring up until I've already got enough for a story—the Go-Gos, Prince, *The All-nighter*—I put my tape recorder in the midst of the various salads, open it up and let the girls dive right in. But first, Susanna Hoffs takes care of one last detail:

SUSANNA: Waiter!

WAITER: Yes?

SUSANNA: Do you have fruit salads? Fresh fruit?

WAITER: Yes, we do.

SUSANNA: Are they premixed or are they ...

WAITER: Yes, pre-mixed.

SUSANNA: Do they have strawberries in them? I'm allergic to strawberries.

WAITER: I don't think so.

SUSANNA: If it's without strawberries, I want one of those. But if it is with



Tom Rauscher

strawberries I can't have it even if they're taken out, because of the juice of the strawberries. So make sure, OK?

Like their most obvious heroes, the Beatles, the Bangles consist of four distinct personalities. There's Vicki, the cut-up with the beautiful smile and beachnik wardrobe; her sister Debbi is the quiet one, but watch out for her sharp asides; Susanna is classic JAB (Jewish American Boho) and a wicked flirt; and Michael has a big crush on actor John Lone (*The Last Emperor*). They get along better than 98 percent of the bands around, though their neurotic nitpicking must strain things on the road. The Bangles are proud and driven: to create, to make money, to be happy. This I know after spending only 45 minutes with them.

Were you into the late '70s power pop scene in LA, with all those bands like the Know, the Knack, the Pop, the Zip-pers, etc.?

MICHAEL: Ah, the skinny-tie period.

SUSANNA: Those were great times. In those days I would get into these big arguments with people about stupid things like which was better, Nick Lowe's *Pure Pop for Now People* or *Get the Knack*.

VICKI: Aside from the music, which was great, the thing that I loved most about the Knack was that they were such a band. They really understood the whole band concept, that everyone has a part to do and they're all equally important.

Why do you think the Knack sorta fizzled out after having such a successful first album?

DEBBI: Mistakes in management.

SUSANNA: They tried to copy the same thing they did the first time around.

VICKI: People started listening to their lyrics. I know that as soon as I understood what they were singing I was pretty turned off.

It seemed that the critics really loved

them at first and then tore them apart when they became successful.

VICKI: Critics always want to feel like they discovered something. It's like the first writer who ever wrote about the Sugarcubes or Tracy Chapman or someone else who went on to become media darlings, it's like the acts become theirs, their property. "I discovered them. I wrote about them first." We used to get that when we were the Bangs, before we changed our name to the Bangles because there was already another Bangs. We were kinda weird and playing music that wasn't being played on the radio, so all the critics were going, "The Bangs are great, let's really champion these girls." And then you get a hit record, heaven forbid, one written by Prince, of all people, and you've sold out, gone commercial. It's over, girls, see ya. Next!

That's a trait I think we inherited from the British press, you know, love 'em until everyone else does.

SUSANNA: England's the country that loves to hate.

MICHAEL: They think they invented cynicism.

I think they did, too.

SUSANNA: Their questions are always so negative. "What is your least favorite thing?" "What videos do you hate?" I don't want to talk about what I don't like. I'd rather talk about things that excite me.

MICHAEL: The last interview we did

your church?

DEBBI: No. I think they have them now though. My first boyfriend was an altar boy. He'd wink at me when the priest gave me communion.

My first boyfriend was a priest. *Father Fixation*, I think his name was. Don't laugh, you don't know that I'm joking. I could be inwardly scarred.

SUSANNA: From a psychoanalytic point of view, it doesn't make a lot of sense to impose celibacy on the poor old priest. I mean, why shouldn't priests get to marry? I don't think sex is a bad thing. Uh-oh, that'll be in bold print.

Later that night the Bangles will play before an audience for the first time in almost 18 months. After five years of nonstop touring, the band decided to take an extended break last year to write songs and work on a new album. Financially, '87 was a great year for the Bangles, with "Walk Like an Egyptian" topping the charts for six consecutive weeks (it was named *Billboard's* No. 1 record of the year), and both "Manic Monday" and "Hazy Shade of Winter" making it to No. 2. Still, the girls found their sudden success a mixed blessing. None of their three big hits was written by them, their sound had been augmented by studio guitarists and occasional drum machines, and the public seemed less interested in who they were than in which ones had slept with Prince.

**"You get a hit record, heaven forbid, one written by Prince, of all people, and you've sold out, gone commercial. It's over, girls, see ya. Next!"**

in England, the writer was having such a hard time finding a negative angle that all he could come up with was that we were too well-adjusted. Ain't that a slap in the face.

SUSANNA: I think they're like that because the sun never shines there. Not enough vitamin D.

[At this point, Michael notices my Jesus wristwatch.]

MICHAEL: Omigod! I've got to have that. Where did you get it?

In Austin.

MICHAEL: Are we going through Austin? (No)

SUSANNA: Are you religious?

No. I used to be a Catholic boy.

VICKI: I was a Catholic boy.

DEBBI: Me, too.

SUSANNA: Our band is perfectly balanced because we've got two Catholics and two Jews.

VICKI: We're an all-guilt group. Isn't it interesting that most rock'n'roll musicians are either Catholic or Jewish?

Did they have female altar boys at

Continued on page 120

# English Leather®

A man's cologne and aftershave.



*Some guys have it all.*

# Newport



*Alive with pleasure!*

*After all, if smoking  
isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

# 88

## TIME TO SET IT STRAIGHT

---

In 1988, if you weren't cold clocking much dollars, you simply weren't living large. This year mediocrities rose to media greatness, an order of sushi at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles cost \$4.50, and kids controlled the way America consumed music.

**W**hich was weirder, the discovery of a statue of Elvis on Mars, or Mark Gastineau and Brigitte Nielsen having each other's names tattooed on their butts? Before you answer, put yourself in the position of the tattooist.

It has been that kind of year, a year of vulgar grace and graceless vulgarity. George "Pit Bull" Bush captured the tenor of the year when he declared, "I stand for anti-bigotry, anti-Semitism, anti-racism." Hear hear, George. We couldn't have fed you a better line. The *New York Post* caught a breath of the same zeitgeist when it announced the death of the *National Enquirer* publisher with the banner headline, GENEROSO POPE JOINS ELVIS. Maybe it was something in the water. But in 1988, the first year the ozone layer ever

Keith Richards,  
Patti Smith,  
Brian Wilson,  
and Al Stewart  
may have failed  
their comebacks  
this year,  
but Bette Davis  
rocked on.



Francis Lehr

appeared on the cover of *Newsweek*, you didn't want to ask.

In 1988, mediocrities rose to media greatness—Reverend Al Sharpton, Morion Downey Jr., Judge Douglas Ginsburg, not to mention Dukakis and Bush—while the greats were scaled down, through unnecessary movies, books, and tribute records, to boring mediocrity—John Lennon, U2, Charlie Parker, Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Jesus Christ. You could argue that Lennon's fall to mediocrity was more precipitous than Christ's.

Mike Tyson and alleged Harvard Medical School dropout Robin Givens became America's couple, but neither added as exciting a wrinkle to the fight game as the Korean Olympic boxing coaches who punched out a referee after an unpopular decision. It was also a big year for Bruce Springsteen and Patti Scialfa, Lionel Richie and Diane Alexander, James and Adrienne Brown, and Jimmy Swaggart and New Orleans prostitute Debra Murphree. Couples to watch in 1989 include Robin Givens and Marvin Mitchelson, Patti Scialfa and Marvin Mitchelson, and Adrienne Brown and Marvin Mitchelson.

There were no fewer than three baseball movies in 1988, but no performance matched New York Met Darryl Strawberry's admission, on the eve of the National League Championship Series, that he would rather be on the other team. Occasional New York Yankee manager Billy Martin provided the rationalization of the year: When asked why he chose a strip bar to get beaten up in, he said it was the only place he could go where the clientele wouldn't stare at him. Nifty. Look for this ex-

cuse to outstrip the "Hey, we were just having rough sex, how was I supposed to know she had a lung condition?" defense in 1989.

Bad sports of the year were the Navy train crew that ran over activist Brian Willson, severing both his legs, then sued Willson for causing them "feelings of isolation and anger." All around, it has been a very good year for bad sports. Eddie Murphy spent \$7,740 on a three-page ad in Brooklyn's *City Sun* newspaper to refute critic Armond White's negative review of *Coming to America*. After a review of his *School Daze*, Spike Lee asked the *New York Times* never to review another one of his movies, and questioned critic Janet Maslin's dancing abilities. In a letter to the *Village Voice*, Sting called Howard Hampton a "dipshit fascist simpleton," and challenged him just to go ahead and try to kick his, Sting's, ass. Hampton, who is not the kind of man to hit a guy wearing nonprescription glasses, let the challenge drop. Bono used his Grammy acceptance speech to attack the *Village Voice* critics. Completing the grand slam, Public Enemy's Chuck D called Greg Tate the *Voice's* "porch nigger."

Those of us who did not send letters to the editor communicated by fax machine, beeper, car phone, or party line. Pennsylvania led the nation with 80 party lines, most of them in Philadelphia, but San Francisco and New York checked in with about 50 each, Chicago with 40, and Washington D.C. with 12.

The television writers went on strike, but when we weren't on the phone, we tuned in anyway, not sure whether we were watching

reruns or just digital samples of past programs. Either way, the Fox network's "Angels '88," which premiered just in time to need a new name, was well worth the wait. "Hollywood Squares" host Shadée Stevens surpassed Vanna White in game show éclat, but neither held a candle to "Super Password" contestant Patrick Quinn, who set a single-day winnings record but was recognized by a viewer as a fugitive wanted for insurance, bank, and mail fraud in Indiana and Alaska. He was eventually caught standing on the seat of a public toilet. Moral of the story: Stevens and White may be hipper, but you don't mess with Bert Convy.

Morv Albert appeared on "Late Night With David Letterman" far too frequently. Too many people bitched about CD players, which, after all, just make your music sound better. Too many winners thanked God at the Grammy ceremony. The Japanese will have bought about \$16 billion worth of American real estate by the end of the year, a sum which is barely a third of what they will spend on pinball, but which is way too much anyway. Too many restaurants served individual-sized, goat cheese pizzas, for which they charged too much money. From January through June, 32,899 cars were burglarized in New York City, which means that too many car stereos were stolen, despite the proliferation of NO RADIO signs. There were too many yellow page directories. Sting, whose hairline receded too far in 1988, used too many humidifiers onstage.

Sylvester Stallone's homoerotic *Rambo III* flextest finally turned the shorter-than-life superhero into a flop of the box office, while Bruce Willis, whose name was played down after negative response to the early promotions for *Die Hard*, made good beyond anybody's expectations. Tom Hanks proved, in both *Big* and *Punchline*, that Richard Edson is our finest young comic actor; and cartoon character Jessica Rabbit cut the year's sexiest screen figure—a telling commentary on the relationship of flesh to fantasy in the age of AIDS.

Jessica's animated elder, Mighty Mouse, was accused by the American Family Association of sniffing a controlled substance, but unlike Lawrence Taylor, Dexter Manley, Charles White, Richard Dent, and Ben Johnson, he wasn't asked to take a urine test.

And speaking of Mighty Mouse, is Ralph Bakshi's revival a funny Saturday morning cartoon or a subversive deconstruction of the genre? It seemed that in 1988, more people than ever were ready to say the latter, and to elaborate in as much depth as you'd allow them. Even without a Sting album to call its own, the year has been a banner one for pretension. Chuck D led all comers by comparing himself to both Nat Turner and Marcus Garvey, but when it came down to it, didn't Grammy-winner Bono really get up your nose? In 1989, real (wo)men won't use the word deconstruct except in life-threatening situations.

Grammy-winner Paul Simon won a trophy for the same record that won him one last



year—that isn't supposed to happen, is it? And the ever-compliant Run-D.M.C., who made a bad movie but a great Coke commercial this year, turned in a killer performance on a Grammy program in which no rapper won an award. Next year, they promise, next year.

Coasting on the Paul Simon plan, M/A/R/R/S claimed one of the year's two gold singles without releasing a record in 1988. Bomb the Bass, M/A/R/R/S's ranking acid house successor, released a No. 1 U.S. dance hit, "Beat Dis," and were promptly dropped by their American label, E.U., who made the best party record of the year, "Da Butt," also finished the year without a major label contract.

Atlantic Records threw itself a massive 40th birthday party, with a marathon concert celebrating the company's rich history. But many of the better featured performers—Rufus Thomas, Laverne Baker, and Booker T. and the M.G.s—were no longer signed to the label, and the best of all, Led Zeppelin, no longer exists.

Led Zeppelin soundalike Kingdom Come, the handiwork of a West German pro, sold more records and called itself a Monster of Rock more often than either Jimmy Page or Robert Plant. Jason Bonham, who joined Page's touring band, proved that he is a better drummer than Ringo Starr spawn Zak Starkey, even if he is less likely ever to have seen Barbara Bach naked.

By year's end, the average West German male will have changed his underwear 52 times. The average American male, meanwhile, will have dressed like a bicycle messenger, dated a model, and tried in vain to make up decent joke around Orel Hershiser's name. He will also have used 100 Styrofoam cups, claiming his own little slice of the ozone layer. Spandex bicycle shorts consolidated two streams of American fashion this year, creating a kind of heavy metal surfer look and making it easy to appreciate the glorious variety of the American penis. Together with Emanuel Ungaro's strapless rose-print dresses and short wrap dresses, bike shorts made 1988 a very good year for neck craning.

By year's end, the average American female will have artificially enhanced her cleavage, resented Hope from "thirtysomething," and taken more pleasure in INXS's videos than she will admit to her boyfriend. (She will also have read this and asked, what boyfriend?) In for 1989, according to Christian Dior designer Marc Bohan, are "nicely curved breasts."

Prince, Sting, Madonna, the California Raisins, and R.E.M. singer Michael Stipe wore stupid glasses this year, while Bush and Du-

kakis each wore an astonishing array of stupid hats. Bootsy Collins's sunglasses, a ghetto blaster with stars cut out for the eyes, actually played cassettes.

In 1988, if you weren't cold clucking much dollars, you simply weren't living large. A top-notch fat, dukey gold rope chain, for example, set you back \$7,000 this year, about the same as a respectable car stereo system. A decent ticket to Donald Trump's Spinks-Tyson bout cost \$1,500, which translated to \$16.48 per second. A custom-made Dapper Dan white leather jacket with the words DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE on the back, like the one Tyson



Nedra Husain

INXS: Year of the Aussies.

was picking up at the time of the unscheduled, 4:30 a.m. Mitch Green bout, cost \$850. A bottle of Cher's Uninhibited perfume went for \$30 to \$300, and the Reverend Al Sharpton's hair care bill at the PrimaDonna Beauty Care Center in Brooklyn will come to about \$1,910. Paulina Porizkova's endorsement set Estée Lauder back \$6 million, and a slightly used pair of size 9AA rhinestone-trimmed, high-heeled pumps from the Imelda Marcos collection fetched \$176. An order of sushi at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles went for \$4.50. In London, where it was an important adjunct to the acid house scene, a tablet of Ecstasy cost of £20. A PERESTROIKA button from a Moscow vendor cost \$1.60. A cassette single, if you bought one, set you back \$2.98; a CD single—and who didn't buy one of those?—cost you \$3.49 to \$5.98. That's list.

These stakes were too rich for Hüsker Dü, Marc Riley and the Creepers, the Housemartins, Microdisney, and Big Black, all of whom split up in 1988. Big Black's Steve Albini resurfaced in Rapeman. Despite the rumors, the Smiths stayed apart, while the Rolling Stones kept threatening to get back together. Parliament-Funkadelic alumnus Blackbird McKnight became a Red Hot Chili Pepper, and Liza Minelli a member of the Rat Pack.

Tracy Chapman stole the show at the Mandela Day festival at London's Wembley Stadium, but not as much of it as the Fox network, which edited all political content from its "Freedomfest" broadcast. George Michael, who had a No. 1 black album in 1988, told the crowd, "I know there are certain restrictions in certain parts of the world as to what people think this day's all about. But you guys all know, yeah?"

Terence Trent D'Arby (Terry Darby to the folks back in Florida) stole the show at the Grammys, but hedged on his claims that he was better than Prince, saying

they were taken out of context. As if there's a benign context for such remarks. Prince responded by holding onto the meandering but great *Black Album*, and releasing the poppy and great *Lovesexy*, which did nothing. In 1988, black pop just wasn't going out like that.

1988, as rapper Big Daddy Kane said, was the time to set it straight, and there weren't no half stepping. Black pop moved onto the street, taking its cues from hip hop and launching a new kind of star. Keith Sweat, Johnny Kemp, Bobby Brown, Al B. Sure!, and Guy dominated the world with young, strong, masculine images and rough beats. They were like rappers, only they sang and geared their material to waxing skeezers out of their underwear.

It was revolution. While half the world immersed itself in

nostalgia—either through classic rock radio and *Dirty Dancing*, or in the opposite direction, through gratuitous double-album punk retrospectives from the Ramones, the Clash, and Lydia Lunch—the kids were running things, controlling the way America consumed music. After years of scattered pluralism, 1988 brought a central theme: youth power.

Hip hop and heavy metal, which have never relied on radio play, just took over, running the longtime musical choices of white and black teenagers roughshod over the mainstream. Alleged virgin Debbie Gibson, Tiffany, Taylor Dane, Exposé, Pebbles, and the Cover Girls sold millions of fast, bubbly records to teenage girls and others who wanted to pretend they were teenage girls. And who didn't? In 1988, if you didn't take your cues from your 16-year-old cousin, you missed it.

Which is as it should be. The kids, after all, are the only ones who know how to make this whole thing work. In 1988, eight percent of American children surveyed said they thought Pee-wee Herman was "highly qualified" to be the president of the United States. The same percentage placed as much confidence in Michael Dukakis. Hey, the kids really are alright. ☺

# MUSICIANS OF THE YEAR

## THE PIXIES

**C**harles, the guy who writes and sings songs for the Pixies and who goes by the name Black Francis, has this idea that rock'n'roll is the sound of the gods. Like, you know, if people from ancient Egypt somehow ended up being transported to the here and now and somehow ended up hearing rock'n'roll, it'd just blow their minds, because it's so LOUD for no real reason at all. And what else would they think this roar is except the gods speaking directly to them? The buzzing of giant metal insects or something?

Ideas like that, translated through drums and wires, are what had fanzine hacks, college radio kids, and SPIN calling the Pixies "The Best Band In The World" this past year. If you want to be reasonable about the whole thing, all the Pixies really did was chop up klassik rock song structures and mix them with a love for the likes of Iggy Pop, the Violent Femmes, and Steve Albini (who produced their record, *Surfer Rosa*, and made their guitars sound like super-charged funny cars on a demolition derby field day). But how many bands want to be messengers of the gods these days?

### SILVER MEDALISTS

The Lemonheads  
The Sugarcubes  
Dag Nasty  
The Feelies  
Scrawl  
The Primitives  
Sonic Youth  
The Pontiac Brothers



## MERLE HAGGARD

**I**s Merle Haggard what country music was all about in 1988? Maybe not. Randy Travis is having more hits, Dwight Yoakam is more visible, Hank Williams, Jr., is louder—much louder—k.d. lang is odder.

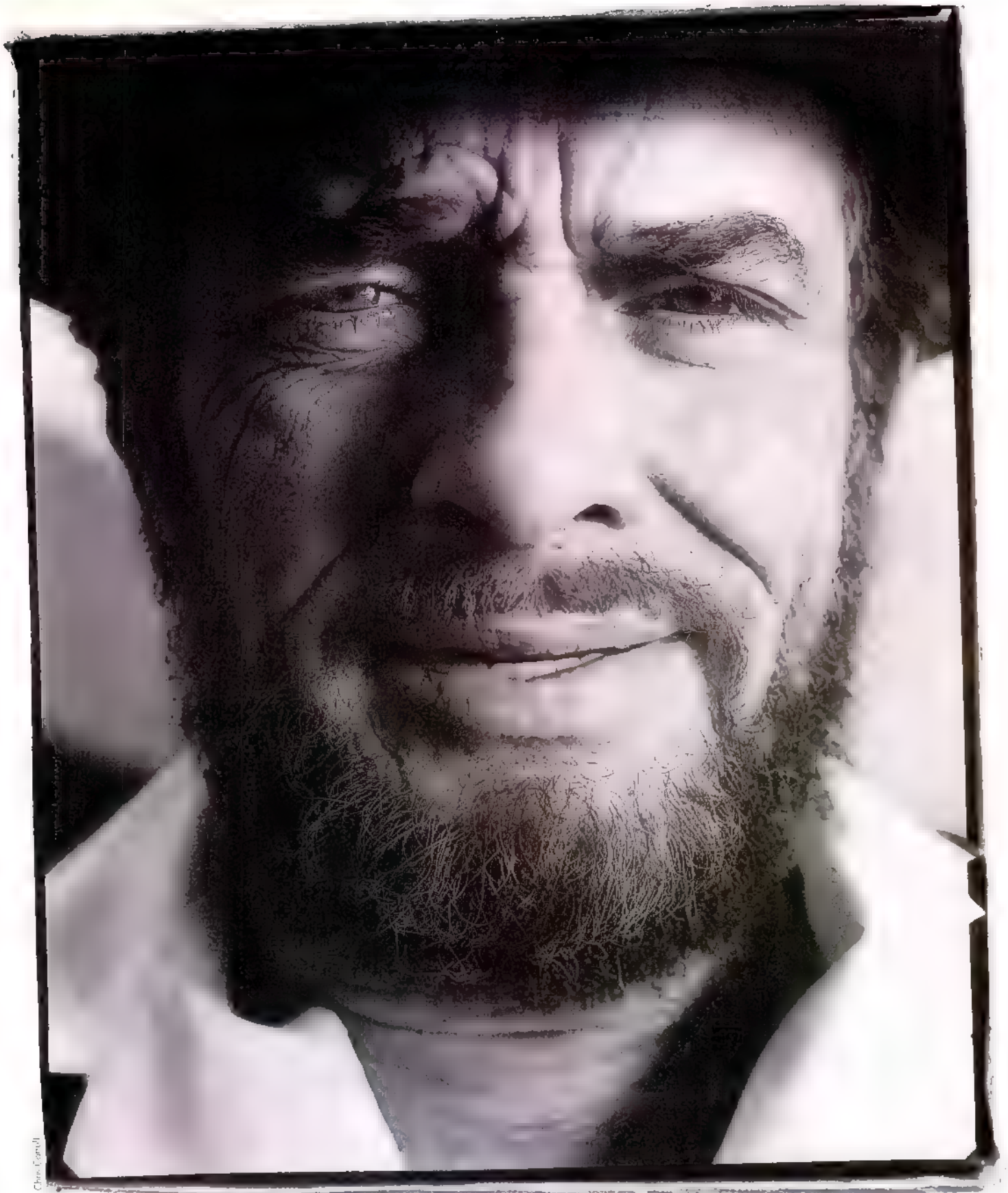
But Randy Travis's third record wasn't nearly as strong as his first two, and while his singing style becomes more his own all the time, it still belongs to Merle. And after suiting himself inside the Buck Owens sound, Dwight Yoakam did the honorable thing and dragged Buck out of retirement, introducing him to a younger audience that knew him only as that grinning specimen who used to host "Hee Haw," not as the creator of the hottest string of hit singles in country music of the '60s. Hank Williams, Jr., is the most popular performer in country today, and in '88 he retired the trophy for Dumb. If the South woulda only won the war—which war? the war—the lower half of the U.S. would be free to be as racist and jingoistic and dopey as Junior himself. In one of the few moments of modesty in all of Junior's career, he declared himself president of his Arkansas of the minds rather than Most Confederate Emperor or Supreme Exhausted Ayatollah. It was a hit.

At least it wasn't bland. Blandness, the common denominator of country music for years, seems to have slipped off the charts and into history. (Sappiness and corniness, thank god, will be with us always.) The newer the stars are, the more traditional they seem, leaving those who'd been trying to cross over by staying in the middle of the road looking ludicrous.

And as Ricky Van Shelton and k.d. lang and the Judds and K. T. Oslin redefine country by renewing its long-hidden strength, Merle Haggard goes, as ever, his own way. His music has always been based on tradition, on all the jazz, blues, and Western swing roots buried beneath country's surfaces, and he's only changed it to suit his own whims, not those of the marketplace. *Chill Factor*, his current record, is a melancholy, craggy thing, a rare tone to hear in any kind of popular music, and it crackles like campfire embers alongside an icy mountain. Merle Haggard is country music in 1988, as tradition is rekindled in 100 fresh ways, and in the end, Merle Haggard is nothing but himself.

### SILVER MEDALISTS

Alison Krauss  
k.d. lang  
Steve Earle  
Darden Smith  
Ricky Van Shelton  
Dwight Yoakam  
Jimmie Dale Gilmore  
The Judds  
Randy Travis  
Tanya Tucker



# GUNS N' ROSES

In just the last few months, Axl has died of AIDS, OD'd on junk, and committed plain old simple suicide. The kids who keep track of each fresh version of his demise are desperate, determined to believe in his death. No matter how badly last week's rumor failed, they know this week's death-and-destruction story must be true. If not, next week's is a sure thing.

A generation of kids raised to shut up and succeed hear Guns N' Roses as a whole new way to just say no. They're right. Guns N' Roses are the great band of the '80s, maybe the only great band of the '80s. It looks to be okay with them if rock'n'roll is cemetery-bound, just as long as they can crash the after-party.

Placing style far in front of substance—exactly where it belongs—Guns N' Roses flaunt a flash that jets them past their peers. They look cooler on stage than everybody else, Axl dances better than all the rest of the hair-rockers, Slash has that stupid stoned sheepdog thing of his cranked up past cartoonishness, the original album cover offends everybody who can work up an excuse to be pissed off over it, their tattoos are a step above everybody else's, they spill liquor and cigarette ashes, they reek of sex and drugs and unspeakable acts. They're personal friends of Traci Lords.

It would all be infinitely stupid if it didn't work. By rights, nothing should be as dopey as one more set of hairspray rockers gang-banging all the usual clichés. It may even be infinitely stupid, but their huge audience can feel just how powerfully these guys believe the clichés, how intent they are to live their lives by them, how ravenous their appetite for destruction really is. The other bands of their ilk never seem to transcend their creepy need to please, never manage to seem much more than leather-clad yup-rockers, obsessed with record deals and management and Making It. Guns N' Roses seem obsessed with Fucking It, whatever It may be.

Style counts big, make no mistake. But let's say what hasn't been said: These guys are greater than style alone would allow, because the music is so wicked, so strong, so raw, so right. Axl is a wiser singer than all the rest of his generation; the band swallows their influences whole. Style counts big; something substantial lurks beneath. "Welcome to the Jungle" is a grim definition of the city that defies description, as dead-on as the Doors' "LA Woman." Raymond Chandler would have recognized its horror but there are no private dicks in this Hollywood. "Sweet Child O' Mine," on the other hand, is the high-sucrose doggerel that teenage girls hope the cute boy from biology will be inspired to scrawl in their yearbook on the last day of school just before vanishing into dreamy summer—and as such, as doggerel and pap and powerful true sentiment, it's brilliant, moving, an unimpeachable hit, the song that will define the summer of '88 in ten million hearts.

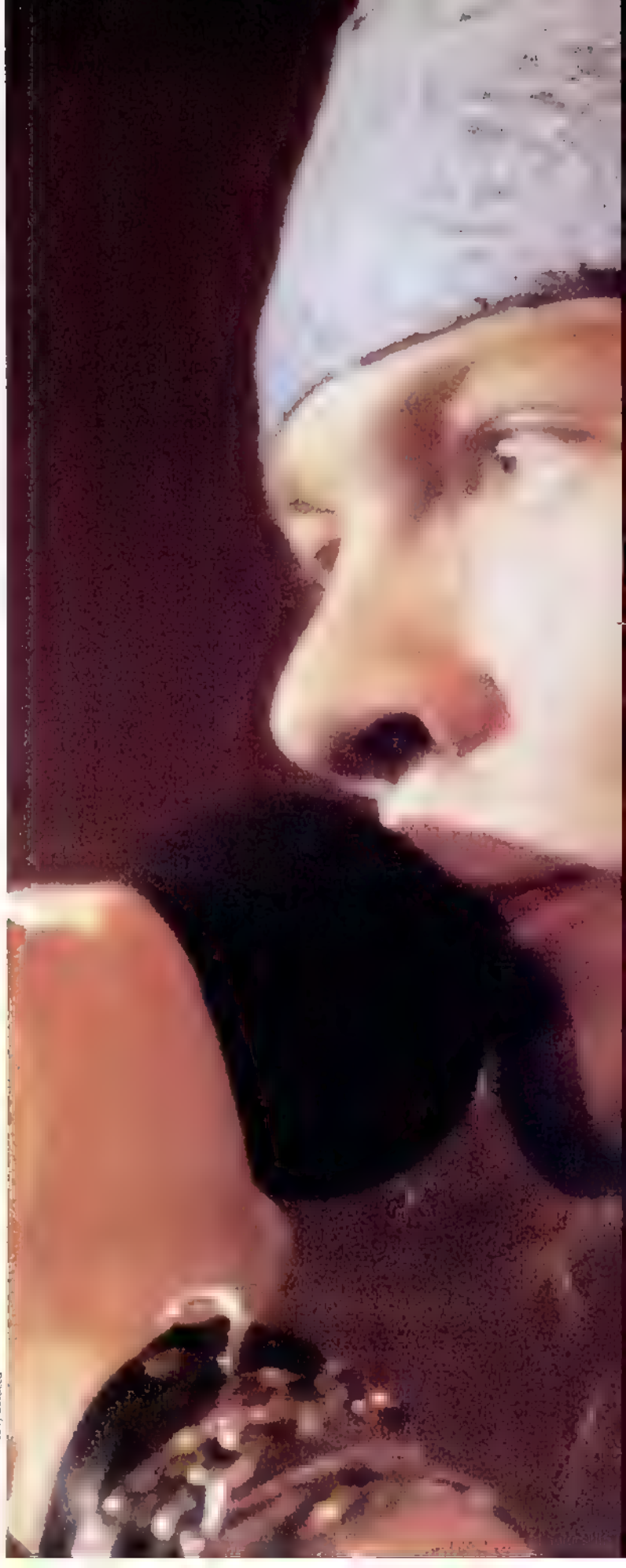
If it's amazing that the great band of the '80s should arrive in the guise of that great empty vessel of the '80s, the long-haired hard-rocker, it's only all the more surprising, all the more fitting. It's a little bit as though the Sex Pistols waited until everybody had short spikey hair and played fast and sloppy and wore ripped clothes with slogans and then, once things were locked in place and predictable, emerged full-blown, fully bloomed, terrible in their beauty and elegant in the absence of limits. Every time Guns N' Roses launches into another commercial possibility and then Axl shouts its chances right off the radio with one more "fuck off," with one more boast about drinking and driving, with all the band's will to be better than everybody else at being bad, Guns N' Roses looks like all that's left of rock'n'roll. And that's a lot.

## SILVER MEDALISTS

Boogie Down Productions  
Robert Cray  
The Deighton Family  
Michelle Shocked  
Joan Jett  
Zodiac Mindwarp

Paul Kelly & The Messengers  
The Godfathers  
Marti Jones  
Tony!TonitToné!  
Womack & Womack

Erny Baracca







**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

Kings Box: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine — 100's Box: 10 mg "tar,"  
0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Made especially for menthol smokers by Marlboro.



One menthol  
in the 100's pack.

**THE SOUND YOU HAVE TO LEAVE HOME TO APPRECIATE.**



Everything sounds superb with the new Blaupunkt Chicago SCD 08. It's our shuttle-ready AM/FM CD tuner.

• Incredibly precise ORC II tuning. Ninety-nine CD track selections. And cartridge technology that makes handling discs a breeze.

• Plus you get the best service in the industry with our Blue Dot™ warranty. See a Blaupunkt car audio retailer today. Call 1-800-872-5788 for the one nearest you.

• Drive a Blaupunkt. And let the good times roll.

© Robert Bosch Corporation. The Blaupunkt name and BLUE DOT symbol are registered trademarks of Blaupunkt-Werke GmbH Bosch Group. Warranty applies to all specified products shipped after Jan. 1, 1986.



**BLAUPUNKT**  
BOSCH Group  
*The difference is pronounced.™*





Chris Kehoe

## PUBLIC ENEMY

**T**hese three guys from Long Island, along with their plastic-Uzi-toting security force, may not have gotten the name of Minister Louis Farrakhan into the living rooms of America, but they certainly seemed to get it into the car stereos. Splashing out of tinted windows in white as well as black neighborhoods, Chuck D, Terminator X, and Flavor Flav thrust a dagger of militance and confusion through the heart of a bland election year. Dukakis was a sour compromise, Jackson a mixed blessing, but Chuck D was a stone piss. Public Enemy was the only major pop act of the year to say that white people mated with monkeys, or that black homosexuals did their race as much damage as drug dealers. None of which prevented the crew from making the most ambitious, sophisticated, and powerful rap album of all time, *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*. Abandoning hip hop minimalism, Public Enemy and producer Hank Shacklee crushed layers of sound and meaning into a furious fuss. In a year of explosive hip hop, Public Enemy became the scene's dominant influence politically, musically, and socially. Whether they inspire as leaders or titillate as an incarnation of evil—or just make you dance—they're clearly the most exciting thing to come down the chute since the Sex Pistols.

### SILVER MEDALISTS

Big Daddy Kane Stetsasonic Doug E. Fresh  
 Eric B. & Rakim Superlover Cee Casanova Rudd  
 Rob Base & DJ EZ-Rock Boogie Down Productions  
 D.J. Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince EPMD Biz Markie



## TRACY CHAPMAN

**P**unk rock killed emotion, replaced it with energy. In 1988 Tracy Chapman brought emotion back, and she dragged it right up to the top of the charts where everyone could see it and proclaim that it was good. Not just that yucky simulacrum of emotion foisted off on us by everything from "thirtysomething" to Anita Baker, but something closer to The Real Thing. Maybe "Fast Car" was a hit single for some of the same reasons that John Cougar Mellencamp's "Ballad of Jack and Dianne" was—they're both songs about the existential trials of lovers, and they sound sort of the same, don't they?—and maybe it was a hit for some of the same reasons Suzanne Vega's "Luka" was—they're both the best sort of moody, melancholy pop—but it was who was singing the song and what she was singing about that made it so important. If Tracy Chapman was running for office this year maybe she would've won. And maybe the fact that "Fast Car" was a hit means she did.

Tracy Chapman is pretty inspiring when you think about it. She does things people aren't supposed to—like sing about love, domestic violence, racial tensions, desire and commodities, poverty; like be an independent black woman making her name from her art and not her looks—and she does them on her own terms. Tracy Chapman, well, she almost makes a place like Boston seem cool. And that's saying a lot.

### SILVER MEDALISTS

Michelle Shocked Leonard Cohen Marrissey Jane Siberry  
Daniel Johnson Billy Bragg

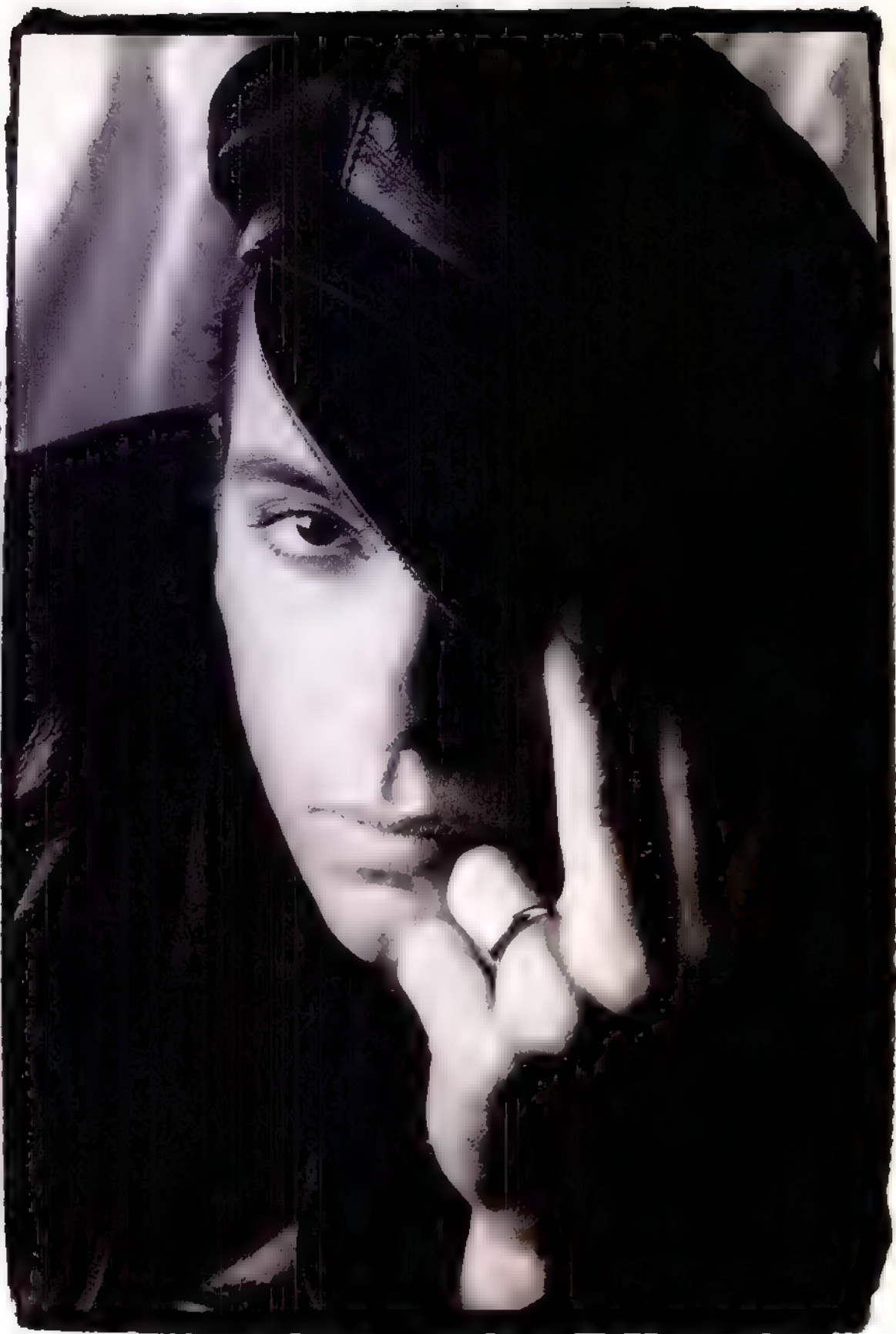
# INXS

**W**ith a name that might have been lifted from a Beverly Hills vanity plate, INXS is a six-part sex machine that will work for anybody who has a TV. Because they actually sound good coming out of one tiny speaker. However, they had no master plan to become a television band; INXS has been kicking around for over ten years and made five records, long before the MTV Age. TV just gave them the ammunition and mobility needed to rule the world.

You can't deny it. You like INXS; everyone does. *KICK*, their seventh LP, has been near the top of the *Billboard* charts ever since its release in late '87, gone platinum four times over, and still has a bullet. We won't even discuss the international charts or the fact that INXS—an exceedingly hetero group of boys—has spread like a plague from which people die little deaths. When Michael Hutchence sings, it's as if he's in transports of bliss. He instills desire, made more acute by the glass screen that separates him from you. '88: the year without excess, the year of INXS, the year we all embraced our TVs.

## SILVER MEDALISTS

George Michael  
Terence Trent D'Arby  
Crowded House  
Midnight Oil  
Erasure  
Depeche Mode  
Prince  
Hothouse Flowers  
The Cure  
Pet Shop Boys



# Don't Let Your VCR And Audio Decks Catch You By Surprise... Clean With Allsop!



You know how dirt, dust and tape deposits can make your home, portable or car audio deck sound bad. The same goes for video—but even worse!

Wavy lines, snowy pictures and muddy audio are all signs your VCR needs cleaning. So clean it with the best—Allsop 3. Before your deck gets “the munchies” and eats one of your valuable tapes.

And right now, when you buy Allsop's famous video cleaner, you get the world's best-selling audio

cleaner as a bonus. So you can make a clean sweep of every deck you own.

Allsop cleans the parts that bring you sight and sound, *plus* the ones that move your tape around. So demand the best—Allsop 3. And keep your decks from playing dirty tricks on you.

**Allsop means double-trouble for dirt! For a limited time, buy an Allsop Video Cleaner and get an Allsop Audio Cleaner as a special bonus—a \$6.95 value!**



Want to know more about getting the most pleasure from your audio/video system? Write for Allsop's Hi-Tech Cleaning Handbook for the further cleaning adventures of “Paws” and “Fast Forward.”

ALLSOP, INC., P.O. Box 23, Bellingham, WA 98227, U.S.A. For complete information on video and audio tape player cleaning, call ALLSOP CONSUMER ASSISTANCE: 1-800-426-4303 (Outside WA State) or 1-206-734-9090 (Inside WA State).



# ZIGGY MARLEY

It seemed like a bad year for Jamaica. The studios continued to clamp down, replacing studio bands, the keepers of the groove, with dub-plates, and turning out formulaic, cheap records. Hurricane Gilbert rocked the island more than it needed to be rocked, while in the U.S. a spate of anti-gang, anti-crack hysteria landed disproportionately on the Jamaican-American population. At the same time, in the wake of Paul Simon's *Graceland* success, African pop records flooded the American market, grabbing a big share of the internationalist pop dollars. Reggae was up against it. But it was also the year of the hybrid, and UB40, a black-and-white English reggae band, thrust a Neil Diamond song, "Red Red Wine," into the Top 5. Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers teamed with Chris Franz and Tina Weymouth to make sophisticated urban music for grim times. Dead on and dead end, Marley's gold *Conscious Party* album spoke like a boom box on a quiet night.

## SILVER MEDALISTS

Shinehead Maxi Priest  
African Head Charge  
Toots Hibbert Pato Banton

Jeffrey Selans



# INFORMATION SOCIETY

In 1988, the record industry made more money than in any year since 1978, the height of the disco era. And as records like Samantha Fox's "Naughty Girls Need Love Too" turned the pop charts out, it was clear that this was no coincidence. Scratch the average '88 pop hit and you'll find a big beat and a relentless tempo. You'll find, in fact, a disco record. As heavy metal, disco's demographic antithesis, flourished, so did dance music. Todd Terry and his pet project, Royal House, put the hardliners on the floor and kept them there, but the big news was the discofication of the mainstream. Burdened with the tag Latin hip hop, the devotees of freestyle, bebop, or just plain disco music crossed into the pop charts with a vengeance. After all, they didn't know that every year wasn't the year of disco. Information Society, a Minneapolis quartet with an Anglofied sound and a large, largely accidental Latin following, made the ace universalist record of 1988, "What's on Your Mind (Pure Energy)." High tech, high concept, and relentlessly high energy, the song put the bite on the pop, dance, Latin, Anglophile, and MTV markets.

## SILVER MEDALISTS

George Michael Terence Trent D'Arby Crowded House Midnight Oil  
Erasure Depeche Mode Prince Hothouse Flowers The Cure  
Pet Shop Boys

Information Society: (L-R) James Cassidy, Amanda Kramer, Kurt

Dorothy Law



# BACK IN THE DAYS OF '88

## JANUARY

**WEEK OF 4-10:** Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols*, released in 1977, goes gold . . . The California Raisins' debut album climbs the charts on its way to platinum sales. Ft. Worth, Texas, record producer Major Bill Smith tells world he believes Elvis Presley faked his death in order to lead a life of unpressured anonymity. LeCam Records releases a Smith production entitled, "Hey! Big E (Happy 53)."

8: Elvis Presley's 53rd birthday.

**WEEK OF 11-17:** George Harrison's "Got My Mind Set on You" goes No. 1, 24 years after "I Want to Hold Your Hand," giving Harrison the longest span between No. 1 hits.

14: London's 100 Club holds ■ Sex Pistols convention commemorating the 10th anniversary of the Pistols' final concert at San Francisco's Winterland Theater.

17: Sex Pistols convention, Manchester Piccadilly Plaza Exhibition Hall, confirms their status as the Elvis of punk.

**WEEK OF 18-24:** Michael Jackson scores his seventh No. 1 single of the '80s, "The Way You Make Me Feel," one more than Madonna and Whitney . . . 16-year-old Tiffany's album, *Tiffany*, goes No. 1. It's the first No. 1 LP by a teen star since Little Stevie Wonder the 12 Year Old Genius, which was released when Wonder was 13 . . . Gary Hart tells the American people, "If I am elected I will not be the first adulterer in the White House." And he won't.

20: Paul McCartney fails to show up for the Beatles' induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, citing "business differences" with Ringo, George, and Yoko. Mike Love disses the "map tops," giving Ben Vaughn one more reason to sing "Ben Vaughn's Prayer (Kill Mike Love)." Motown founder Berry Gordy is inducted to the strains of "Money (That's What I Want)," which he composed.

22: CBS sportscaster Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder tells reporter Ed Hotaling that "If [blacks] take over coaching like everybody wants them to, there's not going to be anything left for the white people." So long, Jimmy.

**WEEK OF 25-31:** CDs and cassettes now account for two-thirds of the industry's unit shipments to retailers and 80 percent of dollar sales. The vinyl record is dead . . . Angered by a Music In Action ad comparing the PMRC to the Decency Leagues of the 1920s, the PMRC

writes the heads of Warner Bros., CBS, MCA, and the RIAA: "We feel it would be helpful if you would talk to [Music In Action co-founder] Howard Bloom and others that are perpetuating these misconceptions so we can all move forward" . . . On the strength of "Seasons Change," Exposé, America's greatest rock band, finally cracks the Top 20 of the album charts after 10 months in the Top 50. . . James Taylor releases *Never Die Young*, which does.

## FEBRUARY

**WEEK OF 1-7:** High school senior Debbie Gibson signs with Revlon for an ad campaign.

7: Purely out of love, Robin Givens marries Mike Tyson in Chicago.

**WEEK OF 8-14:** George Bush says the badgering Dan Rather "makes [Face the Nation anchor] Leslie Stahl look like a pussy." His aide replies, "I wish you'd wait to say that until we're off mike."

8: Newsweek announces the latest unlikely trend, "Yuppie Giving": "BMW's and the Almighty Buck are out. The new Yuppie rallying cry is volunteerism."

14: Broadway composer Fredrick Loewe, of the songwriting team Lerner and Loewe, dies at 83.

**WEEK OF 22-28:** Patrick Swayze's "She's Like the Wind" becomes the fifth Top 5 single from *Dirty Dancing*.

24: Blues pianist Memphis Slim, 72, dies in Paris of kidney failure.

25: Chicago passes city ordinance permitting lights in Wrigley Field.

28: Jimmy "Look But Don't Touch" Swaggart tells Assemblies of God congregation, "I have sinned."

## MARCH

**WEEK OF FEBRUARY 29-MARCH 6:** Metal rules: Ten of the Top 40 albums are metal, including the latest by AC/DC, Aerosmith, Guns N' Roses, Def Leppard, and Megadeth.

1: Joe Besser of the Three Stooges dies at age 80.

7: Harris Milstead, better known as Divine, dies of heart disease at age 42.

11: Lawrence Welk's 85th birthday. To

celebrate, Andy Gibb, brother of the Bee Gees, dies of heart inflammation.

13: Thespian Johnny Wadd Holmes, the man with the state of Florida between his legs, dies of AIDS at age 43. If Holmes was telling the truth, 14,000 women need to worry.

20: Gil Evans dies at 75 in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

26: Rough sexer Robert Chambers cops a plea, gets 5 to 15 for first degree manslaughter.

## APRIL

**WEEK OF MARCH 28-APRIL 3:** For the first time ever, all 200 albums in the Top 200 are available on CD. Also for the first time, two CD-only releases, the Beatles' *Post Masters*, enter the charts. . . The dreaded *Dirty Dancing* has been No. 1 for 13 straight weeks, breaking *Grease's* 1978 record. *More Dirty Dancing* goes to No. 11.

9: First day of the Liberace Collection auction at Christie's in Las Angeles. . . Dave Proter of Sam and Dave dies in a car accident near Sycamore, Georgia.

**WEEK OF 11-17:** Salt-n-Pepa's "Push It" becomes the first gold single of 1988 . . . Tiffany is placed under the temporary care of her aunt, Julie Abbas, while a California court rules on her petition to be emancipated from her mother, Janie Williams. Contrary to press reports, the Norwalk police never listed Tiff as ■ runaway.

15: Sonny Bono is elected mayor of Palm Springs after running on the credo, "I've never been qualified for anything I've done."

16: Soul singer Brook Benton dies at 56 in New York. Seems like it's raining all over the world.

**WEEK OF 18-24:** Dallas disc jockey Ron Chapman asks listeners to send him \$20 for no particular reason. 12,212 do.

19: Reggae singer Patrick Alley sues Mick Jagger for \$6 million, alleging that the chorus of Jagger's "Just Another Night" copied Alley's lyric.

23: First day of the Warhol auction at Sotheby's. The catalog alone costs \$95, recalling Warhol's credo, "Good business is the best art."

26: Jagger is cleared in Alley suit.

## MAY

**WEEK OF 1-7:** Matthew John Trippe sues drug smuggler Doc McGhee and Doug Thaler, Mötley Crüe's management, claiming that the two hired him to impersonate the Crüe's Nikki Sixx from '83 to '85 while Sixx was reportedly incapacitated from an auto accident. Trippe says he played concerts and wrote songs with the Crüe and didn't receive proper payment . . . Wire's *The Ideal Copy* becomes the first pop album on DAT.

**WEEK OF 16-22:** Wal-Mart refuses to stock Prince's *Lovesexy* in its 1,100 stores because of the provocative cover. *Lovesexy* stays as is, but Poison and Great White redesign their covers.

**18:** Charles Dawson Butler, 71, the voice of Yogi Bear, Huckleberry Hound, and others, dies of a heart attack.

**25:** Morris Levy, president of Roulette Records, is convicted of extortion in Camden, New Jersey. Levy and alleged mobster Dominick Canterino conspired to extort \$1.25 million from Pennsylvania record distributor John Lamonte . . . Olympic snow-bunny Ivana Trump becomes a U.S. citizen, taking some of the fun out of it for the rest of us.

**WEEK OF 23-29:** Teens rule: Strong Island rocker Debbie Gibson scores her fourth straight pop Top 10 hit, "Foolish Beat," giving her one more than alleged redhead Tiffany.

## JUNE

**WEEK OF 6-12:** Alleged stiff Elvis Presley has six records certified double platinum, platinum, or gold.

**29:** London daily *The Guardian* reports oxidation damages CDs. CD experts claim the story is drastically exaggerated.

**30:** Alexander City, Alabama, police confiscate 38 rap and dance cassettes from Taking Home the Hits and arrest the store's co-owner, Tommy Hammond, for selling 2 Live Crew's *2 Live Is What We Are* (which includes the hit "We Want Some Pussy") and *Move Something*. A state obscenity statute defines the albums as pornography.

**9:** Tiffany withdraws her emancipation petition and returns to her mother's guardianship, but her earnings now go into a trust of which her mother is no longer the custodian.

**11:** Freedomfest, celebrating Nelson Mandela's 70th birthday, attracts 72,000 to London's Wembley stadium and garners a worldwide television audience of 300 million to 1 billion. Among the performers: Sting, George Michael, Al Green, Tracy Chapman, Salif Keita, Peter Gabriel, Youssou N'Dour, Whitney, and Dire Straits.

**14:** Marilyn O'Brien Boteler sues Chuck Berry for allegedly hitting her in the mouth last December. He also faces criminal charges.

**17:** Doc McGhee, manager of Bon Jovi and Mötley Crüe, is indicted as part of a 170-member international drug ring that allegedly brought \$1.5 billion of marijuana into the U.S.

from 1982 to 1984. In January McGhee pled guilty to helping import 20 tons of marijuana into North Carolina in 1982.

**WEEK OF 20-26:** Fat Boys sue Miller Brewing Co. over Joe Piscopo's rapping Lite commercial. They claim it infringes on their image . . . Promoters report that the Monsters of Rock mega-tour is scoring disappointing box-office sales.

**20:** Red Hot Chili Pepper Hillel Slovak dies of a heroin overdose. Parliament-Funkadelic alumnus Blackbird McKnight takes his place.

**24:** In a *New York Times* op ed piece, *shmatte* dayen Little Steven charges, rightly so, that Fox TV's Freedomfest broadcast "trivialized the event by deleting virtually every reference to the political situation in South Africa," and thereby "censored free expression by many of the participants."

**28:** Motown, the last major black-owned record company, is sold to MCA and the investment firm Boston Ventures for \$61 million.

## JULY

**2:** Saxophone player Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson dies of a heart attack at 70 in Los Angeles.

**3:** Worldwide broadcast of Springsteen and Patti Scialfa's Tunnel of Love show from Stockholm, Sweden.

**5:** Meese resigns. *Meese resigns!!!*

**6:** Neil Young sends an open letter to MTV: "MTV, you spineless twerps. You refuse to play 'This Note's for You' because you're afraid to offend your sponsors. What does the 'M' in 'MTV' stand for? Music or money?"

**18:** Chanteuse Nico dies at 49 from a cerebral hemorrhage following a bicycle accident on the Mediterranean island of Ibiza.

**31:** The last Playboy Club in America, in Lansing, Michigan, closes. There are still five in Asia.

## AUGUST

**WEEK OF 1-7:** Radio station WCVG in Cincinnati switches to all-Elvis format.

**2:** Raymond Carver dies.

**4:** Tommy Hammond, arrested June 30th for selling 2 Live Crew records, is fined \$500.00.

**WEEK OF 8-14:** Guns N' Roses' *Appetite for Destruction* becomes the second metal debut album to go No. 1. The first was Quiet Riot's *Mental Health*.

**9:** William Bennett, the only U.S. Secretary of Education ever to have dated (and maybe skeezed?) Janis Joplin, resigns.

**20:** Two fans are crushed to death during Guns N' Roses performance at Castle Donnington Monsters of Rock concert.

**AUGUST 24:** A Chicago Federal Grand Jury

indicts Norby Walters, head of a major talent agency, on racketeering charges . . . Tyson and Mitch Green bout, held at 4:30 a.m., in Harlem, draws the smallest crowd ever for a heavyweight fight.

**WEEK OF AUGUST 29-SEPTEMBER 4:** Six of the Top 10 albums are from 1987: Def Leppard, Guns N' Roses, *Dirty Dancing*, Richard Marx, Miami Sound Machine, and George Michael. Five have been on the charts for over 50 weeks.

**30:** Michael Jackson announces that he will retire from live performance following his final *Bad* show in Tokyo, December 26 . . . Julianne Phillips sues Bruce Springsteen for divorce.

## SEPTEMBER

**2:** The Human Rights Now! Amnesty International tour, marking the 40th anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, kicks off at Wembley Stadium in London. The tour will play 21 dates, on five continents. Among the performers: Peter Gabriel, Bruce Springsteen, Tracy Chapman, and Sting. Reebok sponsors the tour.

**7:** INXS wins five MTV Video Awards. George Michael wears an Axl Rose-type *shmatte* for the ceremony.

**8:** Caspar Weinberger becomes the publisher of *Forbes*.

**10:** One fan is killed, fourteen injured, and nine arrested at a Long Island concert by Eric B. & Rakim, Daug E. Fresh, and Kool Moe Dee.

**11:** At a Michael Jackson concert at Aintree Racecourse in Merseyside, England, 40 are hospitalized, 3,200 injured, and 31 arrested.

**WEEK OF 19-25:** Cheap Trick's "Don't Be Cruel" becomes the first Elvis cover to crack the Top 10.

**WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 26-OCTOBER 2:** *Forbes* declares Michael Jackson the highest paid performer over 1987-88. He made \$97 million. Bill Cosby is second with \$95 million, Springsteen is seventh with \$61 million, and Madonna is ninth with a paltry \$41 million.

**29:** Cartoonist Charles Addams dies.

## OCTOBER

**3:** Lisa Marie Presley, 20, marries musician Danny Keagh, 23, at the Church of Scientology in Hollywood. She does not inherit the King's estate, now valued at \$50 million, until age 25.

**12:** Carbon dating reveals that the Shroud of Turin is not the burial shroud of Jesus Christ. It is, in fact, just another *shmatte*.

**13:** Four-alarm fire guts the MTV offices. God claims victory.

**15:** Amnesty International tour ends in Buenos Aires with a worldwide telecast.

**31:** Halloween. The big item is the Al Sharpton wig.

# THE YEAR OF THE MUTANT ELVIS



**F**orget the postage stamp. Put his face on a food stamp. Everybody knows how he loved to eat. In fact, he was just about bursting out of his pajamas when he keeled over next to the commode and cashed in with his ass pointing to heaven and a book on the Shroud of Turin in his hand. Think how proud he would be to see his face smiling through every time one of those coupons was torn off at the supermarket and handed to the checkout girl over a bag filled with Cheetos and Ring Dings and a copy of the *Weekly World News* peeking out the top. Never mind this phony argument whether to depict him as a young, hip-swivelling stud or an old bloated superstar. Make him big, big and fat, when he was the biggest fatest baddest bacon-chomping mashed potato-slurping pill-swilling pants-splitting triple-chinned sweat-glistening holy cow parody of the American dream there ever was.

Because as bureaucrats are trying to decide if Elvis Aron Presley the man has stood the test of time and deserves to be shrunk down to the size of a stamp, Elvis the legend has bulked up and got bigger than ever in 1988. It was as if someone rattled the flush handle one too many times and spewed all the embarrassing contents of *Elvis World* up over the seat, across the tabloids, and down respectable Main Street in a flood of news and merchandise. And as the muck rose, it overwhelmed the mortal we thought we knew, covering him, leaving him unrecognizable.

First of all, he wasn't dead anymore. No longer a prisoner of his fame or even reality, the King was able to wander among the people, making fleeting appearances throughout the summer at county fairs, diners, even in the parking lot of a Las Vegas hotel. Imagine that. Elvis lives! It was easy to believe once you got into a conspiracy mindset that makes Lyndon LaRouche look like a member of the Warren Commission.

If you couldn't, there were enough Elvises to go around for just about everybody. You had your Elvis as miniseries villain (thanks to Priscilla), Elvis as bestselling book, Elvis as

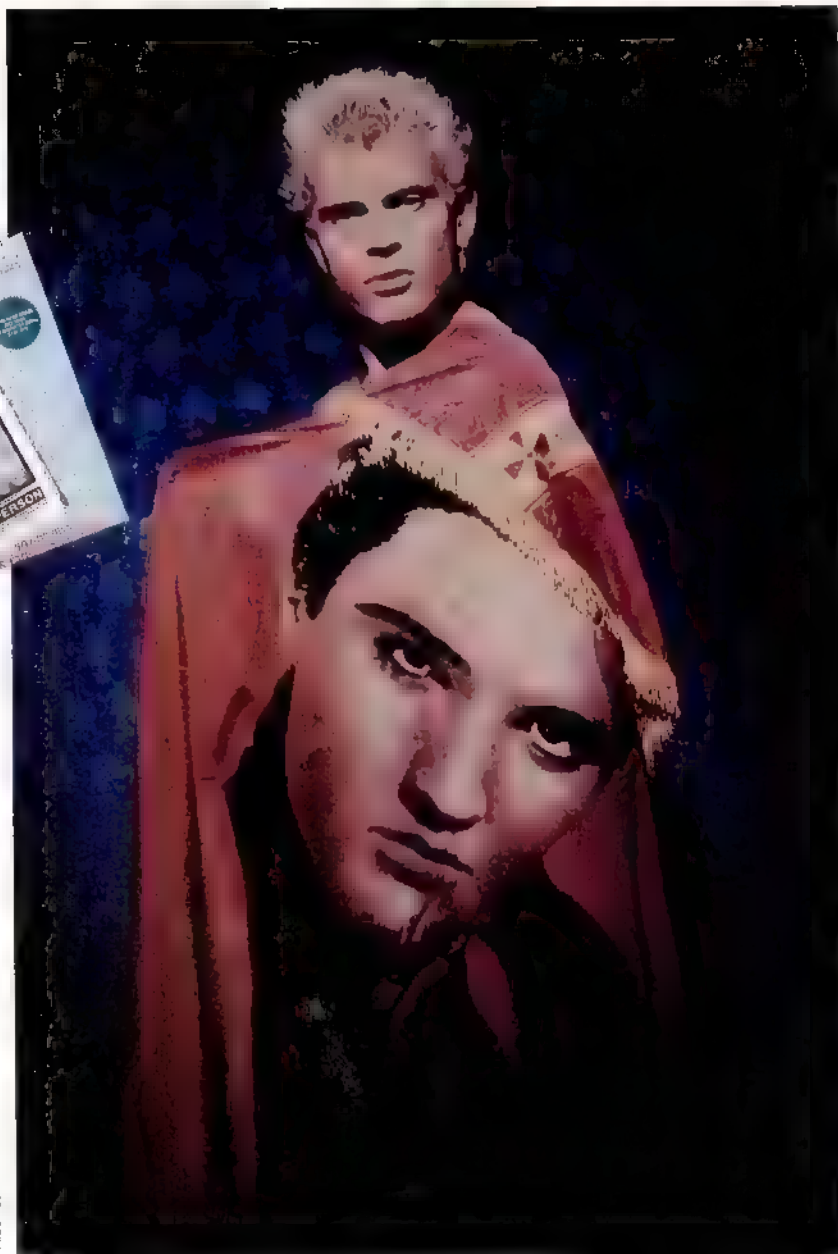
MasterCard, Elvis as 900 phone number, Elvis as Las Vegas musical, Elvis as bedroom ghost haunting Priscilla's boyfriend, Elvis as victim of "prescription medication," Elvis as E.T., Elvis as illegitimate father, Elvis as father-in-law, Elvis as granddaddy, Elvis as religion. . . .

There was even Elvis as rock'n'roller in "Huh-huh-huh Hershey's" TV commercial. But the closest to the original concept may have floated to the surface in the form of a bootleg album called *Elvis' Greatest Shit*. Under the *National Enquirer's* Elvis-in-the-coffin photo, its cover proclaims that "50,000,000 Elvis fans can be wrong." Its 22 tracks, from "Yoga Is as Yoga Does" to "Queenie Wahine's Papaya," state the case that no way could this guy be the King of Rock'n'Roll.

It's the soundtrack to Elvis '88. But before you

can say, "Hot damn tamale," another Elvis story turns up that at first glance seems a little too far out to be true: A Russian space probe has discovered a statue of Elvis on Mars. Mars! Extraterrestrials built it, along with a device that transmits "All Shook Up" to welcome other space explorers, and they did it because they figure Elvis is a god on earth. Granted, the report is in one of those supermarket papers and it's headlined under "KA-BLAMI BODY BUILDER EXPLODES—HE WAS PUMPING IRON TOO HARD," but if you read a little further, you see that a UFOlogist from Hungary backs it all up! Which proves it's true and goes to show that Elvis is everywhere after all and that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

—Burt Kearns



Albert Sanchez



# "Gimme" a Woo-Woo.

Before trying  
Hot Shot's cool,  
fresh, tropical taste,  
he never thought  
he'd say "Woo-Woo"  
either.

The most pleasurable  
bicep exercise ever  
invented is lifting a  
drink made with  
Hot Shot® Tropical  
Fruit Liqueur, the  
perfect blend of  
real exotic fruits.

**TROPICAL WOO-WOO**  
Fill rocks glass with ice. Add 1 oz.  
each of Hot Shot Liqueur, imported  
vodka and cranberry juice. Garnish  
with orange or lime peel.



CHRISTMAS NEVER SOUNDED LIKE THIS BEFORE

# A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS



15 CHRISTMAS CLASSICS BY:

Beyoncé

Bob Jovi

Patyomics

Whitney Houston

Madonna

John Cougar Mellencamp

Alison Moyet

Stevie Nicks

The Pointer Sisters

The Pretenders

RUN-DMC

Bob Seger

Bruce Springsteen

Sade

U2

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS CLASSICS #1044

# THE YEAR OF THE FAILED COMEBACK

**S**ay, kids—how 'bout that new Patti Smith record? Hard to imagine what life was like before it arrived, right? And that new Brian Wilson album—what a breath of fresh air! And say, what about Jimmy Page? You know, Jimmy Page! *Jimmy Page*, damn it—the guy who used to play guitar for Led Zeppelin, that band Robert Plant was in before the Honeydrippers. The trouble with kids today is they just don't have no respect whatsoever for all the things that made rock'n'roll what it is—things like tradition and artistry refined through long years of experience and, well, respect.

Because if they did, life would be so much simpler, order would rule the musical universe, and Rod Stewart and Hall & Oates and Steve Miller and Keith Richards would be the chart-topping multi-platinum mega-gods their record labels paid for. Feel guilty yet? Well, you should, damn it. Because somebody spent several cubic tons of big bucks to wheel these people off their retirement ranches and into your lives, and now you've gone and let everybody down. If you had even a shred of decency, you'd gather your pimply-faced pubescent friends and go buy one of each in every tape and vinyl and CD format available. Somebody has to.

This year's Brian Wilson comeback—not the one they manufactured a decade ago; *this* one—is an example of the high-minded side of the comeback phenomenon. Let's say a good-hearted guy hangs in long enough at a big record company and ends up running the place. Wow! Now's the time—now he can make all those great records he's always wanted to do. Records as cool and amazing as records were back

when he was a teenager, records as great as . . . *as the Beach Boys records used to be*. So given the evidence of Brian's weight-loss—and in the age of middle-aged fitness, what better evidence of perfect sanity can there be?—you good-heartedly give him the kind of contract a genuine pop genius deserves.

Yes, and since everything's changed so much in the time since the big guy's done any real hands-on studio time, it only seems right that it takes a little while for him to get acclimated. And get used to it. And feel comfortable. And relaxed. And serene. And stable. And safe. You bring in a couple of hacks to help out with the minor musical details, and after a while, you find yourself more and more involved. So involved, in fact, that you're as involved in helping Brian Wilson and his full-time snake-charming shrink make their record as you are in running the whole record company. After a solid year, if you totaled up the amount of major record label president man-hours and divided by the wish-fulfillment factor—never mind. Just never mind.

So the record company makes sure that the marketing matches the investment. Phonebook-sized bios are delivered to the press, full of canned interviews conducted by hand-picked ass-polishers; the promotion department is informed of this year's top priority; when the first single shows signs of being a stiff, poor sad Brian Wilson is trotted

out to every photo-opportunity, every interview, every chance to inadvertently demonstrate that he's anything but sane. And a lackluster Beach Boys single from some lame movie soundtrack record does twice the business his record does. Which ain't much.

That's the goodhearted version. The coldhearted version is just this: a Rod Stewart, a Jimmy Page, a Keith Richards is an established commodity, has an established sales graph, has name recognition and an image which can be adjusted to meet current marketing needs. A new act is unpredictable, dicey, risky. Who would invest in the proposition that Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince would sell tons to teens, that Salt-n-Pepa would become the cheerleaders for every aerobics class in the San Fernando Valley—yo, baby, yo!—or that Guns N' Roses would have a number one hit with a love ballad? It's exactly what makes pop music so exciting, and exactly what makes music so annoying to those who market it. Invention is scary, man, whereas memories make for nostalgia, which is stuff you can sell.

The most successful comebacks have been based on the Repackage Principle. Theoretically, it's a lot like repackaging old product for reissue on CD. You take a down-on-their-luck act, former stars who've gotten off the track—usually from reading their own publicity—and you steer them back in the direction they started from. What worked for Heart worked for

Cheap Trick; Joan Jett looks best in black leather anyway; Iggy Pop is always willing to do what he's told; the Stray Cats are due back any minute now.

Plainly, the Repackage Principle works best with pop stars who've flopped hard enough to be scared spineless. Dead ones like Bob Marley and John Lennon are useful too, especially if they have kids who can wear spruced-up versions of their old images. Dweezil Zappa is far more cooperative than the old man ever was; Ziggy and Julian may not be as talented as their sires but they're young and willing and alive and *they look just like the real thing!* Next year's pick prospect? A supergroup of the bastard offspring of Jim Morrison and Brian Jones and Jimi Hendrix, and the debut of the first great female Elvis imitator, Lisa Marie Presley. Can't miss.

The hot set-up for a killer comeback calls for a powerful corporate tie-in, lots of nostalgic old stuff being reissued on CD, and a realistic attitude about aping the sound of your past while using fresh technology. It worked for Robert Coca-Cola Plant; it worked for Eric Michelob Clapton and Stevie Michelob Winwood. No reason it couldn't work for you, too—unless you don't have famous old hits or a famous father or a famous corporate sponsor or a famous old image you can polish up. Lacking those, maybe you'd better just stay home—rock'n'roll is no place for kids without connections, kid.

—Bart Bull



David Hill

# THE YEAR OF THE SHMATTE

**R**ight now, no one really knows if Guns N' Roses will last (like that was the point), musically, physically, or any which way, but one thing's for certain: that *shmatte* W. Axl Rose wears on his head is here to stay. One way or another, we're going to be seeing that thing, just like we've been seeing it since back in the days when Godfather of the *shmatte* Jimi Hendrix (who lasted musically if not physically) introduced the skull rag to the rock'n'roll world at large.

**Fashion.** That's what it's all about. Face facts—records diminish in importance with every passing second of MTV airtime. Everything sounds flat, stale, and pre-processed today. But it looks great. And remember, it's better to look good than to sound good.

Pop music is the tissue paper around a Christmas gift, and the way pop stars look is the wrapping on the outside of the box.

Pop music is about stuff like desire and cash and, though no one likes to admit it, trends. The best way to follow trends is with your eyes.

Everything's a costume, including things like music, language, and those clothes you wear because you feel comfortable in them.

1988 was a great year for rock'n'roll fashion. Innovations came from the fringe—the boho, hip hop, HI-NRG and super-glam-street-rock worlds. They always do. This winter, look for white kids to start wearing Troop jackets. Next spring look for kids in low to adopt the mopey English boy cinched, cuffed jeans and small collared windbreaker look. Southern kids will be wearing those horrid caps with the big mirrored letters spelling "Fresh."

## 1988 Fashion Coups:

**Bike shorts.** Why did this happen? Why did all sorts of dance music performers start wearing these things? Because so many broke musicians once worked as bicycle messengers? Because they make ordinary folks look like Batman in cut-offs? Because they allow you to wear your insides on your outside?

**The Cameo cut.** Flat, clean, and razor sharp. Rappers with Cameos look stupid. As in stupid fresh. Guys with Cameos look like cartoon characters. This is one black culture innovation middle class white kids will never be able to appropriate. Their hair just doesn't work that way.

**Fake fashion.** Knock-off Gucci jackets, caps, T-shirts—why pay for what you can steal? That's the central question of the '80s. The death of authenticity doesn't mean shit as long as Gucci 'G's still look cool. Which they do all over Eric **B** & Rakim.



Chris Culliano

**Torn jeans.** In *The Pleasure of the Text* rock critic Roland Barthes goes on and on about how nakedness isn't really sexy, it's the bits of naked flesh that peek through gaps in clothing that are the real turn-on, and no one really knows what he's talking about. But if you think about some of the naked bodies you've seen, you'll know he's right. Anyway, British twits Bros might not have invented the torn jean look, but they made it really popular. Some people like to complain that George Michael must have paid to get someone to put holes in his jeans instead of getting them some real way, like from chopping wood or something. But those people miss the point: the man can afford to pay for it.

**Tie-dye T-shirts.** Like the Grateful Dead, they never go away. Only now they've got these tie-dyes made by machines, which is cool, in these hideous Day-Glo colors, which makes tie-dye T-shirts the only thing dumber looking than those smiley face T-shirts trendy English people wore in 1988.

**Shoes.** Shoes are becoming more important than ever. Doc Martens, Zodiacs, Timberlands, steel toe engineer boots with a piece of leather cut out so the steel shows, those bitchin'-looking ankle high fake cowboy boots—what you wear on your feet says a lot about you, so you'd better start paying more attention. Are you an uptight laces kind of person or an easy going slip-on sort? Make up your mind, and for God's sake, don't be practical about it.

**Bustiers and other underwear outerwear.** It's a matter of flesh, peeking, beckoning, cascading. The bustier is an effective garment because it cinches and pushes up. Things you don't want to jiggle don't, things you do do. Thank God, too, Heart used to wear spandex. Hold-up stockings worn with a short skirt reveals that part of the thigh just above the knee and just below the danger zone, lending a certain schoolgirl charm to even the most jaded of rock'n'roll hussies.

—Joe Levy and Christian Wright

## DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE: THE BIG THINGS THAT WEREN'T

Nikki Sixx, original or imposter; *Model* magazine; U2; the wedding of Michael J. Fox; the wedding of Bruce Willis; the *Monsters of Rock*; Albert Goldman's portrait of John Lennon; *Imagine's* portrait of John Lennon; *Rolling Stone's* portrait of John Lennon; Boston, the city; Belinda Carlisle; Gene Loves Jezebel; *Mondo New York*; dirty dancing; *People's* TV show; the balk rule; Kenny Laggins; car phones; the Santana reunion; the Olympics; Donald Trump; acid-washed jeans; *USA Today's* TV show; Bryant Gumble; the Frequent Flyer plan; Sting; "Star Trek: The Next Generation"; Michael Douglas; just saying no; Cher; the ten-minute ticker; blackened food; Joan or Jackie Collins; the rumors of Sean and Madonna's divorce; *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*; Cybill Shepherd's twins; vegetarians; *Les Miserables*; New Age; Gary Hart's attempted comeback; Jimmy Swaggart's attempted comeback; Julianne Phillips; Geraldo Rivera; digital sampling copyright infringement; whether white people mated with monkeys; pine tar on Jay Howell's glove; the Rolling Stones getting back together; colored zinc oxide; glow-in-the-dark earrings; the man in Texas whose kid couldn't play Little League because the family couldn't afford insurance; Paulina; the writers' strike; the Guardian Angels; the Beastie Boys' move to LA; the cassette single; the CD single; Zen Master Rama; *The Last Temptation of Christ*; Amy Grant; liposuction; 1000 points of light; 9 out of 10 new English bands, but especially Johnny Hates Jazz; Keith Richards; Patti Smith; Brian Wilson; Mario Cuomo; Tawana Brawley; Pat Robertson; Al Haig; Evan Meacham; Dr. Robert Gallo; the "Child Protection and Obscenity Enforcement Act"; U.S. basketball team; AZT; Brat Pack; Ben Johnson; everyone who fought Tyson, including his wife and mother-in-law; Pee-wee; Stryper; Sigourney Weaver; Yale; Bush or Dukakis.



# MAGNA

Good Smoke.  
Great Price.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



**it's** *The Right Beer, Now!*

Coors Light Live Connection presents . . .

The Right Bands, Now!

- Jack Mack and the Heart Attack (CA)
- Chris Daniels and the Kings (CO)
- Sidewinder (NC)
- Tempo Timers (UT)
- UKIAH (WI)

\* 1995 Anheuser-Busch Coors Company, Boulder, Colorado. Anheuser-Busch is a registered trademark of Anheuser-Busch Coors Company. © 1995





# ANTIHERO

Punk impresario Malcolm McLaren started out as a very bad boy. Then he went beyond good and evil. Now he's into opera.

Essay by Malcolm McLaren

There's no point in me talking about all the things I've done as much as giving you an explanation of why I did them. I need to explain the method behind the madness. I think the best way I can do that is give you a explanation about myself from a very early age.

I think that can be summed up as being a very bad boy. And that's no lie. I'd say that the fact that I was bad goes back to childhood, from cutting a horse's tail off a rocking horse in the nursery to exploding fireworks in my house to tearing up all the school's exercise books and being thrown out at the age of five.

I went back to school, more or less, at the age of 9. I was never on time, and I kicked everyone when I played soccer. I was a very bad pupil. I was constantly punished, but the punishment for me was a sincere form of flattery. I could never date a girl, no one could get that close and I would never be kind enough. In order to coerce others, I forced everybody else to play truant. At the age of 9, I formed a box gang. It was a gang that hid in a box outside the school, making sure that they would be not seen, and the teachers couldn't make them attend. I liked that. I adored people calling me bad 'cause it felt good. I think that I felt it important because when things were good, I seemed to feel terrible. I felt absolutely nothing and was only concerned with who could I upset next?

When I first heard rock'n'roll, I think it was "Rock Around the Clock," and that was back in the mid-'50s in England. The first time I saw a teddy boy, it provoked in me sheer menace, so much so that I crossed the road to get out of his way. The badness that it managed to promote made me love the clothes that this chap wore and helped make me understand that you could actually look bad—not just be it. I realized fashion could provoke something that made you look completely out of step with everything else that people were terming good. In other words, you became an outsider. That made me fit in. And I tried to look sexy doing that;

and became almost a male seductress that would only get near in order to run away. It was a bit like the slogan I later created on a T-shirt in my shop during the Sex Pistols era, called "Fuck your mother, and run away." I was a great pretender cause I never did that. But the posture—the posture was good.

The Sex Pistols was me when it was bad and something else when it was good. The color black, if it could be defined as a color, meant to me

something very warm and very, very beautiful. All the drawings I made when I finally entered art school were often the absolute opposite of whatever any teacher suggested to me when they would often tell you that white came forward and black went back. 'Cause black for me came forward and white just disappeared. So upon drawing self-portraits, I would often draw my head with so much graphite that they just ended up big, lumpy, granite blocks. The eyes

became so dark that they literally burnt holes in the paper. My figures continued to be black because I felt that that blackness had a kind of disappearing quality which at the same time tended to be something you couldn't really determine, control. And I drew a series of those figures, set against a landscape that was just a series of lines I'd often be given as a child when they used to tell me to write, "I will not be bad." I just changed the not to "I will so be bad." That amused me no end. But, in the art school, it was somewhat of a loss.

You see, the establishment notion of "bad" finally needed to be redefined. And the notion of "good" meant to me things that I felt were just absolutely things I wanted to destroy. At the beginning of the '70s, when I left art school, "good" meant to me Bryan Ferry, it meant to me green velvet loon pants, it meant to me hippies, bright young things, social realism, the American flag, television, PG. When I designed my first T-shirt, I tried to determine that if I were to wake up one morning and find which side of the bed I'd been lying on, I'd know that there would be a list of either good names or bad names. That list was the beginnings of me deciding how to use bad and make it work in a way that ultimately might change popular culture itself. The list of names supported the slogan "Wake up one morning and find out what side of the bed you've been lying on," which was the first T-shirt sold in my shop SEX in 1974.

In that list there was a name: the Sex Pistols. That name meant for me all sorts of things. It came about by the idea of a pistol, a pin-up, a young thing, a better-looking assassin, a Sex Pistol. I launched that idea in the form of a band of kids who could be deduced as being bad. When I discovered the kids had the same anger, could wear black, it was perfect. I thought they could never stop me dreaming, and help me never return to what I was terrified of, normality. In that dream world which lasted maybe two years, I tried to be



Luciano Viri



Bob Gruen

**"The name Sex Pistols meant, for me, all sorts of things, a pistol, a pin-up, a young thing, a better-looking assassin, a Sex Pistol."**

very bad. Whenever I realized I was being good, I realized I was doing no good at all. As soon as something became good—a shirt, a dress, a design, a shop, the group—I'd destroy it immediately. It's extraordinary when I think about it now. These things only occur to you in retrospect. I'd start something else. Because I only felt good when those people said it was bad. The characters Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious, their names and all the antics that you must have read a great deal about, all exposed that anger and kept me in step with everything that I felt from a very early age, and allowed me to continue to stay horrible.

Fashion for me was really looking bad, looking sometimes poor, looking always the opposite of what was. And I kept busy constantly defining that hole in an industry, a fashion industry and a music industry, until they decided suddenly that it was cool to use the same notions to sell their philosophy too. That's when things got very confused.

I suppose that that was the start of this decade which for me has been one of great confusion and perhaps one that will lead us to begin to think about the world as becoming totally in love with its past and completely bored with its future. That doesn't put you in a very good place. I've got to admit that. However, cynicism, one of the most fashionable words in America today, is about "it's cool not to look cool any more." Because fashion seems definitely out. And America begins to be something you could describe as antique. Sort of a tarnished spectacle, one that is still selling rock'n'roll. What does that mean now? Marilyn Monroe, what does she mean now? And Elvis, what do they mean now? And Coca-Cola, how does that taste now?

Well, the Japanese find America fabulous, and tend to be buying it like there's no tomorrow. It reminds them of the golden age when America (after the war) thought itself important enough to mean something in the world of popular culture. Our culture reminds the Japanese that they have

probably more to say and basically teach us that our culture was somewhat of a museum. They were right only that thirty years on, since '55, our culture has become something that is completely and utterly in love with its parent. It's become a notion of boredom that is bought and sold. Where nothing will happen except people will become more and more terrified of tomorrow. Because the new continues to look old, and the old will always look cute. And it now begins to place everyone in a position where it is very, very difficult to decide now what is bad; because Michael Jackson seems to be that. So maybe it has to be redefined; maybe it's been redefined for us. Certainly for me. So perhaps you'd better not look bad any more. Perhaps to look good is subversive. I don't know.

We do live in confused times. I want to maybe delve into talking about what I've done in this decade. How artists have problems with deciding whether they're entrepreneurs,

whether they're impresarios, Svengalis, mercenaries, public relations officers, corporate investors, stock brokers, or painters and decorators. It's difficult for everyone to want to be any of those things today, simply because an artist is uncertain of whether he's being honest. Whether he has credibility. The word "street" has been so redefined and talked about and applied, *Vogue* ads, television commercials, Hollywood spectacles, television series, and so on, that we don't know what "street" is, other than trying to look back and find some things that might expose an idea that those in the establishment haven't been aware of. I say that because rock'n'roll doesn't mean, necessarily, as I never have thought it meant, a band. It doesn't mean a singer and it doesn't mean a lyric, really. It means that indefinable attitude that allows you to go bump in the night and, I think, not return to normality. It's that question of trying to be immortal.

When I made an album four years ago using opera, it wasn't for the purpose of feeling chic. It was because opera and its characters seem so mythic and so much more irresponsible than any characters or rock'n'roll gods were. There is not a worse or so bad or sexy a character than Carmen. Madonna pales in comparison. There is no more evil and sexier a guy than Don Giovanni, in rock'n'roll. Mick Jagger pales in comparison. And to see those opera enthusiasts struggle in their jobs, then go immediately to the opera house to see for the thousandth time *Carmen* bewildered me no end. Except to say that it was clear that they were going to some pagan ritual. That itself, the operatic spectacle, was like some Dionysian rite. It was another kind of religion and it meant that us mere mortals, who couldn't live our lives like Cho Cho San or Carmen or Tosca or Don Giovanni, could exalt in their paradise of emotion. That for 90 minutes we could get just a glimpse of the emotion, love, and death, that they had. There was something so fantastic for me in that spectacle. I realized instead of sculpting characters out of the street like the Sex Pistols or Adam and the Ants or Boy George, Bow Wow Wow, and so forth, that you didn't need those characters. There is no way that they could ever be as powerful or as potentially intriguing and lasting and spellbinding and mythic and godlike in the '80s as Carmen or Tosca or the rest. It drove me to decide to create a rock'n'roll record just taking the characters out of these librettos.

That for me was another way of being bad, and another way of trying to retain whatever passion I must have felt when I pulled the plug of the Sex Pistols when they were beginning to play too good.





RPM VACATIONS PRESENTS

# THE ORIGINAL ROCKTOUR™ OF LONDON & LIVERPOOL

R O C K ' N ' R O L L V A C A T I O N S



Finally, the Rock 'n' Roll vacation has arrived! Tired of taking the same boring (Ho-Hum, Yawn) vacation?

RPM VACATIONS has rescued you. Our ROCKTOUR is designed for the musical enthusiast who enjoys the rock 'n roll lifestyle.

The Original ROCKTOUR of London & Liverpool features:

Roundtrip airfare • 8 days/6 nights first class hotel accommodations (4 nights London, 2 nights Liverpool) • Choice tickets to the concert • Pre-concert party • Guided sight-seeing tour of London • Pub crawl to London's best pubs • Exclusive Rock 'n' Roll history tour of London • Admission to London's top ROCK 'N ROLL clubs • Transportation to Liverpool • **MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR OF LIVERPOOL** including: Aunt Mimi's house, Strawberry Fields, Panny Lane, The New Cavern Club, The Casbah Club and much more! • Four (4) day London transportation pass • All transfers, taxes and services • Professional TJs (Tour Jockeys)

**1989 ROCKTOUR DEPARTURES:**

LONDON ROCKS NEW YEAR'S EVE™ . . . . . DECEMBER 29—JANUARY 5, 1989  
ERIC CLAPTON . . . . . JANUARY 20—27, 1989 OR FEBRUARY 1—8, 1989  
THE PRINCE'S TRUST ROCK GALA . . . . . JULY 1989  
MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR/BEATLES CONVENTION . . . . . AUGUST 1989



.....

• Call or write RPM VACATIONS to find out about these and other Rock 'n' Roll  
• vacations around the world. Call 1 (800) 458-6554 or (818) 501-7762.

• PLEASE SEND ME FURTHER ROCK TOUR INFORMATION

• NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

• ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

• CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

• WHAT ARE YOUR ROCKTOUR INTERESTS? (Design your own ROCKTOUR)

• Band or Artist: \_\_\_\_\_ City or Country: \_\_\_\_\_

• Send to: RPM VACATIONS, 17514 Ventura Blvd., Suite 201, Encino, CA 91316

.....

# moving images



Courtesy New World Pictures

## Clive Barker: The Horror, The Horror

**T**hey don't win Oscars, but they are in many ways the definitive movies of our times: *Halloween*, *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Friday the 13th*, *Night of the Living Dead*, *Hellraiser*. Hugely successful at the box office, even more popular in video, breeding grounds for young directors, they are the unnamed lifeblood of the American film industry. Film journals tend to ignore that Steven Spielberg (*Duel*, 1971) and Francis Ford Coppola (*Dementia 13*, 1963) started out in their ranks.

They are genre films, made on the cheap, made specifically to turn a profit, marketed—like heavy metal—much more effectively than you might expect. They play at midnight, in drive-ins, on cable, and in the same theaters that show *Gorillas in the Mist*. People concerned about the well-being of American youth protest them, and even *Variety*, which normally shows a blind respect for commerce, dismisses them and their audience with veiled expressions of class bias like, "a maggotty carnival of mayhem, mutation, and dismemberment, awash in blood and recommended only for those who thrive on such junk."

That at least was the rap on *Hellraiser II: Hellbound*, the latest gore epic from Clive Barker. Unflinchingly inventive, and inventively nasty, *Hellbound* merited an X rating on its first pass through the Motion Picture Association of Amer-

ica (MPAA) board; cleaned up, it is still no *Bambi*. "I'm the kind of guy that likes to see stuff," says Barker, a 36-year-old native of Liverpool. "I've always been a 'show me, show me' man. Back in the '50s when monsters were seen for the first two-thirds of a movie as shadows on a wall, or footprints, and then in the last five minutes you actually saw the damn thing—that was never my kind of movie. My kind of movie is one where you see the stuff up front—the Cronenberg attitude, if you like. Cronenberg shows you everything in a bright light. I go to movies for the weird. I don't go to be teased with the weird, I go for the weird. The *frisson* comes from knowing I'm in the hands of someone who knows the weird inside out, and is going to continue to show me the weird. I don't think the MPAA feels the same."

Barker, whose stories provided the bases for both *Hellraiser* movies, chose not to direct the sequel because he owed his publisher not one but two books. When Barker earned the endorsement of Stephen King (King called him "the future of the horror genre"), the comparisons that inevitably followed ignored the obvious similarity: These guys put out volume. Four years ago, Barker was living on welfare, writing and acting in unsuccessful plays in the London fringe theater. Then in 1984 he published his first volume of short stories,

*Books of Blood*. Since then, he has published five more volumes of *Books of Blood*, two other collections of short fiction, and three novels. He could write a chapter in the time it takes you to read this page. Morbid, clinical, and often disturbingly erotic, he is what you'd call a prolific pervert.

"Out of just scaring people in the simple sense of making them jump or feel grossed out, I don't get much satisfaction. That's only like the garnish. The steak is getting to talk about death, madness, obscure forms of sexual activity, and selling it to people who thought that they never wanted to hear these kinds of things talked about."

For research, Barker attends car accidents, gets unsolicited snuff photos in the mail, and hangs out in the local cemetery. He once attended an autopsy, but when the coroner sawed off the top of the skull to remove the brains, even Barker got grossed out. Out of this has come an obsession with the body, particularly—as with Cronenberg—with the body turned against itself. In one of his stories, a man's hands amputate themselves while he sleeps, and throughout Barker's work, sexuality leads people to act against their best interests. "But the body turning against itself can be an image of release as much as anything else," he says. "In Cronenberg's *The Brood* it absolutely is.

The heroine is actually breeding children who are her own anger released. That's a very nice notion, it seems to me. In my stories, very often if the body does something wacky, it is because in some secret place the mind is telling it to. We forbid ourselves so much because society forbids us so much. And as a consequence all kinds of weird things happen, like all the stress-related psychosoma, cancer. We can actually think ourselves into a state of disease.

"What I'm talking about is physical change as release. Be a wolf for a night, you could have a great time. I have a different attitude than Cronenberg toward this. Very often I'm celebrating those transformations; David, a lot of the time, is saying, this is just disgusting. In my work a character dies, then he becomes a monster, then he becomes a hero. I think of this as a way to enter the landscape of Bosch or Goya."

The critics, the MPAA, and the film establishment may not agree. But Barker negotiated a reported million-dollar advance for his last novel, *Cabal*, and he has already contracted to do two more films—one of them *Hellraiser III*—and his own network series. And these matters are, of course, the unnamed lifeblood of the industry. Whatever *Variety* says.

—John Leland

## The De Mille of Super-8 Sleaze

As these things go, Richard Kern is an underground force of no little potency. He is currently shilly-shallying around as the nominal leader of New York scuzz-rock heartthrobs, the Black Snakes. And certainly many pairs of panties and boxers have grown moist while their wearers watched the sultry stealth with which he prowls the stage. But it's his other career—as a filmmaker—that we're concerned with here.

Inspired by the early efforts of Nick (*The Eat Scum*) Zedd, Kern has parlayed college training into street smarts and concocted a filmic recipe that delights neo-decadents all around the globe. Using a flexible ensemble of actors and actresses, Kern writes, directs, and sometimes even acts in his own productions. Kinda like a subterranean Woody Allen. Why not? But where Woody's films deal with the suppression of lust, Rick's revel in the expression of it. These babies have lotsa blood, lotsa sex, and the sort of moral content that'd make your parents see red. There are eight and they're all great.

### 1. GOODBYE 42ND STREET (1984)

**starring:** Beth B., R. Dickens, Jim Houston, Richard Kern, A. Kitenba, Brian Moran, Sand, Tommy Turner  
**soundtrack:** Lydia Lunch, Clint Ruin, Norman Westburg  
**running time:** 5 minutes

A daydreaming cameraman walks past exploitation theaters on 42nd Street. As he passes each one he visualizes the kooky goings-on inside. As in real life, there is nude dancing.

### 2. THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN (1984)

**starring:** Lydia Lunch, Brian Moran, Henry Rollins, Clint Ruin, Norman Westburg, Eric Willenbrink, Sally Ven Yu  
**soundtrack:** Lydia Lunch, Lucy Hamilton  
**running time:** 23 minutes

Subtitled "the misadventures of a sexually insane girl," this follows the ramblings of a young lass (Lydia) trying to vent her pent-up feelings. An Anne Frank for the '80s, she thinks deep thoughts in her lonely room, gets chased around by a veritable caveman (Rollins), and (here's where her story differs a bit from Anne's) has a series of fantasex encounters with virtually all of her co-stars. And what's she doing to that rifle? Call Chuck Connors. Quick!

### 3. THE MANHATTAN LOVE SUICIDES (1985)

**starring:** Adrienne Allenhaus, Bob, Chris, Margo Day, Dee Finley, Dan Houston, Montana Houston, John McGuire, Brian Moran, Gary Ray, Robin Renzi, Bill Rice, Amy Turner, Tom Turner, David Wojnarowicz, Nick Zedd  
**soundtrack:** Dream Syndicate, Jim Thirlwell, SPK, Wiseblood  
**running time:** 35 minutes

This actually consists of four smaller filmettes, all touching on themes of romance—kinda like the old "Love American Style," but without any sign of Richard Benjamin.

The first part is called "Stray Dogs." This touching tale deals with the power of jealousy and features some of the best face-making to ever hit the screen (courtesy of Wojnarowicz). In the climax, the cuckolded party literally falls apart.

The second portion is called "Woman at the Wheel." In this one a female with the gift of Blamey drives a pair of fellow travelers to distraction, then takes a turn toward the bad part of town. Notable for one of the best nudist-car-accident scenes ever.

Next up is "Thrust in Me." This wacky short features Nick Zedd asking himself the age-old question, "Are you a boy or are you a girl?" Nicky-boy chirps an excited "Yes!"; and you'll laugh yourself blue at the paradox he "gets into" over that one.

Last comes "I Hate You Now," a moral fable of



Gerald Wieslowski

great power, teaching us (in the words of Herod) that "ugly is in the eye of the beholder." It ends this folio on a more serious, but oddly upbeat, note.

### 4. SUBMIT TO ME (1985)

**starring:** Chris, Margo Day, Cruella DeVille, Phil Forrest, Richard Kern, Lung Leg, Lydia Lunch, Margie, Brian Moran, Audrey Rose, Clint Ruin, Amy Turner, Tom Turner  
**soundtrack:** Butthole Surfers  
**running time:** 10 minutes

This is a collage of images rather than a linear story, but we can draw certain conclusions from the visual juxtapositions. For instance: semi-nude women look good both dancing around and tied up in knots; the same cannot necessarily be said of men; knives are frequently large. And so on.

### 5. YOU KILLED ME FIRST (1985)

**starring:** Jessica Craig-Martin, Karen Finley, Montana Houston, Lung Leg, David Wojnarowicz  
**running time:** 12 minutes

Follow the travails of the most zany nuclear family to hit the screen since the Bradys. The errant daughter (Lung) talks turkey at dinner, gets a haircut, catches her parents in flagrante, then takes revenge on her art-critic mom and bunny-snuffing dad. Using her dad's own gun!

### 6. SONIC YOUTH: DEATH VALLEY '69 (1986)

**starring:** Bob Bert, Kim Gordon, Lung Leg, Lydia Lunch, Thurston Moore, Lee Ranaldo, Steve Shelley, Tom Turner  
**soundtrack:** "Death Valley '69" by Sonic Youth  
**running time:** 5 minutes

A promotional video shot for America's favorite monogamous band, this combines footage used in "Submit to Me," material of a "found" nature, live concert action, and the combo's own reenactment of a Tate/LaBianca-style Tupperware bash.

### 7. FINGERED (1986)

**starring:** Emilio Cubeiro, Pete Haskel, Jet, Lydia Lunch, Marty Nation  
**soundtrack:** Clint Ruin, Norman Westburg, Lydia Lunch  
**running time:** 30 minutes

A working gal (Lydia) gets plumb tucked out after a hard day of phone-sex and decides to go for a "hot rod" ride with her beau. After a little snuffing and stuffing, they head off for a romp at the Snake Pit. Soon after, they strike up a friendship with a winsome hitchhiker in trouble (Lung). And yow-sah, do they ever give her what-for!

### 8. SUBMIT TO ME NOW (1987)

**starring:** Jetta Bara, Sara Cook, Cruella DeVille, Marta Hoskins, Richard Kern, Lung Leg, Lydia Lunch, mystery girl, Jack Natz, Audrey Rose, Clint Ruin, Pete Shore, Cassandra Stark, Amy Turner, Tommy Turner, David West, Nick Zedd  
**soundtrack:** Bewitched, Black Snakes, Chipsk, Foetus All Nude Review, Lydia Lunch/Thurston Moore, Scraping Foetus Off the Wheel  
**running time:** 30 minutes

This is the spicier "pube shaver" version of #4. Again, a storyline *per se* is replaced "merely" by images of the Now Generation at work and play, but a few "statements" are certainly made. As my uncle Huds used to say, "If hanging a filly upside down in her undies ain't a statement, then I never learned to talk." Hear, hear, Huds.

If you're old enough to order these, write to Death-trip Films, P.O. Box 1322, New York, NY 10009.

—Byron Coley

The world is full of MTV!

To: MTV Europe  
Happy first Birthday  
to Europe's fastest growing  
cable channel!

To: MTV Internacional  
Welcome! With your coverage  
of Latin America, MTV can  
now be seen in 24 countries  
worldwide!

Chile Costa Rica Bolivia Ecuador Uruguay Peru  
Great Britain Ireland The Netherlands Sweden



To: MTV USA  
WOW! Seven  
years already?  
You don't look a  
day over six!

So are you.

To: MTV AUSTRALIA  
You've premiered over  
250 exclusive videos in  
your first year and a  
half-- Nice work mates!

To: Tokyo Broadcasting  
Congratulations  
on your  
July 4<sup>th</sup> launch!

El Salvador Puerto Rico Venezuela Colombia Switzerland Japan  
West Germany Denmark Finland Belgium Honduras USA Australia France

# AIDS

## WORDS FROM THE FRONT

Today's artists are struggling to articulate the complex and horrifying realities of AIDS, and to document, not only the way we deal with it, but also how we as a culture view the role of art.

Article by Thomas S. Ryan

"It is a privilege to be with people when they are dying. Sometimes they tell you the most amazing things. The other night Jean-Jacques—he's this real queen, there is no other word for it—he told me what he misses most in the hospital is his corset and high heels. I mean he weighs all of ninety-eight pounds and he's half-dead. But I admire his spirit. The way they treat him. Sometimes they won't even bring the food to his bed. And I am afraid to complain for fear they will take it out on him! Damn them! I've lost some of my idealism, as I said. Last night I painted his nails for him. Flaming red. He loved it."

—William Hoffman, from his play *As Is*

"Look—life in this country will never be the same again. And who else is here to record that but artists?"

—Max Navarre, writer who died of AIDS

Pain being the driving force behind most artistic creation, it is not surprising that great art is often born during times of acute calamity. Picasso, for example, painted his masterpiece *Guernica* as a reaction to the horrors of the Spanish Civil War; Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* addressed the political tyranny of the McCarthy era; and Camus' *The Plague* was a metaphor for the Nazi war machine. Now AIDS looms over us, as terrifying as any blackened, bomb-dripping sky, and for a growing number of contemporary artists, from Prince and Barbra Streisand to Keith Haring and Elaine De-Kooning, it has become the new, urgent subject matter—for some the *only* subject matter worth addressing. "More and more artists are working with the subject of AIDS," says Michael Beauchemin, associate director of Boston's Zoe Gallery. "And the response of the overall art community is overwhelming."

Beauchemin, and the Zoe Gallery, along with several other galleries in Boston, are working with the AIDS Action Committee of Boston on a large auction of contemporary art by such famous artists as Michael and Doug Starn, Doug Anderson, Mary Sherwood, and James Hansen. "The art communi-

ty is really beginning to respond to the art of this crisis," says Beauchemin. "James Hansen, for example, currently has 33 *Watercolors* on exhibition at Boston's Institution of Contemporary Art. It is a sequential work, documenting Hansen's relationship with his lover Michael, from the first time they met to Michael's death from AIDS. It is an extremely powerful and loving statement, and people are really moved when they see it."

The most impassioned response to AIDS in the visual arts has been the Art Against AIDS campaign. Last December, Art Against AIDS led by such men as Robert Woolley, senior vice president of Sotheby's and Nathan Kolodner, director of the Andre Emmerich Gallery, auctioned the work of 30 contemporary artists—including Robert Rauschenberg, Claes Oldenburg, Mark di Suvero, and Judy Pfaff. The group's fund-raising goal is \$2.5 million, which will go to the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR). "I am far more interested in fund-raising," Woolley has said, "than in consciousness-raising."

"By now we are all disenchanted enough to know that no work of art, however much it may fortify the spirit or nourish the eye and mind, has the slightest power to save a life. Only science can do that," says Robert Rosenblum, one of the leaders of the Art Against AIDS campaign. "But we also know that art does not exist in an ivory tower, that it is made and valued by human beings who live and die, and that it can generate a passionate abundance of solidarity, love, intelligence, and most important, money."

Most of the artists who contribute works to organizations like Art Against AIDS work with the subject of AIDS only for those events. Few are committed enough to make AIDS a central theme in their oeuvre. One exception is painter Kenneth Lithgow, whose recent exhibition at New York's Kendall Gallery drew quite an unusual response. "People came and they were knocked out," says Lithgow. "Everyone said the paintings were beautiful—'stunning'—but that they couldn't possibly live with one in their homes. The general attitude was: 'Who wants to be reminded of such a dreadful subject?'"

Although Lithgow has found few buyers for his massive and frightening canvases, he insists that, for him, AIDS is the *only* subject. "I am an artist, and I must paint the images I am filled with. I can't deny them. A young man came to see me not long ago, and when he saw my work he started to cry. When I asked him what was wrong, he told me that his lover had recently died, but that before he died he told this young man that he couldn't bear the thought of dying in the hospital. He wanted to die by the ocean. And so this young man, who was like a waiter or something, sold everything he owned. I mean, *everything*. And he brought his dying lover

to Mexico so that he could die on the beach, looking at that vast expanse of ocean. Now that is an image I just must paint, as a testament to them both."

"I work with AIDS because I want to open up people's eyes to what is going on," says artist and illustrator Betsy Shield. "The only way I know how to do that is through my art. Living in New York, I know that what we are dealing with is much larger than I can ever hope to express. But I just have to try. Otherwise, I wouldn't be much of an artist, would I?"

The most piercing outcry of cultural pain is sometimes heard from the theater. Just over four years ago, even the mainstream theater world was sobered with two riveting plays about AIDS: Larry Kramer's *The Normal Heart* and William Hoffman's *As Is*. Both were hailed by the critics, not just as powerful plays, but as catalysts that unmasked and demystified the disease for those fortunate enough to know nothing about it, and that told the unpleasant truths nobody wanted to hear. *The Normal Heart*, which Barbra Streisand is currently making into a film, is based on Kramer's involvement in the formation of the Gay Men's Health Crisis in 1981, and his angry departure from the group in 1983. It is an enduring and powerful work, secure in its fury, and its demand: increased government support and political action in the battle against AIDS.

Hoffman's *As Is* is less political and more personal, focusing on the renewed love two men experience when one of them is diagnosed with AIDS. "Even when I was writing *As Is*, I wanted to avoid AIDS," says Hoffman. "I still do. But that simply is not possible. And while everything I write does not concern AIDS, AIDS informs everything I do in my life. For example, I am currently working on a new play based on my family's experiences and deaths during the Holocaust. It is not about AIDS, but the two situations certainly share much in common."

"Although I must say, sometimes I get very impatient with this whole AIDS and the arts thing," Hoffman continues. "Everybody talks about how all these artists are dying of AIDS. But it's important to keep in mind that AIDS is an equal opportunity destroyer, and people from all walks of life are dying from it. I know cops and women and children with it. There are bodybuilders and bus drivers with it. Just because they are not great artists doesn't mean their deaths are less tragic."

Spurred on by the unanticipated success of *The Normal Heart* and *As Is*, a second generation of AIDS plays has been produced, enlarging the scope of vision. Like the playwrights who created

Untitled, 1988, by David Wojnarowicz.

"If I had a dollar to spend for healthcare I'd rather spend it on a baby or innocent person with some defect or illness not of their own responsibility; not some person with Aids..." says the Texas healthcare official and I can't even remember what he looks like I reached in through the t.v. screen and ripped his face in half I was told I have Arc recently and this was after watching seven friends die in the the last two years slow vicious unnecessary deaths because fags and dykes and drug addicts are expendable in this country "If you want to stop Aids shoot the queers..." says the ex-governor of Texas and I'm carrying this rage like a blood filled egg and there's a thin line between the inside and the outside a thin line between thought and action and that line is simply made up of blood and muscle and bone I'm waking up more and more from daydreams of tipping amazonian blowdarts in 'infected blood' and spitting them at the exposed necklines of certain politicians or nazi-preachers or government health-care officials or the rabid strangers parading against Aids clinics in the nightly news suburbs there's a thin line a very thin line and as each T-cell disappears from my body it's replaced by ten pounds of pressure ten pounds of rage and I focus that rage into non violent resistance but that focus is starting to slip my hands are beginning to move independent of thought the egg is starting to crack america seems to understand murder as a self defense against those who would murder us and its been murder on a daily basis for eight long years in this killing machine called america and I say there's certain politicians that better increase their security forces there's walking swastikas in the forms of religious leaders and healthcare officials that had better get bigger dogs and higher fences and more complex security alarms for their homes and queer-bashers better start doing their work from inside howitzer tanks because the thin line between the outside and the inside is beginning to erode and at the moment I'm a sixteen foot tall five hundred and seventy two pound man inside this six foot frame and all I can feel is the pressure all I can feel is the pressure and the need for release

them, these plays are individualistic in their approaches, temperaments, and sensibilities.

Alan Bowne recently gave us the first play to address the impact of AIDS on heterosexuals, an original futuristic story, based on *Romeo and Juliet*, called *Beirut*. The play focuses on a heterosexual couple, one of whom is forced to live in a quarantined section of New York's Lower East Side because he is "blood-positive." His lover risks her life by visiting him and attempting to seduce him. The play's harsh vision has caused several critics to denounce it as overly sensational. They especially found the idea of "blood-positive" people getting tattooed to be farfetched. Yet as Bowne pointed out in *The New York Times*, it wasn't long after the play was written that conservative William F. Buckley suggested tattooing people who tested positive for HIV; and in Sweden, the government has already begun to quarantine people with AIDS.

Less extreme in its premise is Robert Chesley's one-act *Jerker: or, The Helping Hand*. Although *Jerker* received favorable reviews, Chesley is best known for his work *Night Sweat*, the first play ever written about AIDS. *Jerker* presents us with the dialogue of Jerker and Bert, two strangers who conduct their entire relationship on the phone. While the work is marred by the obvious dramatic limitations of such a premise, *Jerker* still packs quite an emotional wallop. A redeeming trait in all these theatrical efforts is the attempt to reach beyond the fear and anguish of AIDS and gain a clearer idea of what it's like to actually live with the disease.

With somewhat more subtlety, Doug Holsclaw's deft romantic comedy *The Life of the Party* draws an extraordinary balance, finding comedy in even the most tragic aspects of AIDS. Listening to the dialogue of four healthy gay men discuss the pros and cons of safe sex, the audience is laughing one minute and holding back tears the next.

That rare blend of realism and humor is also seen in the work of the People with AIDS Theatre Workshop in New York, founded by Sylvia Stein and Nick Pippin. A group of people with AIDS (PWAs) is currently performing at New York's Don't Tell Mama cabaret. It is a simple production—a collage of experiences movingly told by the PWAs, with stories ranging from bittersweet to angry to exceptionally funny. The cast has an admirable ability to laugh at the follies and ignorance AIDS has inspired. "All the actors in PWATW have AIDS, and so they have experienced all the negative stuff," explains Stein. "In supporting each other, they have discovered the positive life-affirming side to AIDS. But even though there are some very funny aspects of our show, the drama and seriousness of AIDS always come through."

Most bookstores, by now, have an entire section reserved for AIDS books, both fiction and nonfiction. "AIDS is going to create an enormous literature," says Michael Denny of St. Martin's Press, "and most of it is going to be quite different from the literature we've grown used to. Writers confronting this disease are being forced to re-evaluate what writing is fundamentally all about. What sort of impact will it have? What do they want to leave behind? Unquestionably, AIDS will certainly produce as vast a literature as that written on World War II."

"Illness has no entry qualifications," says a character in Adam Mars-Jones's short story "Slim." "But being ill—if you are going to be serious about it—demands a technique." "Slim" is just one of several stories in Adam Mars-Jones and Edmund White's new collection of short stories called *The Darker Proof: Stories from a Crisis*. With unnerving



Gerry Goshstein

## "While everything I write does not concern AIDS, AIDS informs everything I do in my life."—William Hoffman

As is co-producer John Glines (left) with playwright William Hoffman (center) and director Marshall Mason.

honesty, this remarkable collection forces the reader to look at how forcefully and diversely AIDS is affecting all of our lives. A superb example of the literature of AIDS, *The Darker Proof* is riveting fiction, so hauntingly close to reality that the lines become blurred.

The almost nonexistent line between AIDS fiction and reality is poignantly evident in the case of novelist Robert Ferro, whose fourth novel *Second Son* was recently published. *Second Son* is a realistic story about two men with AIDS who turn to each other for strength and support in the face of approaching death. Ferro died recently; one can only speculate how much of *Second Son* was drawn from Ferro's own battle.

Absolutely first-rate is Andrew Holleran's perceptive collection of essays, *Ground Zero*. Holleran's contribution is invaluable to the new literature of AIDS not only because he is a talented writer, but because his understanding is exceptionally broad, as he was one of the first writers to address AIDS.

The most hard-hitting contribution to AIDS literature is the non-fiction masterpiece *And the Band Played On: Politics, People, and the AIDS Epidemic*, by Randy Shilts. Nothing yet written can

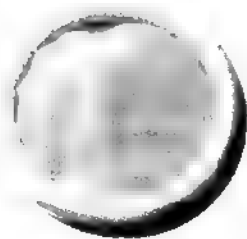
compete with the thoroughness, breadth, and enormous scope of this book. With admirable objectivity, Shilts has tracked this epidemic's course over the past seven years, along with the nation's lamentable response to it.

"Many of these writers," says Denny, "begin to write on something besides AIDS, but soon realize that nothing else seems as important." One such writer is Paul Monette, who has published two works this year: *Love Alone: Eighteen Elegies for Rog*, published by St. Martin's, and *Borrowed Time*, just put out by Harcourt Brace. *Love Alone* is a collection of poems Monette wrote for his lover, Roger, who died in October of 1986. *Borrowed Time* unflinchingly recounts the last year and a half of Roger's life. Monette is currently at work on a new novel, to be finished next year, based on three AIDS widows. "The main thing," Monette says, "is that I do want to leave a record behind. Certainly AIDS will be the center of my work for my whole life. I just must address this issue. Writing about other things really seems trivial. The biggest problem for me in writing about AIDS is that it is difficult to actually write when the frontline tragedy keeps entering my life."

The often-used comparison between AIDS and the Holocaust has caused some discord. Susan Sontag is one who has protested. "The Holocaust was inflicted by human beings on human beings. It's wrong to compare a situation in which there was real culpability to one in which there is none,"



# USING IT WON'T KILL YOU. NOT USING IT MIGHT.



Maybe you don't like using condoms. But if you're going to have sex, a latex condom with a spermicide is your best protection against the AIDS virus.

Use them every time, from start to finish, according to the manufacturers' directions. Because no one has ever been cured of AIDS. More than 40,000 Americans have already died from it.

And even if you don't like condoms, using them is definitely better than that.

## HELP STOP AIDS. USE A CONDOM.



Photo: Jerry Friedman



A Public Service of  
This Publication &  
The Advertising Council



©1988, The Ad Council.



Above the Darkness I Flew So High, 1988,  
by Siona Brockman.

she told a reporter for *Vanity Fair*. Playwright/AIDS activist Larry Kramer, who has been screaming bloody murder over the epidemic since 1981, coined the metaphor, and stands by it unflinchingly still. His forthcoming collection of essays will bear the title *Reports from the Holocaust: The Making of a Gay Activist*. "For a long time," says Michael Denny, "most people thought Larry Kramer was just too radical, always comparing the AIDS epidemic to the Holocaust. But in retrospect, after eight years of this epidemic, and as I read his essays, I realize that most of what he's been saying all along is just plain common sense."

#### FOOTNOTES by Celia Farber

Congratulations to the Ad Council, the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR) and the National AIDS Network (NAN) who have launched a spectacular national public service advertising campaign promoting the use of condoms to help stop the spread of AIDS. Less than a year ago, all three networks refused to run condom commercials; now they may even run them on prime time.

The campaign, with the blunt theme, "Help Stop AIDS. Use a Condom," will run on television, radio, in print, and on transit boards, in both Spanish and English. "Studies show that people are now more sexually active than ever before, yet, despite the threat of AIDS, there has only been a small increase in the number of people practicing safer sex," said Mathilde Krim, Ph.D., founding chairwoman of AmFAR. "There's an urgent need for ex-



PLICIT public service campaigns, like this one, to begin changing people's behavior—it's a matter of survival."

The Ad Council, one of the five largest advertisers in America, is a private, non-profit organization of volunteers who conduct advertising campaigns for the public good.

Due to an error in the production process, there was a misprint in the second column of page 47 in last month's column. Unfortunately, some issues left the printer before they could be corrected. We apologize to those of you who were inconvenienced by this.

### Excerpts from *The Normal Heart*, by Larry Kramer

"It's happened before. It's all happened before. History is worth shit. I swear to God I now understand. . . . Is this how so many people just walked into gas chambers?"

"Do you know that when Hitler's Final Solution to eliminate the Polish Jews was first mentioned in the *Times* it was on page twenty-eight. And on page six of the *Washington Post*. And the *Times* and the *Post* were owned by Jews. What causes silence like that?"

Ned: I went to a meeting at the Bishop's. All the gay leaders were there, including Bruce and Tommy. I wasn't allowed in. I went in to the men's room of the rectory and the Bishop came in and as we stood there peeing side by side I screamed at him, "What kind of house of God are we in?"

Felix: Don't lose that anger. Just have a little more patience and forgiveness. For yourself as well.

Ned: What am I ever going to do without you?

Felix: Finish writing something. Okay?

Someone Died in the Bar Last Night, 1987,  
by Kenneth Lithgow.

# ENJOY IT

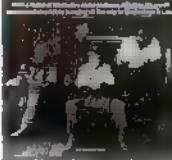
**ENJOY THE MUSICAL EXPERIENCE** first, by reading Digital Audio's CD REVIEW. Every review and feature article brings you into the music before you buy the CD. Many CD buyers read CD REVIEW just for the fun of it.

WITH YOUR EYES AND BRAIN

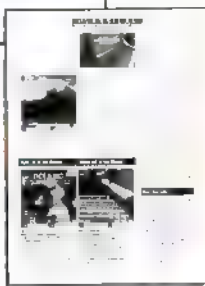


Hi-Bit, Low Price

### Banking on the Blues



**ENJOY LEAVING THE LEMONS ON THE RACK.** Did you know that about 17% of all CD's are not worth buying? Avoid the bitter taste of wasted money and disappointment—CD REVIEW lets you know which CD's deserve to be in your collection.



### ENJOY SAVING MONEY:

1. By reading CD REVIEW—and avoiding the CD and hardware lemon crop.
2. By subscribing now—and avoiding the big number you pay at the newsstand.



### ENJOY THE SWEETER SOUND OF THE NEWEST SYSTEMS.

Every month we review the newest players, speakers and components. Our study is state-of-the-art technical, but our language is not. Upgrade your system the smart way...by reading about it first in CD REVIEW. Subscribe now.

# BEFORE YOU HEAR IT.

WITH YOUR EARS AND SOUL

**ENJOY GETTING TO KNOW THE ARTIST LIKE A FRIEND.** Our interviews are loose, open, fascinating and friendly. You learn more about their heads and hearts and get to know them like friends.

**ENJOY IT BEFORE YOU HEAR IT** by saving two ways: First, save a lot by avoiding the bum CD's and equipment we review for you. Second, save 63% by subscribing now instead of spending unnecessary cold cash at the newsstand. A subscription gets you nothing but the sweetest CD sounds and savings.

**YES!** Please enter my subscription to Digital Audio's CD REVIEW. A full year (12 issues) for just \$12.97!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

#### Mail Coupon To:

Digital Audio's CD REVIEW, PO Box 58835, Boulder, CO 80322-8835  
Offer valid for a limited time only in the US and possessions. Canadian/Foreign rate add \$7 (US Funds). Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery of first issue. Regular subscription rate \$24.97.

**Digital Audio**  
& Compact Disc Review

SDOP



Jennifer Lindsey

# YUPPIE LIKE ME

Everyone knows the  
Yuppie is the enemy,  
but what are they  
really like?  
We dressed Legs  
McNeil up and sent  
him undercover to  
find out.

Article by Legs McNeil

**E**very time I closed my eyes in the detox, the Clown People would come running to greet me. People with orange and yellow and red lipstick painted around their mouths instead of on their lips. Like old ladies who draw spiraling circles around their mouths when they completely miss the target.

The Clown People weren't acting like clowns though. No screaming, laughing, or trying to mirror me. Actually, they were pretty sedate, asking if they could be of any help. I'd listen without really looking at them and think, "Gees, this is kind of okay." And then they'd stick their heads close to mine and their fright faces would shock me and I'd start to scream. But the scream would get caught somewhere in the sleep and wouldn't cut through the people in my brain. My sounds couldn't pierce the horror and break on through to the other side. Instead, what came out was a low, guttural moan like some small animal caught in a metal trap, moaning a sign-off for forever. It wasn't a sound that I recognized as coming from inside me, so this alien noise would startle me awake. Then I'd realize where I was and ask, "Where is she? Where is she?"

This went on every night for five nights until the doctors decided the shit was out of my system and they kick me out on the sixth day.

"You can go now," was all the nurse at the desk said. So I threw my handful of paperbacks, a couple of pairs of jeans and T-shirts, and the cheap-o telephone the hospital makes you buy if you want to make any local calls, into a shopping bag and walked out onto the street. I didn't have a clue to where I was going.

"So what do you do?"

I looked over at Jake the ad salesman for support and let Bonnie, the girl sitting at the bar, have it with my cover.

"I'm in debt swapping." It wasn't much of a lie. I'd always been into debt swapping. Borrowing from this one, paying back a bit to that one.

"Yup, yup, yup, I'm with Shearson Lehman. Totally great corporation. I just love my job reconstructing Third World debts. Yup, that's what I'm into." I didn't know what the hell I was talking

about, but I thought if I said it with enough conviction, I might get over. I was relying on my enthusiasm for everything corporate to ignite the pilot lights of greed with this crowd—then nobody would notice the holes in my lame story. We were at the Outback, a Crocodile Dundee-inspired watering hole on Manhattan's Upper East Side, ogling the barmaid, a sexy blonde wearing a skimpy blouse exposing her midriff, ripped prefaded jeans, and a Bowie knife strapped to her thigh. My kind of woman. In contrast to the jungle woman behind the bar, assorted groups of chic young women dressed in work clothes or casual blouses and jeans decorated the tables, while guys in suits and ties planned strategies for getting them home. But yuppies deny their singles bars are singles bars. It was part of the Yuppie Philosophy, make a place fashionable enough, and you can call it by another name, anything but the meat rack it really is.

My assignment was to infiltrate the yuppie netherworld. For the last eight to ten years the yuppie, a mutant strain of the preppie, has grown from a caricature to the dominant social sector of society. Society is perched on the brink of overwhelming tedium as a result. They—yuppies—are clearly the enemy: an occupation army who have imposed their paganism of idolatry to the American Dream. But no one has ever gone underground to see what yuppies are really like, in their own habitat, especially when relaxing. I went back to SPIN. I wanted a mission and for my sins I got one.

Jake said he'd go with me, take me around and show me the ropes. He was also kind enough to lend me a suit and tie, the loafers, the button-down shirt, and the \$900 watch. SPIN paid for the haircut. But even though I had the look, something was missing.

For 32 years I'd been driving the wrong way down a one way street. It was a lot of fun but one day I had to quit after too many close calls. I thought it might be interesting to see how the other half lives. People who want to fit in, drive in the right direction, don't fly through the stop signs, and signal their turns. Or if they do fly through the stop signs, do so in a Mercedes, which makes it all okay. People who go through life on the Exempted Rebellion plan. People who accept and define the correct, accepted social conventions, the rules, who read the manual, and consequently also know how to get around them. People who like conformity because it embraces averageness, condones greed, and forgives mediocrity. Yuppies.

All of that stuff made me want to pick up a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight, climb to the roof of my building, and start blowing away innocent assholes.

"So you're making the rounds tonight?" Bonnie wanted to make sure she was where it was happening. She

was a chunky, unattractive woman with bad skin, a bad short haircut, and too many Molsons in her. She worked at Dun and Bradstreet during the day and at night tried to find a husband while keeping an eye out on all the goings-on. Next to Bonnie was her friend Susan, a pretty blonde from Northern California who worked for some large charity, raising money and improving her social life while helping others. They were friendly enough, so we bought them a round and went for a trial run to see if I could pass.

"Yeah, we just came from Pedro's," Jake answered, handing the two of them Molsons.

"I heard it was dead," Susan stated flatly.

"Sure was," Jake answered. "Not like where I was in the Hamptons this weekend."

That got 'em. "You have a house in the Hamptons?" They both started.

"Actually, it's mine," I piped in before Jake could get his lie out first. "Jake comes for weekends, but I own it. Leveraged my stock portfolio, got my boss to double my salary when the mortgage company called, rented it out to ten singles all summer to make the payments all winter, and paid the taxes with this year's bonus. We're talking real estate with mirrors. No money down, the way I like it."

Hey, I was getting into it. The place was filling up with more suits and ties and I didn't feel so anxious. The shoes still hurt but I resisted the temptation to pitch them through the front window and grab some sneakers, and I finally got the nerve to loosen my tie so the blood could resume flowing to my brain. What's more, they were buying my bullshit.

It seems that every block on the Upper East Side of Manhattan has its own favorite trendy bar with a different trendy theme so that every neighborhood can capture that infinite range of yuppie emotions. It seemed like Jake and I had been to them all. Pedro's was your typical college football hangout, the type of joint Mr. Hart from *The Paper Chase* would've waited tables at while putting himself through Harvard Law School. Before Pedro's we'd been to Dorian's Red Hand, the place where the most infamous yuppie of them all, Robert Chambers, picked up Jennifer Levin. Dorian's caters to a younger, more preppie clientele. Kids not yet climbing the corporate ladder but born of the same wealth and privilege that enables them to live the lifestyle. Before Dorian's there were a few others, but we had gotten there too early for anything to be happening. The baseball game was the only thing going on at Pedro's, but I liked the joint. It had brassieres hanging from the ceiling and walls and a large felt banner that read WHEN BETTER MEN ARE MADE SMITH WOMEN WILL MAKE THEM. Someone was obviously getting some

at Pedro's, but the whole idea of yuppie sex seems oxymoronic. Yuppie sex, Christ, what a concept. Automotons replicating. Yeah, turns me right on.

"I totally love Pedro's, so much that I even have one of my bras hanging there!" Bonnie boasted. But as I looked over at her heaving chest, I didn't remember seeing anything leering down at me from Pedro's ceiling large enough to hold her mammoth body parts.

"How'd that happen?" I asked innocently, all the while keeping an eye on Susan, who was now beginning to pick up a little as Molsons drained to her brain. "Oh, it's a fun tradition," Susan interrupted. "If you get lucky, you know, go home with someone and do it, the guy's supposed to bring back the bra like a trophy. But I hear Bonnie brought in her own."

The conversation went on like that until Jake got tired, Bonnie went to suck up to some guy who only fucked her when he was stinking drunk, and I found myself walking Susan home. Right next to Central Park.



Yeah, it's the same Legs McNeil—before we sent him undercover—circa late '70s, with Debbie Harry (right) and their . . . friend.

"So where'd he do it?" I asked. We were holding hands. I knew it was just the beers that were making her friendly. But the sex she promised was about closed eyes, lots of passionate words. Then blaming it on the beer and later pretending it never happened. Another awkward morning. I wanted something more.

"Where did who do it?" "Chambers, where'd he strangle her? The spot must be real close."

"Robert Chambers?" Susan pulled her hand from mine.

"Yeah, come on, lets go play weird, decadent sex games in the park!"

Susan stopped. She was standing there with her mouth open and her glazed eyes glaring at me.

"I WANT TO GO HOME! I WANT TO GO HOME!"

"No, no, no, it'll be fun, I promise." She was terrified now. It had dawned on her that I wasn't the Man

in the Grey Flannel Suit. It was as if she were seeing the suit disappear and in its place the black leather jacket, the greasy hair, the sneakers, the five o'clock shadow all rise to the surface.

"I'M GOING HOME NOW!" Susan squawked a little too loudly. She was panicked. Before I had a chance to explain that it was only intensity I wanted, not her life, she backed away from me, turned around, skipped across the street and fled down Fifth Avenue.

"Ah, I wasn't going to strangle you!" I called after her, but it was too late, I'd blown it.

"Would you hate me if I accepted mediocrity?" Carol asked me one time when I called to torture her over the phone. We had lived together for seven years. But my excessiveness had finally beat her down and she left me for a photorealist painter. A guy that made six figures a year, had a house in Wyoming and property in Santa Fe. A guy with Security. I couldn't blame her, but I did anyway.

"What was the question?"

"I asked, would you hate me if I accepted mediocrity?"

My first instinct was to say something as hurtful as possible, but the question was too honest, too much to the point, and summed everything up. It was the same as asking, "Do you mind if I become my parents? Do you mind if I now want all those things I pretended not to care about? Do you mind if I'm really a fraud?"

Carol hadn't really misrepresented herself. She had all the yuppie credentials: an MBA from the University of Chicago, a brownstone, a close family, Crabtree & Evelyn soap. So I really shouldn't have been surprised when the shit hit the fan, and that she now wanted peace, a break, a rest, a comfortable life without the unpleasanties. After years of me, it sounded like what she needed. The part of me that still loved her madly wanted to say, "Go and have fun, do what you need

to do and be good to yourself." But when you multiply Carol by millions you end up with a nation of boring, self-obsessed assholes looking for the easy way out. Sure, putting up with me and my ilk was for bullshit. But fuck this voluntary capitulation to complacency. It was bad enough that time eventually wears us all down into responsibility. There was no good reason for throwing in the towel prematurely. It also showed a lapse of imagination. When hipster life didn't pan out, the only other option was to become our parents? It was that attitude that had made our culture possessed by wine coolers, Miller Lite, Laura Ashley, Miss Manners, *Modern Bride*, and a return to the Old Values. Jimmy Swaggart, Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, Jim and Tammy, and Ronald Reagan are the extreme, but their message represents a society coming of age and looking for their parents' approval, more blatantly and pathetically than ever before.

*Okay, we've been bad, sown our wild oats, now let us back in! See, I've got the house, the BMW, the job and the kids, now accept me! I'm not a radical now, I'm cute! Cute, goddammit, so fucking love me!*

"So will you hate me for accepting mediocrity?"

"No, no, I won't hate you. I guess I'm just disappointed. Just tell me one thing, does he have a bigger dick than me?"

Click.

The lecture hall inside the Fashion Institute of Technology was overflowing with the chicest, hippest kids in town. The ones who believed they were living their lives on the cutting edge, but were having trouble convincing anyone else. So they had assembled to hear the master of chaos, Malcolm McLaren, former Sex Pistols manager, speak about his efforts to corrupt the culture. Wake everyone the fuck up. Instill some passion and anger into the mediocre. This morning, as he spoke from the top of his head, in a slow articulate voice like an eccentric Mr. Chips defining his philosophy of corruption, Malcolm made it clear even he was having a rough time being bad these days.

I had just spent another night making the rounds on the Upper East Side, getting bored to tears looking for yuppie insight, and decided I needed a powerful antidote to this killing yupster senility. Malcolm was it. The old crowd was there, Debbie Harry, Chris Stein, Richard Hell, among others. The previous night, I had fallen asleep in the suit again watching reruns, after having blown another wild evening with a yuppie girl, and was late when I walked in to F.I.T. Malcolm was just finishing up his speech, and, afterwards, Richard Hell, Stephen Sprouse, and a couple of others tried to explain how you manipulate your art and life so that it effectively fucks

with people and causes them to react. Causes them to do something. But it was useless. Stephen Sprouse, a shy guy who designs instead of speaks, mumbled through his presentation and showed a video to articulate his ideas. During the question and answer period an irate woman stood from the balcony and screamed, "We paid good money to come here and, Mr. Sprouse, the only thing you offer us is an adverb." She was pissed that she wasn't getting her money's worth. I wanted to tell her maybe it was the right adverb, but the whole thing was so much of a joke. It's a pitiful place to be when kids need to go to a lecture to learn how to fuck up. Kids looking for Malcolm McLaren's approval and advice on how to muck up the works. Anyone's advice and approval. Yeah, it was pretty sad. After the lecture, rock photographer Bob Gruen and I were talking.

"Did you hear they were playing the Sex Pistols before the thing?" Bob asked.

"Yeah, playing it real low, so?"

"I don't know about you, but to me it just sounded like music."

He was right. Just good background music. Somehow the attitude had vanished over the years. And it was never replaced. Even rap and hip hop, after all that it tried not to be, had become, in the end, music. The minute you put it out, the security and distance that is television instantly makes it safe. The culture had, by 1988, become the vacuum. Attitude no longer had a half-life. Substance was folk music replaced by Tracy Chapman and Michelle Shocked. Escape was either the Metal Ghetto or dumb Hardcore angst. Rock'n'roll had become so acceptable as an advertising tool, it no longer possessed balls to whack you upside the head. The country no longer had a medium for communicating to a mass audience how fucked and out of date and boring and unhip it itself had become. There was nothing hip left. Because everyone now believed themselves hip. You only had to dress in black. And everyone with a few extra dollars could do that. Brains and attitude no longer played a part. All you had to do was turn on MTV, watch Bush and Dukakis debate, or stroll down to your nearest hip downtown section of town to gag at the options. Ralph Lauren and Yves St. Laurent, or Doc Martens and camouflage pants. Skinheads and yuppies; a boring, ugly rite of passage, and then an equally boring, ugly adulthood. And the only other option was long haired, tie-dyed insipid sensitivity. It seemed no one was creating any other options.

"So what kind of car do you have?" I asked Jessica. Hot Damn! I was finally going home with an authentic yuppie girl. Since I had done so lousy on the singles scene, an ad rep from the

Continued on page 118

THE NEW ALBUM

MINISTRY:



INDUSTRIOUS HAMMERINGS

AND DECOMPOSITIONS

FROM THE HEARTLANDS

MOST COMPULSIVE

PREACHERS OF THE BEAT.



©1988 SIRE RECORDS COMPANY

AVAILABLE NOW ON SIRE CASSETTES, COMPACT DISCS AND RECORDS.

THE LAND OF RAPE AND HONEY

# NEW ROMANCIER

Cyberpunk ace William Gibson flies the unfriendly skies of the late '80s with a science fiction genre that has more to do with the decay of today than the glories of tomorrow.

Interview by Adam Greenfield

In the last couple of years, science fiction has tossed off the little-green-men albatross and turned overnight into a sleek, well-oiled, *dangerous* thing—a matte-black Stealth bomber constructed of words. It has acquired all the sinuous grace and breathless, sweaty eroticism of the finest rock'n'roll; it kicks in with visceral urgency that smacks of addiction. To a large degree, this is due to William Gibson, whose writings—*Neuromancer*, *Count Zero*, *Burning Chrome*, and the new *Mona Lisa Overdrive*—have taken the mainstream's assumptions about science fiction (nerdy, reactionary, desexed) and rotated them 180 degrees on their vertical axis. Gibson's stuff is the reactor-core steam of all tomorrow's parties breathing down your neck today. He has smashed a hole through the moribund haze of the science fiction subculture like nothing since the New Wave of the late '60s.

Gibson was the point man for what is now known as cyberpunk as soon as his writing hit the light of day. He is responsible for most of the innovations that have become, regrettably, the fixtures of the almost-clichéd-by-now generic cyberpunk story. Cyberspace—the shadowy four-dimensional universe of data that his computer-jock protagonists jack into—and the *Sprawl*—an artifact of the terminal stage of urban

overrun, a single city that covers the entire Eastern Seaboard from Boston to Atlanta—are his inventions. While the latter had long been a staple of bad science fiction, Gibson makes it breathe: When he writes about it, you can smell the heavy, fetid, urine-laden air and feel every drop of grime sputtering down from the sooty geodesic "sky." Most of the mood of cyberpunk—the pacing, the slang, the brand-name physicality—can be traced to his lead. His first short stories (the brilliantly incendiary troika "Johnny Mnemonic," "New Rose Hotel," and "Burning Chrome," published in *OMNI* magazine at the dawn of the '80s), wasted no time in establishing his trademark intensity as the standard by which all other future SF will be measured. It sent a shockwave through the science fiction community that brought similarly minded writers crawling out of the woodwork, and nothing has been the same since.

So here's the scene in, say, 1982: You had a bunch of talented, aggressive writers kicking around the lower reaches of recognition, trading fusion-hot stories of attitude and high-tech flash through their rather incestuous ghetto until somebody came along and noticed that all these new talents shared a worldview and a set of assumptions—and called them cyberpunk. Their







## Now you CD it... now you don't.

INTRODUCING THE PIONEER 6-DISC CHANGER WITH YOUR CHOICE OF REMOVABLE CONTROLS.

Whoever said you can't take it with you obviously never owned Pioneer's CDX-M100 CD changer with removable controls. It's the most versatile CD changer system ever designed for a car.

Now you have a choice of two CD controllers. The DEX-M300 AM/FM detachable tuner/CD controller snaps instantly in or out of the dash. Or it can be mounted on a cord that floats inside your car. Leave your car and you can



 **PIONEER**<sup>®</sup>

take the pocket-sized controller with you.

Or add CD sound to your existing system with the DPX-M200WC. It's the same versatile CD changer without the tuner.

Both units feature the same 6-disc magazine as Pioneer's home CD changers. Plus the conveniences of track search, track scan, random play and up to 512 track programmability.

The Pioneer 6-disc changer with removable controls. When it comes to incredible digital sound, it's out of sight.

work was hard, fast, brutal, and uniquely influenced by the rhythms and idioms of rock'n'roll, and more specifically punk rock. Gibson, then 34, clocked in with a battery of blitzkrieg stories about hardened, cynical mercenaries and three-time losers. His prose was crammed with detail, a hyperburst transmission of stunning evocative power ("sky . . . the color of television tuned to an empty channel") riding ■ crystalline carrier wave of almost painful beauty. Along with others like Bruce Sterling, Greg Bear, and Rudy Rucker (all featured in the cyberpunk anthology *Mirrorshades*), Gibson was a new factor in the science fiction equation, usually oblivious to the world around it. SF had been dominated for years first by stodgy, phallogocentric space opera and then by the "radical" New Wave, which quickly became about as daring as "The Cosby Show" after showing a certain initial promise.

The best cyberpunk—say, Gibson's *Neuromancer* (recently named one of the 100 best science fiction novels of all time)—is a powerful way of perceiving the here-and-now world. It's about the overload we're already living with in the late 80's. The sort-of trilogy of *Neuromancer*, *Count Zero*, and *Mona Lisa Overdrive* is much more revealing of our present mediascape mindset than most nonfiction. It concerns various people—drug-runners, indie computer saboteurs, even art consultants—who brush up against a presence in the cyberspace network that wasn't programmed in, a true artificial intelligence. The ways in which the thoroughly human characters come to terms with this terrifyingly new form of consciousness provide much of the cerebral kick; the gutbusting drive is what brings you off at a purely animal level. With its thoroughly contemporary themes (drug gang-war with everything up to and including tactical nukes, finding some kind of redemption at the edge), it's not so much a fantasy construction of an imaginary future as ■ highly specific look at a present in mid-stage adrenaline OD.

For this reason, as soon as the first genre pieces were published, resonances began to be felt in art, in video, in music, in advertising. It's an attention-grabbing style: You don't forget it once you've seen, heard, or felt it. Even if you don't know it, you've already seen the cyberpunk aesthetic in action: *Blade Runner* and "Max Headroom," Apple Computer ads and rock videos. Whole bands have adopted elements of the look as their own, with varying degrees of success. Something like the cover of the Jesus and Mary Chain's *Psychocandy* is pure cyberpunk, as is the ludicrous excess of the late (wannabe cyberpunk) Sigue Sigue Sputnik. A handful of writers have made their presence felt bigtime.

The effect of the new writers' arrival en masse was very much like that of the Sex Pistols '77 cutting through layers of "progressive" art-rock and slovenly metal with amphetamine glee. Gibson is quick to acknowledge the influence: "1977 was delightful for me; things had been very boring and then all of a sudden there was something to watch. I went with these old hippie friends to see ■ punk band in Toronto. I walked in and I said, 'This is fucking great,' kind of like J.G. Ballard-meets-Jean Genet. Then a couple of days later a friend of mine brought the first Sex Pistols singles and a bunch of xeroxed fanzines back from England, and that started me buying records. It was a definite boost—it fit right in with what I thought science fiction was supposed to be about."

And in Gibson's stories, that's what it's all about. Even at the surface level, you can see influences turn up in his writing that traditional SF wouldn't touch in a hundred years: the bites of Velvet Un-

derground (a space tug called 'Sweet Jane'; a character who recites "first thing you learn is you've always got to wait" like a mantra), the orbital Rasta colony Zion that juices a constant soundtrack of sensuous dub reggae, the constant acceleration and abrupt cornering that recall the rhythms of hardcore punk. This man, who started writing out of "quiet desperation" and "not having anything better to do," has tapped straight into our collective cultural mainline in his first couple of full-length works, and shows no sign of stopping. I talked with him about his influences outside of science fiction and the ways in which life has been taking crib notes from his art.

*Your books so far haven't really been geared to the science fiction audience. There are references, almost in-jokes, in your work that somebody used to Asimov or even Harlan Ellison wouldn't catch.*

I was always pretty amazed when I saw people I considered reasonably hip to be reading my books. That was very gratifying—'cause I thought basically I'd be getting mainstream science fiction readers, and most of what I wrote would go right by them. So it was nice to see people reading it who would catch some of the references.

*You draw strongly on rock 'n' roll pace and attitude. Have you seen any bleed-over going the other way—your work influencing current music?*

The only place I've seen that is in Japan. When I was in Tokyo in February, there was some kind of industrial rock band called Wintermute (the name of the artificial intelligence in *Neuromancer*), and these kids kept appearing, ducking out of the shadows and handing me their demo tapes, getting me to autograph their jackets. It was weird how into it they were.

*Maybe people get that deep into your stuff because it's so immediate. It seems to me to talk just as much about day-to-day life now as about some constructed world of twenty years from now.*

The convention in science fiction is that you're supposedly talking about the future. But I've never felt that I was quite doing that—I'm writing about the present. When you get right down to it, most science fiction really is—the Heinlein and that stuff from the '50s is clearly about the '50s, the New Wave was about the '60s. I just felt there was a lag in the '70s, a lag that happened in a lot of different kinds of pop culture, and it's just now that you're starting to see '80s music, '80s science fiction.

*Japanese culture is a strong presence in your work—the yakuza, the Japanese hypercorporations. Given that America is probably in decline, do you see Japan, or the whole Pacific Rim, as being the dominant global cultural influence in the next couple of decades, or is that just your conception of the present?*

That is kind of the way I see the present. Living where I do, in Vancouver, it's hard to escape the whole Japanese or Pacific Rim flavor of things—there's a strong and obvious Japanese business presence here that is impossible to ignore. Actually, one of the hipper scenarios I've seen lately is Bruce Sterling's, where he has Japan in decline—kind of where America is now—and the really hot places are Singapore or Taiwan. And it's funny, when I was over in Japan, they would tell me, "I really like this future Tokyo you've got in your stories, but you really must have been thinking about Hong Kong." Tokyo is really very clean—eerily clean, like Zurich, sort of. I think of it as the Confu-

*Continued on page 119*

## Christmas never sounded like this before!



### 16 Christmas Classics by

The Pointer Sisters • Eurythmics  
Whitney Houston • The Pretenders  
Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band  
John Cougar Mellencamp • Sting  
Run-DMC • Madonna  
J2 • Bryan Adams • Bon Jovi  
Rob Seger • The Silver Bullet Band

### The Special Olympics Christmas Album

All proceeds from this sale on-line collection will be donated to Special Olympics.

At Exclusive **ULTRADISC** Releases From



ALSO AVAILABLE ON ULTRADISC:  
Pink Floyd: Dark Side Of The Moon  
Blind Faith • Steely Dan: Aja  
Jethro Tull: Thick As A Brick  
Garth Brooks: Tequila For The Tillerman

For a complete free Original Master Recordings catalog call 1-800-800-8004 or write: Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab, 1280 Holm Road, Chatham, MA 01925



Me ole' mate, Slasher had this rock 'n roll band, see. What a sound! Melt your ole' lady's hair curlers, it would.



Then Slasher ups and emigrates to Australia, doesn't he? But he leaves me every recording the band ever made.



Whenever I missed the ole' sod, I played his music. But the more I played 'im, the duffer he sounded.



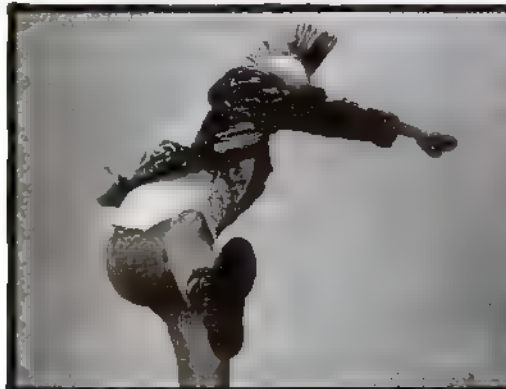
Soon his music sounded so awful, I was glad he'd hopped it.



Then the missus buys all this Discwasher stuff, doesn't she?



Cleans your records, your tapes, your CD's. Very scientific 'n all.



Straight away, Slasher sounds great again. The drums shake the windows.



The bass gives me ma-in-law migraine. The lead guitar makes me fillings drop out.



Sounds just like the Slasher I remember!

## A touching testimonial for Discwasher Audio Care products.

At Discwasher, all our products are specifically engineered to leave nothing on the playing surface but the sound that was actually meant to be there. Without doing any harm to the recording quality.

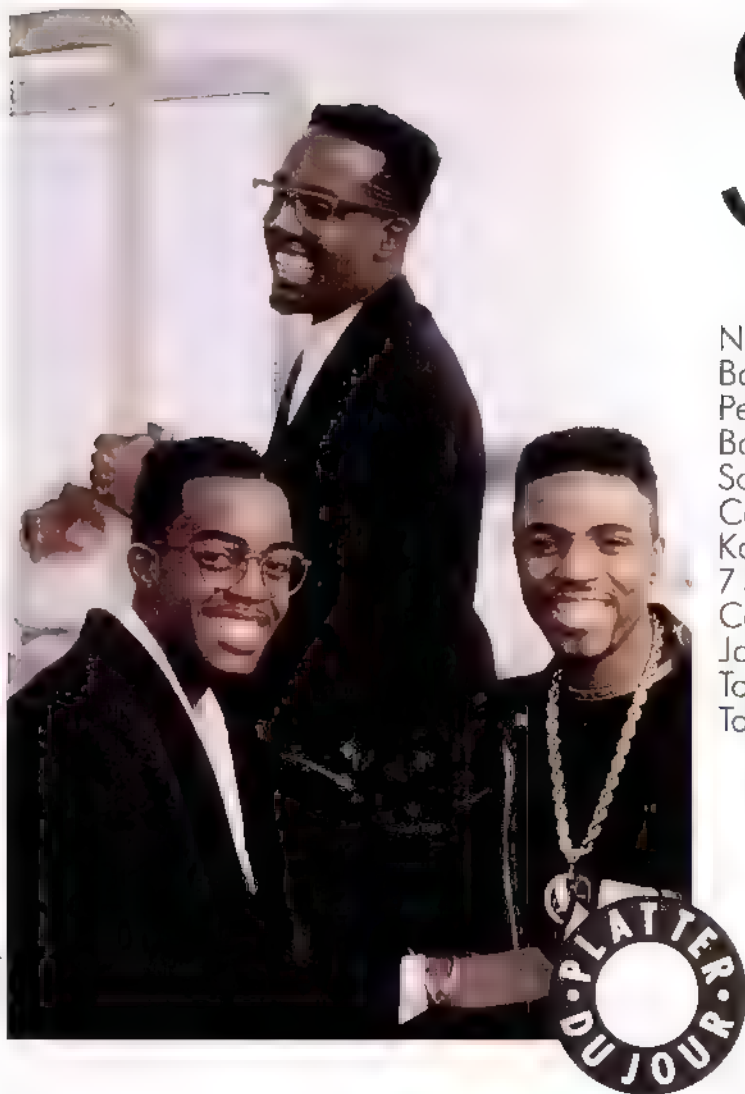
The way we see it, you put so much into your music collection it makes no sense to let dust, dirt or static destroy it. As the gentleman above so eloquently observes.



**discwasher**  
For sparkling performances.

Discwasher Cleaning accessories. For records: D4+™ Record System, SC-2™ Stylus Care System, Zerostat 3™ Static Removal System. For tapes: System II™ Dual Action Cleaning System, Perfect Path™ Cassette Head Cleaner, D'Mag™ Tape Deck Demagnetizer. For compact discs: Discwasher™ CD Cleaning System. ©1988 Discwasher, Inc., 4310 Transworld Road, Schiller Park, Illinois 60176 (312) 678-9600

# SPINS



Todd Gray

New Jack Swing, Bananarama, That Petrol Emotion, Balancing Act, Soundgarden, Nick Cave, feedtime, Kassav', James Brown, 7 Seconds, Original Concept, Scrawl, Etta James, Three Johns, Toots Hibbert, Talk Talk, R.E.M.

**Guy**  
Guy  
Uptown/MCA

**Johnny Kemp**  
The Art of Flying  
Columbia

**Al B. Sure!**  
In Effect Mode  
Uptown/Warner Brothers

**Keith Sweat**  
Make It Last Forever  
Vintertainment/Elektra

**Bobby Brown**  
Don't Be Cruel  
MCA

John Leland: Freddy, I've been obsessed lately with these records: Keith Sweat, Johnny Kemp, Al B. Sure!, Guy, Bobby Brown. It's a sound we haven't heard before.

Fab Five Freddy: They all have a b-boy foundation. You can tell all these guys are really into rap music, and when they go home they listen to rap records. Not like, say, the artists from the Minneapolis scene, who are not really with rap music, but they'll try to get somebody to rap on their records, just to catch the young crowd. I like the way Guy uses the little turntable scratching on "Groove Me." That record is so good, they didn't need to have that in there. But it says, "We're still into hip hop too."

JL: These guys dress up in suits or sweaters, but they're not soft. They're still b-boy. Like Big Daddy Kane in a suit.

FFF: I think that's cool. We all know by now what the main dress of a b-boy is: sneakers, jeans, his polo shirt, his hat to the side. But there's times when that same b-boy may want to get together with his girl, might go to a club

where you can chill, sip a little champagne, Dom Perignon, munch a little caviar or fried chicken or whatever it may be, and cool out with his girl. And he would take those sneakers off and put on a pair of Clarks or British Walkers, throw on a blazer, and take his girl out. When I was a kid, we had the Stylistics and Blue Magic, and if you went to see those people, that was how you dressed. You didn't wear sneakers to hear the Stylistics. You put on something kind of fly. Bobby Brown and this whole new era of hip hop soul groups are filling that void.

JL: One thing I like is that it all sounds low-budget, without effects or orchestra, but yet they're very sophisticated, especially that Guy record. If Bruce Springsteen just sat down with a guitar, he could kill everything on rock radio. These guys do it with a beat box.

FFF: That's definitely true.

JL: Also, across the board, we're seeing that the kids are taking over. You have Guns N' Roses, and Tiffany and Debbie Gibson, and hip hop and now these guys.

FFF: No grownups allowed. I was in a car the other day and we were listening to Guns N' Roses, who I think is a really great band. But obviously Guns N' Roses is a combination of Led Zepelin and Aerosmith. Now, with hip hop, you don't have bands copying James Brown, but you have producers and artists sampling and taking elements of James Brown's sound and basically recreating it. It's the same thing. What do young people want to do right now? Take that which they know is good and just rearrange it. It's just like remixing a sound that you already have. Take a whole era and just remix the whole era.

JL: Also, all these guys, with the exception of Johnny Kemp, are going to be incredible sex symbols for years to come.

FFF: I asked my little sister, who's eight years old and lives in Bed-Stuy, in Brooklyn, who she really liked. Last year it was "Top Billin'" by the Audio

Guy: (L-R) Damien Hall, Aaron Hall, Teddy Riley.

Two. A year later, it's Al B. Sure!. Then she asked me if I knew him. That told me right there that Al B. Sure! was getting eight-year-old girls swooning. All girls think he's cute. A lot of guys think he can't sing.

JL: I don't think that matters. His job is really to be good looking and in front. This is a producer's medium and Teddy Riley is the power behind the genre.

FFF: You're right that they're going to become sex symbols, because the female audience realizes that Freddy Jackson and Luther Vandross don't make them wet. Girls used to throw their panties at Marvin Gaye and Teddy Pendergrass. And with that kind of music, girlies have to get moist when they hear it. If the girls ain't getting moist, the shit ain't really going to sell. These guys are going to rule the last part of the '80s and early '90s. The current generation, which was raised on hip hop, can grow up with these guys. Maybe they'll turn into classic crooners like Frank Sinatra. But I think there should be a contest: Who's sexier, Flavor Flav or Bobby Brown? I think Flavor would win hands down. A lot of girls think Flavor's sexy. Can you believe that?

JL: Not without proof.

FFF: What it comes down to is this, John. You're a b-boy, right? You got your Nikes on, fly Kangol, maybe a couple of rings. You're a young, fly, hip, cool, correct motherfucker. You take your girl out, cruising around in your BMW, your Jeep, your four-by-four. You got a crazy fly sound system in there, some red lines, Blaupunkt, pumping that bass, Public Enemy, EPMD. But when it's time to try to get into those panties, when you're really trying to kick some lyrics to your girl, like, "Yo baby, you're the only one, it's me and you from now to eternity," you can't do that while Public Enemy's playing.

JL: Two years ago everybody was saying black pop was dead. But starting with LeVert's "Casanova," which was also a b-boy record, and now these guys, it's like a revolution.

FFF: LeVert—that shit was dope. A lot of people say, how long is hip hop going to last, when right under their very noses it's constantly growing and diversifying, to the point where it's now producing its own R&B, pop, easy lis-



tening music, it's own mellow sound, which is still really funky. Sometimes Guy reminds me of Parliament, when they break down and just groove out on the record.

JL: But I'd have to say that the best thing about all these guys is that they have really cool names. Even Bobby Brown. Especially Bobby Brown.

FFF: There's something very b-boy about that too, people just making up their own names, reinventing themselves. But I think one of the coolest names out there is Fab Five Freddy.

JL: I think this is where we should quit.

—Fab Five Freddy and John Leland

### **Bananarama** *Greatest Hits* London/PolyGram

The world's greatest music magazine is the Australian version of *Smash Hits*—an authentic teenybopper picture and poster 'zine (you know, cover photos of Rick Astley) aimed at the average trendy thirteen-year-old girl, except it's written by a bunch of little Lester Bangsings who use a lot of lingo that probably isn't real even in Australia and who make as many deliberate "errors" as they can get away with. Best of all are the letters: "When we were lining up my best friend and her boyfriend broke up so my boyfriend broke up with me. Then we

were all kicking each other." And, "So many people have told me that the girl in Bananarama with short blonde hair used to be a man." Responses are printed in black type and written by a guy or gal called (are you ready for this?) Black Type, who in this instance sensibly points out that the "girl with the short blonde hair in Bananarama is in fact . . . no longer in Bananarama! So there's no need to worry, is there?" And (in the pen pal section), "If you're crazy and fun loving and would like to join a Bananarama type trio then write . . ."

Anyway, the Ramas, as they are (or aren't) called in Australia, have a greatest hits LP, and if you're wondering if they deserve to be the focus of such teen libidinal energy, the answer is "Yes."

They began in Britain as an anyone-can-do-it, let's-form-a-band thing, and have maintained their identity through seven years and a string of producers and co-writers starting with Paul Cook of the Sex Pistols to Stock-Aitken-Waterman now. Melding '60s girl group vocals with the Standard-Euro-International-Dentist-Office-unison vocal style, all to a disco beat, they've changed girl-group from something vulnerable to something aggressive. Their thing is to be imperious, to be surface. Their version of "He Was Really Saying Something" is spare and matter of fact. It sounds not at all like their hearts have been stolen away. This song is *their* display. On

*Bananarama make cruelty shimmer.*

the video to "I Heard a Rumour," they walk through a set littered with "hunky half-naked men" (as my girlfriend calls them); like, men are our pleasure machines. (A bit of fear motivates those Siobhan-was-a-man rumors, don't you think?)

Emotion sneaks in strangely. "Robert De Niro's Waiting" has words of blank anger, turn your face to the wall; and it's sung in the wispiest of voices, to a (deliberately?) low-impact pop melody. "Cruel Summer" is sung sad against a punchy dance beat, as if they want to make cruelty shimmer.

—Frank Kogan

### **That Petrol Emotion** *End of the Millennium* Psychosis Blues Virgin

Part of the reason Irish bands (U2 in absolute particular) are so Sunday Bloody Sunday HUGE is that they spring from a culture that's still positively medieval in its allegiance to Right vs. Wrong (not that they agree on who sits on which antipode). The Irish aren't sitting around chanting "om," eating rice cakes, and spacing



out on technology, they're still fighting a religious (as opposed to a spiritual) war. Unlike the mealy current politicians on our side of the Puddle, the Irish admit, up-front, that peoples' emotional lives and impulses have a *priori* value over the economic and material. And, because they've also got the Barney Stone in their arsenal, some of the Irish get fookin' rich peddling fiery polemics.

Like JB (from whom they copped their "Groove Check"), That Petrol Emotion is well-oiled, moves like an air-mobile, and stops on a pence. *End of the Millennium Psychosis Blues* opens with "Sooner or Later": "I Feel Fine" feedback accelerating into slamming dominant-subdominant vamping because, just like the Stones during the London years, you should always put the primo track first-up on side one. "Sooner or Later" means NOW!, and even though lead singer Steve Mack hails from Seattle unlike his Irish conferees in That Petrol Emotion, he's as Erin Go Bragh as the rest of 'em (just like T.S. Eliot might've been born in Missouri, but he's still planted in Westminster Abbey). "I used to sit around at home," Mack

it's the engine that feels. That Petrol Emotion recognizes, acknowledges, embraces and rejects the Orwellian BIG MACHINE that's consuming the globe. It's right there, in black & white (not relativistic shades of gray), "The Bottom Line": "So you want to break our spirit/So you want to sap our strength/For all intents and purposes/You'll go to any lengths." And so will That Petrol Emotion... note for note, measure for measure, beat for beat-box.

—Tim Holmes

### The Balancing Act Curtains I.R.S.

So, the Balancing Act debut in 1985 with a self-released, brilliantly eclectic, folk-tinged EP, become one of the initial bands signed to the short-lived I.R.S. custom-label Primitive Man Recording Company, release an entertaining if hit-and-miss first album, and suddenly I.R.S. is pushing them as the next...

Well, the Balancing Act deserve to define their own sound, no matter how broadly, and have done just that throughout their rise to potential next-big-thingdom. The debut EP, *New Campfire Songs*, established the band's bent for intertwining off-kilter melodic twists with sparse but solid rhythms and folk-rockish song structures—all the while staying uptight and upright. Their debut LP, *Three Squares and a Roof*, built on that foundation with fuller production and instrumentation—not to mention a full platter of songs. *Curtains* introduces straight ahead rock without compromising their herky-jerky eccentricity.

The Balancing Act walk a tightrope by melding diverse influences while avoiding the fall into being stylistically "all over the map." Musical nuances are worked *into* their spare, understated songwriting. Instead of treading in a different musical cliché from song to song, it's about subtlety and sincerity, not just musical muscle flexing.

*Curtains* opens the way to a broader audience while acrobatically side-stepping even alternative pop constraints. The band's penchant for penning out-of-whack wordplay continues with "Understanding Furniture," as much a cause for confusion as the debut's "A TV Guide in the Olduvai Gorge." The new album maintains the live feel of the band's instrumental tangle, but percussionist Robert Blackmon stays in his drum seat long enough to give it all a heftier push. Meanwhile, guitarist/vocalist Jeff Wagner and guitarist/assorted instrumentalist Willie Aron wind their usual short-story melodies into the mix while popping up with a new-found feel for the straightforward hook.

## THAT PETROL EMOTION



opens fire, "until I found I couldn't tell right from wrong." And with that slurping and gulping of forbidden fruit, That Petrol Emotion throws a kerosene-soaked Molotov cocktail into the heart of DOR: Like, maybe it is a fascist groove thang; would that be bad, if you don't know the difference?

That Petrol Emotion bends the groove every which way. They look at the membranous quality of human nature, pointing out that the body is "Cellophane." There's a Celtic slide-guitar hoe-down subtexture on "Candy Love Satellite" and a wokka-wokka wah-wah "Shaft" riff on "Here It Is... Take It." They've got a sly way with tangential roots-referencing: structural echoes of "I'm Losing You," Motown, Neville Chamberlain, and Mephistopheles on "The Price of My Soul"; a piece of "The Last Time" lead guitar in "Tired Shattered Man."

And what exactly is That Petrol Emotion? Where does their stark finger point? It's that gaseous thing in the gut that's mechanical, not electronic,

To send a gift of Amaretto di Carola anywhere in the U.S. call 1-800-248-0787.  
28% alcohol by volume © 1987, Imported by The Padgett Corp., Fort Lee, NJ. Photo: Kim Nahoum.

**No free T-Shirt.**

**No free Tape.**

**No free Car.**

**Just THE ABSOLUTE LOWEST PRICE FOR 12 ISSUES.**

**ONLY \$14.95 FOR ONE YEAR.**

# SPIN

**CALL TODAY • TOLL FREE!**

**1-800-228-2288**

Please allow 4-6 weeks for your first copy to arrive. Send foreign orders prepaid: \$23 (U.S.) for Canadian orders, \$50 (U.S.) for others (per year). Regular basic annual rate \$24.00. Basic 2-year rate \$40.00.

### The Balancing Act



Producer Andy Gill, former Gang of Four guitar stylist, sharpens the sound without destroying the fragile songwriting. "Generator," the opening track, is marked by the dark vibrato of Gill's *Songs of the Free* playing yet doesn't overpower the song's acoustic shuffle, and the closer, "Learning How to Cheat," merges Gill-style densely-packed treble with a stronger pop feel. Even when the often dissonant Gill plays on a couple of songs (an average-at-best, harmony-laden interpretation of Funkadelic's "Can You Get to That" and a wistful "Between Two Oceans"), he stays faithfully within the band's melodic boundaries.

R.E.M. of the '90s? The Balancing Act are too musically ambitious for that (you know, technical expertise, eclectic songwriting, that kind of thing). What they can expect is to gain new listeners who want a sound that's not just smooth and clever but strong and catchy as well.

—Jay Wilkins

### Soundgarden Ultra Mega OK SST

Old-school rock critics will undoubtedly relegate Soundgarden, Seattle's heaviest noizemakers, to '70s AOR retrogression. They'll point derisively at (future sex god) Chris Cornell's Robert Plant-like, sirenesque war whoop, cry "Zeppatators!" and dismiss 'em posthaste. Younger pacesetting critters will split two ways. Those who've come of late to the realization that punk/noize is a (gasp) "dead end" will dis 'em for guitar-fixated conservatism and go back to whatever rarefied exotica they're placing all their diminishing hopes in this week. While those who feel more security in the certainty of a dead end will dis 'em for their riff-rock factionalism. In other words, across-the-board agreement amongst the vanguard cognoscenti. But to kiddies young (and old) enough to have grown up to the throbbing internalized violence of Zeppelin/Sabbath/Aerosmith mega-rock, and grown disillusioned with fuck/suck Dada Buttholisms, Soundgarden will deliver the

noize potent enough to Move The Crowd.

Big, intense, No Fun noize that'll loosen your inner pathways faster than industrial strength Drano. The mood of Soundgarden's slower, heavier, killing-floor struts ("Nothing to Say" and "Hunted Down" off of '88's *Screaming Life* EP) are rudimentary punk versions of Sonny Sharrock's dark-side-of-the-moon blues. Cornell alternately raps, wails, and talks dirty to the beat as if he had a hard-on so bad it hurt, while the other three lay down heavy-equipment construction-shovel Sabbath-riffs, tail-of-a-comet Hendrix atmospheric, and sinister lead guitar probes to a slow humping throb. You can't dance in any conventional sense to this stuff. Instead, you kind of heave yourself forward rhythmically to this slow, loopy, below-the-waist groove.

By contrast, "All Your Lies," off *Ultra Mega OK*, epitomizes what guitar surgeon Kim Thayil calls Soundgarden's "hardcore" songs. Imagine Zeppelin's "Communication Breakdown" and Aerosmith's "Sick as a Dog" folded into Die Kreuzen. The song lifts off on a synergized guitar/bass riff that sounds like a herd of Arabian horses charging across the desert. During the break, Thayil gives way to Cornell's banshee-like rap, "limping, crawling, biting, fighting . . ." before the band slams back into rhythm. Again, music this hot is too demanding for imagistic disco dancing. You can, however, rattle to it frantically just fine. Consider it the hard-boiled youth alternative to Madonna's girly-girl ("cum-on, cum-on") transcendental-aerobicizing.

Any retrogression charge is a cop-

out. Soundgarden's neatest trick is reconstituting the oeuvre of post-punks like the Buttholes and early '70s behemoths Black Sabbath into hamburger riffs and catchy beats without diluting either's emotional life-sucks throw-weight. Until someone tells me where we're going—suggests to me any future I'd want to be a part of—reworking the past sits just fine with me. I mean, why not get what we know right before we jet off into the unknown? It isn't as if the only two records these guys know are *Physical Graffiti* and Sabbath's *Vol. 4* anyhow. They centrifuge a hodgepodge of noize from Cheap Trick to the Bad Brains into sound slabs that resonate the failure of '80s New Morning doublespeak.

Most post-Born in the U.S.A. pop suggests that artists (and record executives) think music requires the same kind of specialization that is necessary to the mass production of automobiles. Debbie Gibson's music feels irrepressibly happy. Metallica's feels like closing apocalypse. Public Enemy's feels irrevocably MAD. Tracy Chapman's feels politely indignant. At one time or another I've felt all of the above, as I'm sure you have too. This constricted range of emotions is effectively alienating.

I'm not going to tell you the Amerindie/college radio scene Soundgarden comes from is the diversified "alternative" to this situation that it should be. It ain't. What Soundgarden lack at this point is any sustained light in their songs (as, say, Zeppelin had) to contrast with the dark and heavy. Sure they mix it up with a snatch of acoustica here and there, but only as trimming. Most indie music is a

puritanical reaction to the back-slapping, glad-handing good cheer that indie-ites suspect greases the bigtime pop poopshute. But your average Rapeman Complex indie-ites, to their shame, enact the same no-chances body-freeze esthetics that were a big part of what drove them underground in the first place.

Which doesn't in anyway alter the fact that commercial radio rock/pop sucks too. Major league recordings sound so synchronized, equalized, and air-brushed these days that whatever sincerity or emotional import they possess comes off as pep-rally hype or candidate promises. Recent records by Springsteen, Keith Sweat, Van Halen, and George Michael strike me as what Herbert Marcuse once referred to as work that "supplements the machine process, rather than making use of it." Whatever might distinguish these as yearning, growing, and searching human efforts is undermined by production values that craft sound into a smooth, polished (good-for-nothing) widget. The result is music so codified that sounds in the mix stand out either as complete unto themselves or indistinguishable from anything else. No rub to the bottom, no fight between the voice and guitar, no electric/acoustic contrast (everything's got that machine-sheen), no tug or push anywhere. You don't dance to music like this so much as you slide into its desultory assembly-line groove.

Soundgarden: Can you feel it?



Charles Peterson



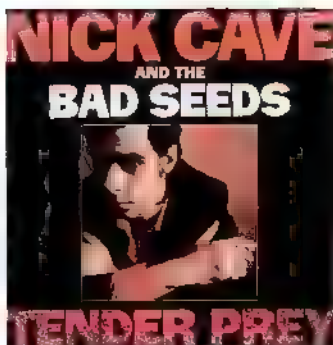
Only trick beats can make slick records rock. The occasional Prince, Madonna, Kylie Minogue, or Janet Jackson tune explodes the impersonality of studiofied radio mixes with catchy syncopation by breaking down Time until any machine-purposefulness is dissolved into a voluptuous, pleasure-spot Nowness. Motorvating rhythms feel good. But unless the funk is Miles-deep, elevating rhythm to this omni-oneness, transporational-beat-convergence thang makes dance music mystifying and effectively solipsistic. Which is why the oblivious stupidity of beat mantras like Madonna's "Everybody," Kylie's "Loco-Motion," or Michael's "Bad" turn grating.

Fact is, the only thing dance music can do that punk can't is turn a dollar. The whole pop context is fragmented. Disco's dancing-with-yourself solipsism is no different than punk's dead end. Every pop form today (house and pigfuck and Brit-folk, and hip hop, for that matter) leads to the same solitary dead end.

Which puts a pop-hound like myself in a peculiar pinch. On the one hand I feel an alienating distance from most everything thrown at me by the radio, industry, and media (under and above-ground). And on the other hand I'm lost every time I enter a record store. A.R. Kane? Guy? Phuture? Sinitta? Tall Dwarves? Fugazi? It's not that there are no enthralling sounds left, or beats to move your feet, or music to change your mind. It isn't even that there are too many choices, as most folks will tell you. It's just that after a while ya catch yourself cataloging pop sounds like a desperate archaeologist digging for a precious memory: rock'n'roll to rally behind. What Lester Bangs once referred to as: The Party.

With nothing to share (or no way to share it), the operating aesthetic in the dead-end cash-nexus bind is mindless tension/RELEASE. All our pop kicks today are antidotes. But as long as the unifyingly constipated rockana propaganda of Scarecrow and The Joshua Tree defines the mainstream, that which rocks (anywhichway) with unbridled intensity rules. That's why, in my book, Soundgarden is dope. As an antidote—rather than The (London's Calling as America Eats Its Young at the Beggars Banquet) Party thang—Soundgarden's we-gotta-get-out-of-this-place, mind-wrecking songs of the repressed work. Soundgarden rocks. With titles like *Ultra Mega OK* or *Screaming Life*, the obvious credo is: In the circle of power, the bigger, the better. I'm not convinced bigger is necessarily better. But I know that when nothing better is around, sometimes bigger is the only thing that'll get you off. Bored kids will understand this.

—Jack Thompson

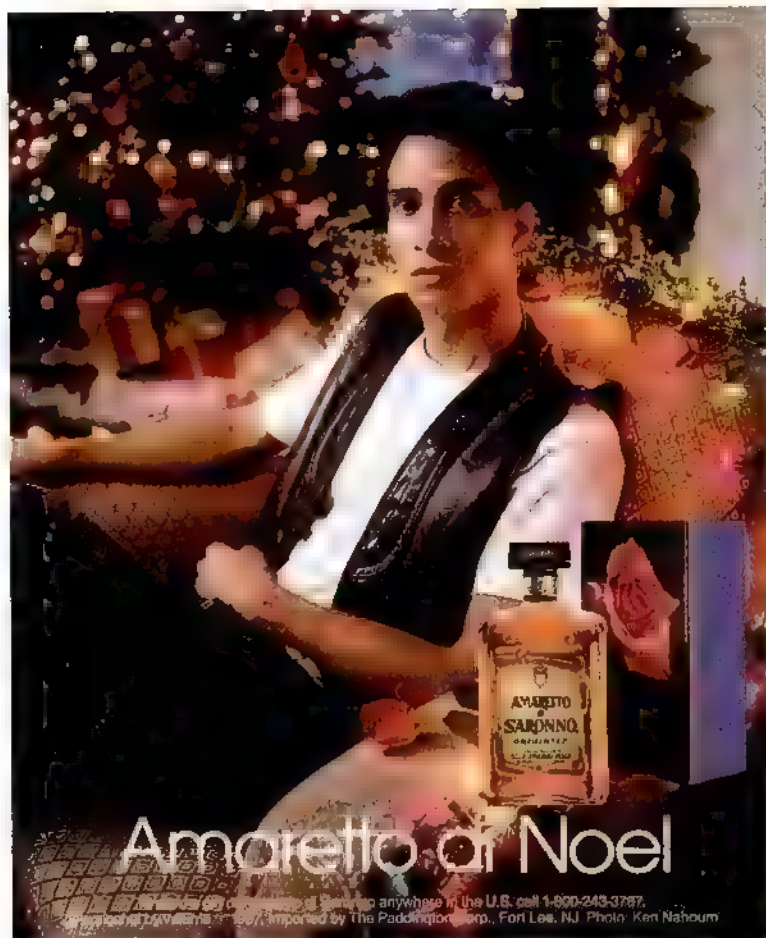


**Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds**  
*Tender Prey*  
Mute

Leonard Cohen once said that he who marries his own generation is bound to be a widower in the next, and Nick Cave always had a love-hate relationship with his. When the Birthday Party backed him up, he coupled furiously with the pale deathrock succubus of the early '80s underground, never really deciding whether to cleave to the leather lovely or to cleave her with his six-inch gold blade. But ever since *From Her to Eternity*, which rewrote post-punk as country blues, it was clear that Cave had finally shot his woman down in a Burroughs-like burst of angst and marksmanship and was searching the heavens for another muse.

Unless you're content to mindlessly absorb Cave's persona like a sponge or a clove-smoker, you gotta try to interpret the man, and this will fuck you up, which is part of the fun. Try to take his John-the-smack-Baptist bit seriously, and you'll fail. Try to discount him as a pretentious cheesehead or an unhappy camper, and he'll jolt yer spine when you least expect it.

Part of the problem is that most of Cave's pantheon are a lot closer to the grave than the cradle: Cash, Dylan, Blind Lemmon, Cohen, Hooker, Orison, David (the Psalmist, not Lee Roth). With heroes like these, its hard to be hep to the p-mod beat. At his best, Cave is a visionary revisionist, moaning out Americana dementia while his band melds musical history: blues, C&W, Vegas vinyl, *The Three-penny Opera*, '60s pop. He's kinda like Tom Waits in that both dudes scrape their musical characters—snake-oil salesmen, nightclub preachers, damned bluesmen, huckster heroes—out of the gutter of American history. But Cave stakes his claim with too much morbid reverence (as well as too many Stooges/Velvet strokes) for Waits's kind of calculated theater. Waits creates his myths, Cave identifies with his—that's his blessing and his curse. And like Cohen, he'll mix in redemption with his evil, erotic stew and say a prayer before the feast.



All of this is especially true of *Tender Prey*. The songwriting is ambitious, desperate, and impressive, which makes the inadequacies of Cave's voice particularly spiky on some tracks. But any warbling that doesn't add to the overall effect (remember Cohen and Dylan, kiddies) is made up for by the haunting machinations of the band, the mightiest version of the Bad Seeds yet. Multi-instrumentalist and arranger Mick Harvey heads the best tunesters in purgatory: chain-gang drumming, locomotive percussion, carry organ, an anonymous chorus of dead men, peg leg jigs, a xylophone you know is made of convicts' bones, and the inevitable heavy load o' minor keys.

The pinnacle is "The Mercy Seat," a churning, nauseous, blessed, cacophonous sonic emission from the burning skull of a prisoner in the electric chair. It's theater that burns so deep into your soul it becomes reality. Listen to this, you die: Blixa Bargeld's guitar is the deadly electric juice, the rhythm section is the harrowed heart-beat, the mounting violin is the spirit strugglin' toward the light, and Cave's interminable chorus is that final affirmation of faith (and the final failure of affirmation): "And anyway Ah told the truth/And Ah'm afraid Ah told a lie." Nick closes with "New Morning," a Biblical ballad that's, hell, down-

right touching. No mean feat coming from this gaunt and ravaged sleaze-hound. *Tender Prey* is a testament, if not of genius, then of tenacity.

—Erik Davis



**feedtime**  
Cooper-S  
Rough Trade

On their first U.S. release, *Shovel*, feedtime seemed to be poised at a precise midpoint between the drinking-class thud of AC/DC and the art class din of the Birthday Party (fellow Australians both). The attitude was regular-Joe rock'n'roll but the guitar rumpus, the monotonal vocal growl,

# ESCAPE FROM MEDIOCRITY

WITH

# THE ESCAPE C · L · U · B

# WILD WILD W · E · S · T



— their debut album featuring the singles —

“WILD, WILD WEST”  
and  
“SHAKE FOR THE SHEIK”

**DON'T MISS THE ESCAPE CLUB  
ON THEIR FIRST U.S. TOUR NOW!**

Produced by Chris Kimsey for Chris Kimsey Productions Ltd.

Management by U.S. Management Inc./Tony Smith and Paddy Spinks



On Atlantic Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs

© 1988 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Warner Communications Co.

the snapping bass—that is, everything sonically related—was art or, more specifically, what has come to be associated with the a-word. It's an odd juxtaposition feedtime shoves at you—like, those smiles for real or what?

Consider the titles on *Cooper-5*, an album of cover songs here, and you're likely to think feedtime's tipped it's hand. Beyond the e.e. cummings poem set to music (which they might have chosen merely for e.e.'s predilection for lower case letters, for all I know) and one or two others, *Cooper-5* is a collection of beer hall classics including not one but four from pub rock's patron saints, the Stones circa acne. Blasts from the past—you know these songs like you know the AT&T or Pepsi jingles.

So it might be fun to put this on at a party and see who can guess exactly what blast from the past each blast from feedtime is here. Beyond a fairly straight “Last Time” the songs are overhauled to the extent that were it not for the heard-a-billion-times lyrics that occasionally howl over the roar, or roar over the howl, they'd be unrecognizable. The Beach Boys' “Fun, Fun, Fun” grows gonads, big hairy gonads, and lurches forward like a Mohawked Magilla Gorilla after a banana the size of a Yugo. Similarly, the Animals' “We Gotta Get Out of This Place” is a rage and “Play with Fire” explodes on an offbeat into a Stooges-style noise cyclone, then sails home on a saxophone. And a first-album Ramones number, whose presence here seems owed to it, is simply revved into oblivion.

But if you believe the liner notes—and feedtime, with their short hair and beer cans and ‘ya’s for ‘you’s on the dust jacket do seem eminently believable—the aim on *Cooper-5* was to be faithful to the spirit of a pack of songs they truly admire. This is definitely not the (no longer remotely interesting) “check out how hep we are to utter shit” approach as minted by the Replacements and Redd Kross and subsequently copped by everyone else. It's more like, hell, it's more like the Stones doing Chuck Berry. The guitar tricks sound less like experimentation than step-beyond stylization. The beats swing, maybe better than the originals'. And the macho swagger to the vocals is pure overstatement. What I mean to say is feedtime is dead-on here if their stated aim was true, and *Cooper-5* is a legitimate rock'n'roll masterpiece.

It's tempting to view this kind of project as a manifesto, so I have. And I think feedtime may well be, like the bands they cover on *Cooper-5*, the shot of adrenalin rock'n'roll—I mean it veers on ridiculous to use that term as if it means jack anymore—needs at a particularly slack-jawed moment.

—Don Howland

**Kassav'**  
**Vini Pou**  
Columbia

Back when rock'n'roll still toddled, world beat didn't even have a name. It was just a simple game of mix and match: You got Miriam Makeba into a studio with a string section and cut a potpourri of American show tunes, Brazilian bossas, and Israeli folk songs. Or else you got Robert Mitchum into a Hawaiian shirt and had him do an album of calypso covers. (These records *really happened*.) First world met third for the space of an LP and little else came of it but profit.

Nowadays rock'n'roll dodders and world beat is more than a gimmick. Or



*Vini Pou*

so we hear. Enthusiasts call it a shift in global pop paradigms, say it's opening up escape routes from the mire of rock's exhaustion, but it'll take more than the globetrotting eclectics of Paul Simon, Peter Gabriel, David Byrne, et al., to prove that anything has changed since the mix-and-match days.

Fortunately for the enthusiasts, deeper syntheses of first and third world musics have been poking up all over the globe. And now, with the first major label domestic release by French Antillean superstars Kassav', you can check out for yourself the most convincing sign to poke up yet—zouk. Kassav's singlehanded creation, zouk is a sweet, sleek, and telegraphically syncopated marriage of high-tech and traditional.

What makes Kassav' and their consummate party music such prominent heralds of world beat's new order isn't so much their stylistic omnivoraciousness, though that helps. *Vini Pou*, like most of the 25 or so Kassav' records that precede it, throws bits of funk, disco, salsa, soukous, Ghanaian high-life, and even French chanteuserie and arena-rock pyrotechnics into a foundation mix of Franco-Caribbean styles like Haitian cadence and the traditional drumming of Martinique and Guadeloupe, the band's native islands. They've put at least as many stamps in their musical passport as Talking Heads did with their last LP.

But Kassav's real significance lies in the way they fuse these elements. Mixed in Paris under the ace supervision of Kassav' guitarist and arranger Jacob F. Desvarieux, their best records, *Vini Pou* among them, deploy the latest Japanese and American technology in a calculated assault on the listener's pleasure centers. Desvarieux shies away from sampling, but his arrangements follow the same logic as a lot of today's sample-heavy dance music: Why limit a song to just one climax when you can sprinkle them throughout? A perky synth-organ riff gives way to a nice warm horn thingy followed by a sudden swoop from the string section and then maybe a return of the synthesizer in some new disguise—all articulated with the sharpest clarity money can buy and a healthy respect for the beat.

*Vini Pou's* sound falls just short of the multilayered depth of Kassav's halcyon-but-import-only-so-forget-about-it product, but cuts like "Pale Mwen Dous' (Tell Me Sweet Things)" or "Ayen Pa Mòl' (Nothing Is the Matter)" or "Es' Se' An La Fèt' (It Is a Party)" still stand as perfect examples of zouk tactics. Flitting from one micro-orgasmic hook to another, each track wears its intentions on its sleeve, and they are pop's purest: to please the entire world into submission. Not too unrealistic a goal either, since Kassav' are already as big as Michael Jackson in their native islands, France, and in much of Africa, where zouk has by now been amply assimilated into local styles.

This globe-sized case of unabashed upward and outward mobility is what keeps Kassav's borrowings free of the ethnomusicological dust that clings to even the best Anglo-American experiments in one-worldism. It's also why Kassav' defines world beat better than any other artists to have dirtied themselves with the term so far. If the concept has any meaning at all except as a label for rock's search for exotic quick fixes, it is as a name for the creative strategies of young, postcolonial cultures. Drawn to rock and other first world musics as talismans of development, these cultures are yet reluctant to let go of the local forms they've always partied to.

This dilemma has fueled Kassav's pop ambitions from the beginning. On the band's first, 1978 LP, *Love and Ka Dance*, the commingling of discofied Guadeloupean folkloric devices and a hilariously pretentious bel canto interlude hinted awkwardly at the union of Euro sophistication and down-home good times that would become Kassav's trademark. Somewhere between then and now that ungainly mix settled into zouk's fine-tuned tensions—between, say, vocalist Jocelyne Beroard's Edith Piaf-like stylings and the hand-beaten drums that rumble beneath her on *Vini Pou's* "So-leil," between colonizer and

colonized, between ballroom and juke joint. These tensions may not be anything new in the history of popular music, but their worldwide scale is, and Kassav' lives up to that scale.

—Julian Dibbell



Photo: Smith

**James Brown**  
*Motherlode*  
PolyGram

As James Brown awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in the public eye into a wife beater, reckless driver, angry, disturbed man...

Here's an LP of old stuff, *Motherlode*, all (except two remixes) previously unreleased: beloved titles such as "Untitled Instrumental" and "I'm Black and I'm Proud," and unknown ones such as "Can I Get Some Help"—the best of this stuff recorded during his peak years from '65-'70. Real good, given that these are rejects. That they're imperfect—rough drafts, either abandoned or turned into something else—makes hearing them like looking into a painter's sketchbook.

You can hear how this "painter" transforms North American music: Guitars and horns play short, percussive repetitions; the emphasis moves from the backbeat to the offbeats; the musicians play counter to each other rather than only in support—move a drumbeat or change a bassline and you've changed the structure of the song. Organizing it all is his voice. He's like a lead drum, highlighting the other parts nearly as much as they highlight him.

So, "song" stops being a melody and chord progression that you're supposed to follow and becomes, instead, a bunch of relationships among musical elements—which means, in real life, if you're in a band or an audience, "song" becomes not "organized sound" or whatever they tell you it is in school, but a place for hu-



**The record speaks for itself.  
It's his turn to rock.**

*Copperhead Road* (UNI-7) includes the songs "Copperhead Road," "Johnny Come Lately," and "Even When I'm Blue."

*Songs of sorrow and defiance: a rock-inflected... album that takes long chances with big themes, from the ghosts of Viet Nam to romantic burnout, and does them proud.*

—TIME MAGAZINE  
*Critics' Choice*

**Look for  
Steve Earle  
on Tour!**

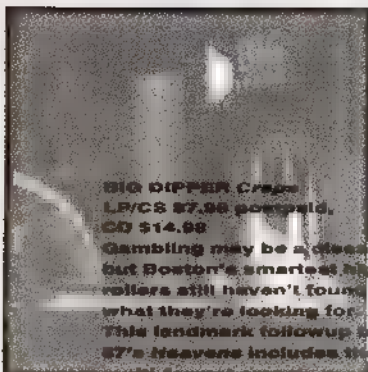


**Co-produced by Steve Earle and Tony Brown.**

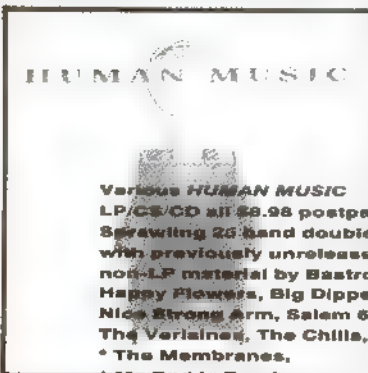
On UNI Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs.

© & © 1988 UNI Records, Inc. Manufactured by MCA Records, Inc. 70 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, California, U.S.A. 91608. WARNING: All rights reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws.

*Homestead  
Records*



**BIG DIPPER** Crave  
LP/CS \$7.98 postpaid,  
CD \$14.98  
Gambling may be a disease,  
but Boston's smartest high  
rollers still haven't found  
what they're looking for.  
This landmark followup to  
87's *Heavens* includes the  
multi-format smash  
"Meet the Witch",  
"Ron Klaus Wrecked His  
House", "Hey! Mr. Lincoln"  
and more examples  
of what we like to  
call "rock music".



**HUMAN MUSIC**  
Various **HUMAN MUSIC**  
LP/CS/CD all \$8.98 postpaid  
Sprawling 26 band double LP  
with previously unreleased &  
new LP material by Bastro,  
Happy Flowers, Big Dipper,  
Nice Strong Arm, Salem 66,  
The Veraines, The Chills,  
• The Membranes,  
• My Dad is Dead,  
Phantom Tollbooth,  
Death of Samantha,  
Antietam, Great Plains,  
The Clean, Tall Dwarfs,  
• GG Allin, Honor Role,  
and special non-Homestead  
guests Yo La Tengo,  
American Music Club,  
Urinals, The Pastels,  
Volcano Suns, Live Skull  
and Half Japanese  
(\* these bands do not  
appear on the CD).

manufactured & distributed by:  
**Dutch East India Trading**  
PO BOX 800, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NY 11771-0800

man contact/connection/conflict. All this must make for interesting tensions in Brown's band, because he's made himself dependent on his sidemen—he's moved them into the foreground, not as soloists or stars of the show, but as the outfront structure of the music.

Album highpoints: A 1970 revamp of a '50s novelty vocal song, "Since You've Been Gone," with the guitar line from "Give It Up Or Turn It Loose" (obvious how "Give It Up" 's bass and guitar parts hook into each other and these don't). An early thrash speed arrangement of "Mother Popcorn." A guitar on "She's The One," working a couple of notes into a small rhythm thing that scrapes around inside my skull.

Headline, September 25, 1988: "JAMES BROWN ARRESTED AFTER 2 STATE CAR CHASE." Well, the guy hasn't had his day in court; the wife beating stories and so on are allegations, not proven fact—but his recent offstage behavior makes my personal fantasy, that within these percussive guitar notes, etc., there might be clues on how to live my life, seem ever more far-fetched.

And if James Brown is the musical model, it's a model that American black popular music hasn't quite been able to take in. Hip hop rhythm tracks, even the ones sampled from JB, tend to clobber the shit out of the backbeat without looking for other rhythmic centers (think of Brown's "Give It Up Or Turn It Loose" as a model for what they're not doing); nor is hip hop really willing to move background into foreground. And black pop/dance music as a whole hasn't found a way of intergrading Brown's radical funk into melody-type song (which apparently very few people want to abandon); so, on the charts we've mainly got song-with-semifunk-background (e.g. "Mercedes Boy," "The Right Stuff"). James Brown is perhaps the insoluble problem of modern music: it's the music; you can't avoid it, but you can't quite use it—uncompromised—either.

—Frank Kagan

**7 Seconds  
Ourselves  
Restless**

For any band that makes the evolution from hardcore to aboveboard, there comes a time when all your most cherished preconceptions must be peeled away. 7 Seconds have irrevocably made that leap with this album and the results do them justice. It does take some getting used to, though.

7 Seconds started out with the '81 EP "Skins, Brains, and Cuts" and an attitude to match—they were smart, compassionate, fast and hard. Burning out of Reno, Nevada, this power trio (Kevin Seconds, Troy Mowat and

Steve Youth) was one of the few hardcore bands that attracted a truly diverse audience. Most importantly, girls were into them too, and I'm not going to insult the intelligence of his many female fans by taking the Dan Quayle route and suggesting that this was just because Kevin's pretty cute. No, it was because he was one of the first to write sensitive and thoughtful HC songs. People who didn't usually listen to hardcore could empathize with what he was saying and you could dive off the stage to it as well—and with "Trust" they had hardcore's first credible love song.

In time, they grew from their Reno beginnings to become one of the foremost bands in the national punk underground. Their message was about unity in diversity, about avoiding the obsessions of drugs and alcohol. It was a real breath of fresh air, a welcome reversal of the self-destructive Sid Vicious punk stereotype.

Then, starting with 1986's *New Wind* album, the positive philosophy became more important than the hardcore sound. U2 replaced Minor Threat as the band's sonic benchmark. The results were . . . interesting, anyway. It required some adjustment for ears used to their trademark stop-and-go rhythms, their megatons-a-minute intensity.

This poppy new wind blows hardest on *Ourselves*. There are plenty of ringing harmonies and neat lines, but where's the rumbling bass we've come to love? Kevin's voice has more telltale signs of Bono-adulation than ever, somewhat to the detriment of his own distinctive style, and the U2 references abound on "The Save Ourselves" and "Middleground." That's not to say at all that it's a bad album; it's fun, fast and smart—a pleasant alternative to mall-born pop slush and three-time losers retreading Dolls riffs. However, *Ourselves* never really seems to rise to the challenge of a gorgeous elegy called "Sleep" that closes out side one. A majestic, brooding, stately instrumental full of sadness and controlled anger, it's the most mature thing 7 Seconds has ever pulled off.

Lyrical, as ever, 7 Seconds are prime with hope, determination and politics of the most naive and idealistic kind (just the way I like it). In a 1988 replete with regression to the basest forms of political and social venality, it's good that someone sings words like, "When men are monsters, killing, dying/I will work myself for peace." If 7 Seconds could only meld Kevin's vision at its best to the majesty of Steve's "Sleep"—that would be something to believe in. It'd be the next logical step in 7 Seconds' growth.

—Adam Greenfield

*The Original Concept.*

**The Original Concept**  
*Straight from the Basement of*  
**Kooley High**  
**Def Jam**

Back in the days when rap was hip hop, talk was cheap. At its mid-'70s roots hip hop was a DJ's art, more concerned with fascination than meaning, more concerned with the surface of sound and the madness of rhythm than any lyrical content. Rappers were little more than glorified masters of ceremonies employed to embellish the mix with a few phrases of "hotel/motel" nursery-rhyme-style doggerel.

When we revere the original legends of hip hop we think of Kool Herc, Afrika Bambaataa, and Grandmaster Flash—all DJs. Who remembers that Coke La Rock was Kool Herc's main rapper? How times change. These days you buy a record by Salt-n-Pepa, not by their DJ Spinderella; you go see a concert by L.L. Cool J not Cut Cre-

Public Enemy's Chuck D has become rap's first rock'n'roll savior—a figure like Bono or Springsteen whose importance is judged by what is said in press interviews as much as by what is felt in the grooves—is the measure of Def Jam's success. What is heard is inevitably listened to in terms of the chatter that now surrounds the music.

Ironic then that the latest Def Jam release is by a DJ crew rather than a rap crew, the debut album by Long Island's Original Concept. Unlike a Public Enemy or Run D.M.C. album, *Straight from the Basement of Kooley High* boasts little in the way of "songs" but consists mainly of sonic fragments strung together, not that far removed from a break beat source record. "Psychodustrip" is a stoned 30-second guitar salvo and even a track entitled "Running Yo' Mouth" is guided not by what trips from the lubricated lips of T-Money ("vocals and other disturbing noises") and Rapper Gee ("vocals and Georgetown Jacket



ator; you read an interview with Chuck D not Terminator X. The balance of power has shifted to such a degree that the Spinderella who recorded "Push It" is not the same Spinderella who recorded "I'll Take Your Man" and nobody cares.

The responsibility for this transformation of hip hop into rap lies with Def Jam and the way they've marketed their records with the emphasis on the rapper rather than the DJ. This stroke of genius translated hip hop/rap into rock terms by creating a central figure that was akin to the singer in rock—the singer/rapper as the bearer of meaning and the rallying point for celebrity attention. Def Jam made rap significant by turning hip hop (a *minor language* that was essentially a singles medium, where the individual meaning a rapper brought to the music hardly mattered in the face of the pulsating noise machine laid down by the DJ) into rap (a *major language* that is essentially an album medium focused on the personality and style of the individual rapper). The way in which

Wearing Mutha"), but by the turntable manipulations of Doctor Dré and Easy G Rockwell. The raps are merely another element in the mix, no more or less important than the texture of the drum sound.

It's obvious that the Original Concept love sound with a passion, love to hear noises vibrate, shudder, collapse, crack open, mutate, disperse, slacken. If you were forced to judge this album by its lyrical content, then you would have to conclude that the combined IQ's of the Original Concept would barely reach room temperature. At one point an obviously white interviewer asks Doctor Dré, "There's a certain level of intellectual stimulation that one needs in a relationship, I'm sure. So with that in mind, what is it that you look for in a woman to truly excite you?" There's a pause for a moment before Doctor Dré bellows, "BIG BREASTS." The Original Concept have nothing to say and a brilliantly seismic way of saying it.

—Frank Owen

**"RAKIM IS THE RAPPER  
 WHO MAKES MY BLOOD  
 RUN COLD."**—Greg Tate,  
*Village Voice*



**ERIC B. & RAKIM**

**"FOLLOW THE LEADER"** Unit-3

**THE URBAN SOUNDTRACK OF THE YEAR!**

One of 1988's most explosive albums. Includes the hit singles "Follow the Leader" and "Microphone Fiend" plus "Put Your Hands Together" and "The R."



**RUSH**  
THE ORIGINAL CONCEPT

© 1988 UNI Records, Inc. Manufactured by MCA Records Inc.  
 70 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, CA 91608

**UNI**  
**RECORDS**

## Scrawl He's Drunk Rough Trade

This trio of post-lib role models hails from a college town (Columbus, Ohio), and if that don't bug you I wonder where you've been. Exciting muzik died on the un(derground)iversity level many moons ago; the radio format perpetrated there is the most thermodynamically entropic lie ever, smug stagnation via uniformly random conservatory-crap for dweebs who can't dance. Lately, I wonder if it's possible anymore for anti-estab/grass roots whiteys to make a noise that matters. Usually, I'm convinced we oughta weasel onto the guest list, smuggle in radios and drown out alternative amps art-terrorism-wise with Guns N' Roses and Tiffany.

Not today, though. Scrawl's not post-modernly "ironic," they don't make a worldview of their sloppiness, they make me laugh without trying too hard at it, they don't pretend to be smarter (or dumber) than they are, they generally see no reason to pile words evasively, and they don't turn themselves into cartoons. Can't get much more direct than "I'm sad/I'm so fucking sad" like Marcy Mays wept on *Plus, Also, Too* last year. Like nearly none of their club-scam competition, Scrawl's so baloney-free you know they've gotta construct from some emotional (and intellectual, too) base.

Which is to say that their non-contradictory tough-mindedness, vulnerability, and non-coy moments-of-desperation indicate they've lived some and are living now. They don't cover that eco-freak dream-weaver "Rocky Top" as camp. The songs on *He's Drunk* (which lacks the staggering peaks of its predecessor, but has fewer holes) ain't lit-shit; you can almost always understand what they're about. And when you find out, you're surprised: "Breaker, Breaker" is probably the first woman-trucker tribute ever (take that, Dave Dudley!), plus it's got a hot-mama Velvet-metal riff; "Let It All Hang Out" ain't the Hom-bres rap that Flavor Flav oughta remake but rather an (I hope unsarcastic) ode to mall-life ("hang out" being what one does there)—"Black clothes/White tan/That's the way I catch my man." Elsewhere, you spend all last month's pay, you wait in line, your sisters move away, your friends cling to humans with penises, and you empty kegs of green beer and steal six-packs on St. Patrick's Day. I think these ladies were Catholics once, but I'm not sure.

I mentioned holes and there are some. "Small Day," "Major Minor," maybe "Which One Are You" and both side openers muffle meanings into slogans that mean less than they mean to, causing me to yearn for Rosanne Cash or Sa-Fire or Salt-n-Pepa or Girlschool and wonder why col-



Scrawl: The last, best hope for Columbus, Ohio.

lege towns make even smart people so stingy with energy, invention, and enthusiasm. This should've been an EP. Scrawl's feet-stuck funk-attempts and formlessly sleepy non-pop-"pop" tendencies and choppy chantwriting hark back to such smashers-of-rock-'n'-roll's-feminine-mystique as the Au Pairs and Raincoats (making Scrawl the first Rough Traders in eons who really belong there), but they also unintentionally make for a more static sort of linearity than anything else I've liked lately. Scrawl may be more "original" than Rock City Angels, but they're not as hungry.

Nonetheless, this remains honest and ambitious stuff. When Mays's axe builds to a roar, and even when her minimal folkstrums help these flat, husky scraggly voices join together into some impeccably pretty mountain-harmonizing, I stand up and cheer Right On Sisters Take Back the Night. Scrawl's fellow buckeye Christie Hynde oughta be as proud as them bolshevik *Wanna Buy a Bridge* forefoms. Though o'course, to hear Scrawl tell it, they'd just as soon kick back to that Head East album with the pancakes on it. Living too long in a campusburg can do that to a person.

—Chuck Eddy

## Etta James Seven Year Itch Island

Etta James's voice is a stocky instrument, full and sure. She inhabits her R&B world with a stout assurance, slamming out notes in a style meant to banish neurosis, to externalize pain. That this classic singer also manages to carve fine nuances within her bold style is what guarantees her a comfy spot in the R&B firmament—right alongside Aretha, Otis, Levi, Smokey, and Wilson.

Too bad she's never been able to pull in the big bucks like those hot shots. At least now, though, she's on a roll. Last year she tore the face off "Rock 'n' Roll Music" in the Chuck Berry tribute movie, earlier this year MCA unleashed an awesome best-of LP which collected her late '60s Chess hits, and now she's got her first (semi) major label album in some seven years out on Island. It's to die for.

For one thing, the album plays potent tricks with history. It was recorded in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, where, 21 years ago, James cut such signature Chess hits as "Tell Mama" or "I'd Rather Go Blind." Also, it's produced by Barry Beckett, keyboardist on the James '60s classics. The result erases time. The album literally sounds like it was cut minutes after James' earlier hits; the concessions to modern pro-

duction make the sound cleaner, not slicker. Better yet, unlike recent yupified attempts by Steve Winwood and Aretha Franklin to recapture the classic R&B sound, *Seven Year Itch* hasn't a trace of cynicism. Instead of looking back, Etta is simply sticking to her guns.

That commitment informs every track on the album. James re-does Otis's "I Got the Will" with a soulful muscularity, punching out every line like a command. The musical backup is equally assured, from the chunky rhythm section in "Shaky Ground," to the rousing horn punctuations in "Breakin' Up Somebody's Home." The choice of material is likewise first-rate, including vintage odes ("It Ain't Always What You Do") as well as contemporary ballads ("One Night"). The latter presents an unusually soft, yearning side of James. More often, though, the singer pushes her frustration outward. Even an alleged self-revelation like "The Jealous Kind" becomes less an apology than a declaration. In the process James smashes gender expectations, rejecting the usual female pitfall of turning anger inward. With a persona that defined, bolstered by a voice this strong, Etta James, at 50, is doing something unique: She's making the kind of R&B we thought could only come from ghosts.

—Jim Farber

**The Three Johns**  
*The Death of Everything*  
 Caroline

England's furiously fun-lovin' didactic fumbler the Three Johns may have just turned in the definitive acid punk recording. Their new LP, *The Death of Everything*, cuts the purgative blasting-cap fury of vintage punk loose from its leaden moorings and sets it free to float amidst a host of brain tickling sonic incongruities.

On tunes such as "Fast Fish," part-time Mekon Jon Langford skips beefy-hearted slide guitar lines like hunks of greased radium across surfaces tense with frantic drumbox beats and rhythm guitar brouhaha. It's weird without being arty, danceable without being noticeably discofied and loud without being doctrinaire punk. It's real cool. To top it off, singer John Hyatt gibbers, croons 'n' shouts in a cracked, manic voice that recalls Pete Shelly, Marc Bolan, and Peter Perrett (of the late, great Only Ones) all at once. Add to that consciously kooky lyrics that pre-suppose leftist commitments—so only fellow travelers get all the punchlines—and you got yourself a screaming slab of post-punk abdashism that no one else is likely to beat for a long damned time.

—Howard Wuelfing, Jr.

**Toots Hibbert**  
*Toots in Memphis*  
 Mango

Seeing reggae as a pure music that comes strictly out of Jamaica's mento-ska-rocksteady tradition is about as nearsighted as viewing rock as some kinda whitebred creation that ain't got nothing to do with blues or Otis Blackwell. Reggae's roots are as much in the Nyabingi drumming of Count Ossie as in the vocal styles of Sam Cooke, Brook Benton, and the Temptations. This is the music that was played on Jamaican radio in the '50s and '60s and that largely tuned JA singers into

the global village of pop music.

Though Toots Hibbert was born in Jamaica, his voice has always sounded like its been relocated from the Nashville soul circuit to a Mandeville soul revival. His work with the Maytals from the early '60s to the early '80s ran the gamut of JA pop music while never losing track of the other vocal traditions that shot through them. For that, the Maytals became a formidable formal force. But with reggae coming into its own, the soulful singers played second turntable to the dancehall DJs and culture rebels, leaving Toots the sparse crumbs of college and revival-for-survival gigs.

*Toots in Memphis* returns Toots to his soul roots and re-projects his raw sound into the reggae pantheon. Like the best of the Stax/Volt and Hi soul it draws from (Otis Redding, Al Green, Ann Peebles, O.V. Wright, Eddie Floyd), it chills and thrills you through the ecstasy, passion, and pain of living life's changes. Toots's resilient rasp resonates throughout and little else is lacking: *Memphis* wields arrangement finesse, staying power, and above all pure grit, which is a lot to say for an album of covers. The indefatigable Sly and Robbie and a host of Memphis-area musicians who played on the originals pull it off with a cleverness that captures the ambience and temperament of the soul/reggae nexus.

From the time Toots launches into Otis's "I've Got Dreams to Remember" until the album's bitter-sweet end ("See It My Way"), you're compelled to treat each cover like Hendrix's "All Along the Watchtower": While the original is moving, the reinterpretation—bearing a whole new standard—matters more. On *Memphis*, no one song stands out the way Hendrix's does; to get the full feeling of one, you've got to hear them all together, as a sonic patch-work spanning the stylistic breadth of soul. Here the concept of "cover" is transformed to "re-cover"—recover past songs to remake a musical future.

—Ben Mapp



**Talk Talk**  
*Spirit Of Eden*  
 EMI

Escape into the Edenic dream world of Talk Talk, somewhere between Pink Floyd's *Animals* and Yes' *Topographic Oceans*. On their fourth release, this British trio casts aside synthesizers for the real thing: orchestra and choir fill all the gaps with rich, genuine sounds. Perfectly at home with art rock of the early '70s, *Spirit Of Eden* is a horrified reaction to the glitzy, synth-coated

pop of 1988. This is an organic wall of sound, a fragile attempt to blanket life's rough edges with celestial voices more fitting for a church service than a dance floor. "Desire" breathes a wet, heavy sigh onto listeners. When sound comes, it crashes: guitars, bass, drums beat down a torrent of angry rain. Then, just as suddenly, it subsides. A rainbow of sound materializes and the storm is calmed. Once again, all is hushed, quiet.

—Staci Bonner

**Little Suttys Quest for Music** by Mark Blackwell



# SINGLES

Column  
by John Leland

**O**n Halloween night, 1983, Tyrone Williams returned to his car on a Brooklyn street and found a teenager ripping off the windshield. Williams is a solid, stocky man, a former varsity football player at Howard University. In choosing this car to burglarize, Shawn Moltke, a fledgling hood from the Queensbridge housing projects, made a natural mistake. It wasn't his first; he'd been to four high schools in the last four years, three of which he'd spent in the ninth grade. But it was a mistake nonetheless.

On the drive to the precinct house, Williams and a mildly damaged Moltke talked about music. Williams was a high school sports reporter for New York's only black-owned and operated AM radio station, and manager of Mr. Magic, the city's top hip hop radio deejay. Moltke, it turned out, was M.C. Shan, a rapper with the face of an angel and the rhymes of an assassin. They drove by the precinct house, and Williams gave Moltke his phone number and told him to call after he got his diploma or GED.



Dale Gribble

Five years later, turbulent years, M.C. Shan is one of the players in Williams's Cold Chillin' records, a house of rap as tight and potent as any in town. Since December of 1984, when 14-year-old Roxanne Shanté changed the shape and marketing strategies of the music with "Roxanne's Revenge," Cold Chillin' and its performing roster, the Juice Crew All Stars, have turned out hit records for Shanté, Shan, Biz Markie, Kool G. Rapp and Polo, Marley Marl, and Big Daddy Kane. With Marley Marl as house producer and Kane as staff lyricist, the All Stars haven't crossed over, but like Boogie Down Productions, they've produced some of the genre's toughest, most uncompromising music.

Because of the relative inexperience of its performers and the volatility of its audience, hip hop tends to favor dynasties, machines that can turn out good records with some consistency. If the one-shot is still the vital saint of the music, the machines are what give it legs. In the beginning there was Sugar Hill, with its staff writers, backup band, and producers who

set the early deep funk sound of the genre. Then when Afrika Bambaataa made the jump from the Paul Winley label and dropped "Planet Rock" in April of 1982, there was Tommy Boy records with a new sound: Bambaataa and producer Arthur Baker's fusion of Kraftwerk's electronics and trance grooves with utopian raps. Run-DMC's "Sucker M.C.'s," a hard rap with a harder, slow beat, ushered in the machinery of Rush Productions, the father of Def Jam, and a shift in gears: middle-class suburban b-boys like L.L. Cool J, Hollis Crew, Original Concept, and Public Enemy, who came off stronger and less upwardly mobile than their urban counterparts. With the convictions that white audiences either didn't want to be pandered to or didn't much count, the Rush and Def Jam groups crossed over without trying to; it was one middle class talking to another.

The Juice Crew All Stars are another kind of posse. Marley Marl's productions are a whirl of contradictions: complex but dirty-sounding, sometimes grating just for the fun of it, care-

fully constructed but not quite street legal. Marley takes credit for launching the current mode of building rap records out of digital samples from old break records with his productions of Eric B. and Rakim's "Eric B. Is President" and M.C. Shan's "The Bridge" in the summer of 1986, and his work in the style has been among the most elegant and innovative. But he has used it to create both chaos and groove, signal and noise. The Juice Crew rappers, meanwhile, often seem as troubled as they are talented. On Biz Markie's brilliant "Vapors," lyricist Big Daddy Kane writes his own biography: "Around his neighborhood people treated him bad/And said he was the worst thing his moms ever had/They said he would grow up to be nothing but a hoodlum/Or either in jail, or someone would shoot him." Solidly underground, the Cold Chillin' posse are the L.A. Raiders of hip hop.

Biz Markie can claim their most definitive single, "The Vapors," and Roxanne Shanté their fiercest attitude piece, "Have a Nice Day." But Big Daddy Kane is the label's star, the best new rapper on the scene, not to mention one of the better dancers. A document of exemplary arrogance ("E-e-e-even if I stutter I'ma still come off") and bone-mill grit ("We'll go rhyme for rhyme/Word for word, verse for verse/Get you a nurse/Too late, get you a hearse"), Kane's album, **Long Live the Kane**, is as masterful and lasting as Public Enemy's. On his new single, "I'll Take You There," he draws a vision of heaven that by exclusion defines hell on earth, and promises to take listeners to a utopia where "Ethiopians can eat at Red Lobster for free." Lead on, Big Daddy.

#### THE A-LIST:

- Todd Terry Project**, "Just Wanna Dance"/"Weekend" (Fresh)
- De La Soul**, "Potholes on My Lawn" (Tommy Boy)
- Rob Base & DJ EZ-Rock**, "Get on the Dancefloor" (Profile)
- M.C. Shan**, "I Pioneered This" (Cold Chillin'/Warner)
- Bangles**, "In Your Room" (Columbia)
- Public Enemy**, "Night of the Living Baseheads" (Def Jam/Columbia)
- Stetsasonic**, "Talkin' All That Jazz" (Tommy Boy)



*Special*

**A FIRST ON HOME VIDEO...  
THE LYNYRD SKYNYRD  
TRIBUTE TOUR!**

**Ten years later... the magic, the emotion,  
the music are captured on tape for all time...**

**CABIN FEVER**  
ENTERTAINMENT INC.

**I**t's the long awaited celebration of a musical era; the renaissance of one of America's best-loved bands. Charlie Daniels narrates this compelling home video, taking you on the road, back stage and back home with the band, in a series of in-depth, first-time personal interviews that bring new meaning to the group's music.



*Charlie Daniels: Your host, a fan, a friend.*

Plus, this one-of-a-kind home video dramatically captures the band's power and passion during live performances nationwide, featuring classic hits, including "Free Bird", "Sweet Home Alabama", and more. It's a collector's video you'll want to see and hear again and again; *only* from Cabin Fever Entertainment!

**[ Includes vintage film footage of the 1977 Lynyrd Skynyrd band, which includes Ronnie Van Zant, Allen Collins, Steve and Cassie Gaines. ]**

The excitement is as close as your phone...so call today and bring it all back home. Think about it: For a little more than the price of a concert ticket, you've got dynamic performances that'll never end! Idea: order copies for friends or for all-occasion gifts.

To order by credit card, call the toll-free number, or fill-out and mail the coupon today. Just \$29.95 per tape, plus \$4.00 postage and handling for the first tape; \$2.00 postage/handling for each additional tape.

Note: A portion of the proceeds from sales of this video will be donated in support of The Miami Project To Cure Paralysis.

**TO ORDER NOW  
CALL TOLL FREE  
1-800-55-FEVER**

(1-800-553-3837)

24 hrs a day, 7 days a week, for credit card orders,  
or fill out order form and mail today.

**Important:** If coupon is missing, please send check/money order, payable to Cabin Fever, for \$29.95 per tape plus \$4.00 shipping/handling for first tape; \$2.00 shipping/handling each additional tape. To: Lynyrd Skynyrd Tribute Tour, Dept. M18001, P.O. Box 2650, Greenwich, CT. 06836-2650.



**MAIL TO:**

**LYNYRD SKYNYRD TRIBUTE TOUR**

PO Box 2650, Greenwich, CT 06836-2650

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Check/Money Order enclosed, payable to Cabin Fever, for \$29.95 per tape plus \$4.00 shipping/handling for the first tape; \$2.00 shipping/handling each additional tape.

Total number of tapes ordered.  VHS  BETA

Bill my credit card # \_\_\_\_\_

Visa  MasterCard

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. (M18001)

# UNDERGROUND

Human Hands, Idiot, RMF,  
High Sheriff Ricky Barnes & the Hoot Owls,  
Zero Pop, Sandy Bull, Urge Overkill,  
Walking Seeds.

Column by  
Byron Coley

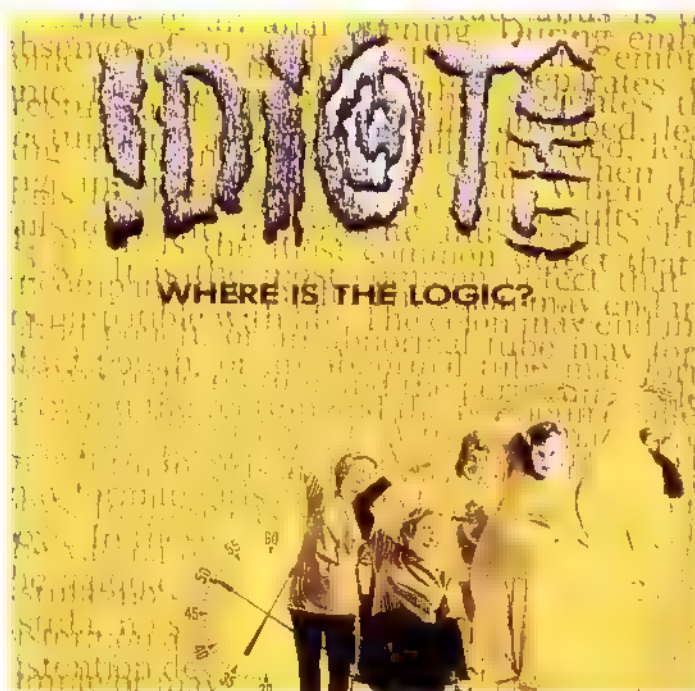
I'd like to dedicate this column to the memory of David Wiley—a wildman and hail-fellow-well-met whose vocals and presence lent shape to the Consumers (an Arizona punk band whose sole single, recorded for Dangerhouse, remains unreleased) and the **Human Hands**. I didn't know David well, but I admired his mentalness quite a bit and hope that others draw inspiration from it. He deserves to be missed.

At this late date I can't recall whether or not the Human Hands were part of the long-gone (and possibly imaginary) Associated Skull Bands of Los Angeles. But given that the other members included Monitor, the Bpeople and Nervous Gender, it's a distinct possibility that the Hands were involved with the guild. Throughout the late '70s, while other young Angelinos flailed into their instruments' wobbling maws to produce the finest punk rock this planet has ever heard, these other bands lived inside of punk's energy umbrella without ever resorting to its viler tactics. Regardless of their unique qualities, the Human Hands (as well as the other noted bands) came and went without too many people outside of the SoCal punk scene ever knowing they'd existed. Hopefully the release of a new Hands LP, *Hereafter* (Starkman, 544 Mateo, L.A., CA 90013), will help to rectify this foul situation.

Collecting the band's wayward singles and compilation tracks, plus a few previously unreleased things, *Hereafter* is a testament to the possibilities of pop sophistication in the new wave (so-called) before the craven dance club mentality and wannabe-Knackism ripped the guts out of

the form. The Human Hands were an early American attempt at creating an urgent post-punk music that melded experimental-AOR-pop elements (*la la* Eno-era Roxy Music) with the techno-punk of the Screemers and the garage-Beef freakouts of the Los Angeles Free Music Society. In fact, core Hands members Dennis Duck and Rick Potts (now with Dream Syndicate and Steaming Coils, respectively) were also heavily involved with the formative efforts of the L.A.F.M.S. But if the band's sonics on this disk are specifically comparable to anyone, it would have to be 100 Flowers (whom they anticipated in the same way that the Urinals anticipated the Minutemen). This collection of the Hands' most accessible material has a fine chunky jump, and if you close your eyes maybe you can conjure a vision of David Wiley's spiny gyros. If not, be sorry.

Once I got over the fact that the song called "Plastic Jesus" on the **Idiot's** new LP, *Where Is the Logic?* (Doodoo, 668 Alcatraz, Oakland, CA 94609), was not a cover of the Ed Sanders classic, I was easily able to "get into" this rather cunning disk. Having only previously heard the jokey half of a seven-inch they shared with Vomit Launch, I was fairly unprepared for an album that lived up to its handsome "born without a asshole" graphics, but the **Idiot's** autonomous debut does just that. Sure, these Bay Area wise-aces first impress you as post-college Pucks bounding through your living room wearing dumb hats and ass-feathers, but they end up coming across as cagey stylistic cross-dressers. Their ability to swing from the dizzyly psychedelic, Can-oid pop-smub



of "Adrenalin" to the dunky Leaving-Trains-if-they-were-on-Flying-Nun puh of "Walking with Big Steps" is quite commendable. Especially when you remember that you're dealing with jokers. And you are. Hurrah!

The first known recording by the **Reverb Motherfuckers** is *Route 666* (Masterday Up, available through NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012), which has so much going for it that I was ready to slobber over it long before I actually played it. The band's lovely monniker, the buttery title of their LP, the album's elegant silk-screened jacket, the fact that it comes in a numbered edition of 666 and contains a song based on Philip K. Dick's excellent *Dr. Bloodmoney*—these are the sorts of factors that set my bowels aquakin' long before needle hits groove. But don't fret that mere appearance-of-goodness haunts this LP's corridors, 'cause it don't. These left-field rock wahoos cut their guitar-sledge-overdrive with cascades of tape-looped hellation and barrel along in a straighter punker-novelty format that resembles Couch Flambeau jamming with Shockabilly. And it never gets quite as wild as that match-up probably would, but it hovers so nicely on the very edge of collapse that it's one pretty player, pal-o-

Most country music huffs like Freddie Exley on steroids. Every schoolboy and schoolgirl knows that. Every once in a while, though, a piece of verifiable C&W that's rough and Okie enough to make your thumb smoke comes whooping over the hill. Such a record has just appeared. And at its best it is so "unclean" that it makes "Cueball" Yoakum's LPs sound like original cast recordings of *Li'l Abner*. *Lost Track of Time* (Okra, 1992B N. High St., Columbus, OH 43201), by **High Sheriff Ricky Barnes & the Hoot Owls**, sounds like four sodden hillbillies popping dream-corks over a bucket of white gravy laced with Mello-Corn. The Hoot Owls were the inspiration for the original Gibson Bros., and the similarities between the bands are copious: firmly staggering rhythms, rough 'n' sturdy root guitar, lyrics that comprehend the pleasures bohob find in bottles, obvious joy in the creation of a good song, etc. *Lost Track* is made up of the cream of two distinctly different recording sessions—the first in 1982, the other in 1987 or so—and the tunes from the later date lack a bit of the barky surface so abundantly evident on the earlier tracks. They also lack the burn-it-up-burn-down wordsmithing of Jackie Cupid, whose pen fueled the band at the beginning of its career. This is not



to disparage the later stuff, which is closer to a mainline hippie-country thing that could've developed in the early '70s (but didn't) and would've made the whole field seem like non-shit. I just prefer my dogmeat raw. Okay?

The other combos with which the internationalist trio **Zero Pop** shares members make for an impressive list. Guitarist Mark Howell is currently affiliated with New York's sensational *Better Than Death* (whose *Swimman* LP, on *Lost*, is one of this year's finest post-category pop efforts); saxophone/keyboard player Bruno Meillier played with Etron Fou during their mid-period quartet days and records with a variety of Rock In Opposition types; European drummer Jim Meneses was on Zeena Parkin's recent wailer, as was American drummer Ikue Mori, who is probably best known for her tenure with New York's

seminal jazz destroyers, DNA. Pile all of these names on top of each other, apply pressure with both hands, peel slowly, and you'll find Zero Pop's first LP, *All the Big Mystics* (Rec Rec import, available through Rift, PO Box 663, NYC 10002). The album finds the trio (only one drummer plays at a time) borrowing some of the most listenable elements from many of the aforementioned units and combining them with a remarkable, untagable brand of Euroamerican criss-cross. Isolated moments may sound like hybridized chunks of '85-style Men & Volts plugged into '87-style Mofungo, reacting to horn lines recorded for an unfinished Hatfield & the North carnival-tribute record. *All the Big Mystics* is quite low-key for all that—ruffling you up in cases where others might decide to clobber you—but it's a genuine eccentric pleasure and well worth investigation.

In the decade and a half since his last release, the rumor circulated that **Sandy Bull** had died. After a string of generally brilliant albums on Vanguard, the guitarist seemed to disappear into air. Thus, it was a real pleasant surprise when Bull showed up with Don Cherry at McCabe's Guitar Workshop in Santa Monica a few years back, and it's a fuggin' treat that he's finally got some new tunes available. I'm not that thrilled that his label (ROM, PO Box 491212, L.A., CA 90049) has opted to release *Jukebox School of Music* only on CD and cassette, but I'll learn to live with it. *Jukebox* is something like a diary of Sandy's musical thoughts over the last decade or so. At the risk of being called a Luddite, I'll state my prefer-

ence for those tracks which recall the guitarist's previous output. On the tracks where he plays in a primarily acoustic setting (mostly on guitar, oud, or sarod), Bull's sound is a wonderful meeting between American Primitivism (Fahey, Basho, Lang, etc.) and the Eastern tunings and structures of the Indian master, Brij Bhushan Kabra. Especially when this brand of attack is combined with the drumming of Ornette Coleman's longtime sideman Billy Higgins, the results are breathtaking—humanly felt, deeply contemplative crystalline structures that float as well as any amphetamine gazelle ever sighted. The same is not necessarily true of those cuts on which computerized backing adds an artificial patina to the proceedings, but the "high" parts of this are so heavenly that I wouldn't dream of not recommending it.

The first time that I heard Glen Campbell perform "Wichita Lineman" I became so excited that I ruined a new suede jacket with vomit. My desire to void while hearing Jimmy Webb's very successful composition was weeded out of me via psychotherapy, however, and it's a good thing it was. Reason being that the latest disc by Chicago's **Urge Overkill** is a 45 that features that comely tune and an original called "Head On" (Touch & Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625). And as I've grown rather fond of Urge's gently surging feedback-enhancement of the thing, I'm glad that the treatment took. There's much pleasure to be had in listening to the three dour lunks in the band transform themselves into creatures capable of throwing out man-sized portions of

guitar-boot, rhythm-thump action that sounds nothing like any other Chitown band of the decade. They grab the songs like big tubes of toothpaste, squeeze out every last squirt of melody and overtone, and spread the mess all over your head. That I need no longer upchuck to stomach their material is just icing.

About the **Walking Seeds** I know very little. They're from England, they can raise an enormous flaming sheet of ruckus way up over your head, their new LP, *Upwind of Disaster, Downwind of Atonement* (Glass, import), was produced by Brooklynite hairboy Kramer. Those are the facts, the rest is speculation. The Walking Seeds make a siked-up, post-hardcore sorta guitar noise that has roughly the same relationship to skinhead speed-bup and non-pub power blooze that Pussy Galore's siked-up post-hardcore sorta guitar noise does. The Seeds, however, lack Pussy G's heavily intellectualized, pampered-brat approach to the genre. These guys throw themselves at the mung curtain (seemingly) because they're too far gone to do otherwise. And if that isn't the purest goddamn motivation inside the whole R&R shebang, I'd like to know what is. And this modus may mean that the Seeds' crumbly Sixties pastiche, "Louie Louie Louie," isn't as holistically mean and on-target as Pussy's Stoness-vorns, but that doesn't mean squat. Does it hurl and slobber? Yes. Does it skuck and gibber? Yes again. Can you ask for a whole lot more? I doubt it.

Send absolutely any kind of recorded matter except for cassettes to P.O. Box 301, W. Somerville, MA 02144. ☺



ever live up to that. That first record just had the most ridiculous promise on it.

*Speaking of that first wave, didn't the Nasty Bucks play at one of the first shows the B-52's did?*

Yeah. They really were good. They were hysterically entertaining. I remember me and Michaelson sitting in the back right before we played, laughing so hard tears were not just welling up, but rolling out of our eyes. Fred did the poem version of "There's a Moon in the Sky Called the Moon." It was just unbelievable. It looked like LSD.

After the Bucks, Baird played in a group called the Rabbits. Their only real distinction was being the first band to play the 688 Club, sort of the CBGB of the South. The Rabbits were one of those new wave pop bands. They didn't last. This was in the spring of 1980.

By the fall, Baird was looking for something to do. About the same time, Richards's group, the Desperate Angels, was falling apart and, to make matters worse, the B-52's second album was being released by Warner Brothers. It was not a good time for two rock guitarists.

The night John Lennon got killed, Richards, David Michaelson, and bassist Keith Christopher were sitting in an Atlanta bar when they heard the news. After ordering more drinks, they headed to a nearby club to jam. Something clicked and the three kept getting together. Two weeks later Baird,

Michaelson's friend from the Nasty Bucks, showed up at one of their rehearsals. The chemistry between Baird and Richards was obvious. It wasn't long before the Satellites were a band.

In less than a month, rehearsing in the Barbeque Kitchen basement and sharing the space with the Brains, the Satellites worked up enough old favorites—building on old riffs, working 'em inside out, over, under, sideways, down—to give the band enough material to keep 'em rolling all night long anywhere they could play. After sporadic shows here and there, they booked the extended Monday night engagement at Hedgen's and began accumulating a small, faithful cast of characters at every show. Some nights the audience was the show. If you weren't looking at the girls who used to come parading through the bar in their spandexed rock'n'roll finery—they weren't there to dance, like those at the front of the stage in "Eat the Rich" T-shirts, but were there to rock in another way—chances were, you'd end up watching the guys in the crowd who would invariably get onstage by the night's end. Everybody, or so it seemed, would jam with the Satellites.

After a while, Hedgen's and the Satellites became synonymous, not unlike the Velvet Underground and The Dam, but probably more like the Ramones and CBGB. The bar became some sort of community center for the rock'n'roll misbegotten while the band churned out the soundtrack. Yet, as much as you'd think some people lived to see the band at the beginning of each working week, they were just the Satellites, just some local group that

seemed to have a new line-up every couple of months. It was usually a vacancy in the bass position, as Baird, Richards, and Michaelson sweated it out. Nevertheless, whoever was onstage with them, whether as a member of the band (the Satellites have had twelve different line-ups) or joining in a loose jam, they were always that band with guys you could find after a set sitting at the bar or hanging around out back.

The Satellites were also the band that A&R guys used to overlook as part of the job definition. The guys with the power to give musicians the chance to sign on the line were looking for the "next big thing" whenever they came to Atlanta, not a throwback to all that once was good about rock'n'roll. They heard the Satellites demo tapes; they passed. They saw the band live; they passed. (One label exec, who should remain nameless, even fell asleep at a Satellites gig, when they must've been blowing a hundred decibels off the stage.)

And on record company terms, why shouldn't they have all passed? The Satellites were, after all, a bar band—nothing more, nothing less. Just like the Stones, just like the Faces, just like Aerosmith, just like any number of rock'n'roll bands that have emerged since Chuck Berry and Elvis Presley told the world the news. Rather than breaking up when they didn't get high-paying gigs after what felt like forever, they stayed together, sweating it out in Atlanta as well as roadhouses all throughout the Southeast. When band members came and went, there was always that love of playing music that kept Baird and Richards together. And, when final-

the **DREAM** syndicate

**Ghost Stories**

Passionate rock  
that can pin you like a bolt of recognition.

It's not just a dream.  
It's The Dream Syndicate.

**Ghost Stories**  
The new album from The Dream Syndicate.

Featuring: "I Have Faith"

Produced & Recorded by Elliot Mazer

ENIGMA

© 1988 Enigma Records. All Rights Reserved.

ly it wasn't there, after almost five years of their watching the parade of Next Big Things come and go, they broke up. Baird headed to North Carolina, where he hooked up with the Woodpeckers, and Richards slumped around Atlanta before barnstorming stages once again with the Hellhounds.

But it wasn't the same, not for the fans who loved them, nor for those who'd grown used to taking 'em for granted. The split didn't sit well with their roadie/manager Kevin Jennings either, who'd been humping their equipment and setting up their gigs for most of the band's existence just so he could "watch the boys rock" night after night. With no Satellites around—and Hedgen's closed—he headed back home to England for a visit, the Satellites demos they'd cut with producer Jeff Glixman under his arm.

If the American majors weren't convinced, and the indies weren't impressed, Jennings decided he'd get the boys a deal overseas. After months of legwork, he did just that. When the EP, *Keep the Faith*, was released by the English independent, Making Waves, the British press took notice. So did Baird and Richards, back in Atlanta, reading about themselves in the British music weeklies.

It was perfect timing. Baird was starting to have trouble with the Woodpeckers and while Richards was drawing a sizable crowd with the Hellhounds, it wasn't the same. There's a chemistry between Richards and Baird onstage that was missing. Together the two play off each other like the best rockers of the past: Lennon and McCartney, Jagger and Richard, Edmunds and Lowe. It wasn't long be-

fore Baird telephoned Richards and the Satellites were back together.

Things were a little different the second time around. They took care of business, finding a manager and lawyer to battle the record company apathy, and then they hit the road with Jennings. Armed with the EP and rave reviews from England, they were able to get better bookings rather than playing every hole-in-the-wall in the Southeast that served beer. And, by this time, late 1985, America's musical tastes had undergone yet another metamorphosis. Guitars were cool again, and the Satellites—the Georgia Satellites now—were already a two-guitar barroom brawl.

In less than a year's time, the Georgia Satellites signed to Elektra, their debut LP was released and suddenly, instantly, "overnight," they had a hit with "Keep Your Hands to Yourself," a line overheard late one night at Hedgen's years before.

Baird: The first record was a tense record because it was a tense time. We were old men making our debut record, scared that we didn't know what to do. Everybody in the band was really nervous, except Rick Price, who had been through it.

I think a lot of people in their early twenties want music not to be so stupid. They want it to be smart. They want what they like to reflect an elitism. Some people never grow out of that. And some people decide, 'I want to like whatever makes me feel good, whatever portrays an emotion honestly, that I can pick up on.' And the lowly one is just as good as the lofty one in the end. What I used to turn up

my nose at, like AC/DC, I refused to listen to under any circumstances, now turns out to be some of the best music made in the late '70s. You know, as good as the New York Dolls ever were.

*You think so?*

Yeah, I think so. Absolutely. C'mon, Tony! That's what you can do with the idea that you play just what you feel. It doesn't matter if you go through a Lou Reed, playing just one chord, not very well, but still getting the emotion out—and getting all of it out.

Since then, from small halls to sports arenas to outdoor festivals, the Georgia Satellites have retained the roughness, the aggressiveness. It was most noticeable when they rang in 1987 at the MTV New Year's Eve Ball. Watching the Satellites' live show on television was just like being at Hedgen's. The Satellites hadn't lost any of their energy, not a bit. They were the best band to play the MTV concert that night because they were the only band. Andy Taylor was a joke. Dave Edmunds sounded tired and looked old, older than Carl Perkins, who made the obligatory founding father of rock'n'roll appearance but was just going through the motions. And Lone Justice, despite Maria McKee's talent, was embarrassing. That night, the Satellites, with their tried-and-true rock'n'roll stances numbers one through 100, with their Southern drawls and their British musical roots, showed everybody what Monday nights in their hometown used to be like.

# Pro quality sound is easy with a new ATUS Stereo Mixer!

Mix microphones, tape recorders, CD players, turntables, video recorders, amplified musical instruments, AM/FM tuners in stereo

Handy headphone "cue" circuit for each input

**atus**<sup>™</sup>

Distributed exclusively by  
Audio-Technica U.S., Inc.

1221 Commerce Drive, Stow, OH 44224

Special "talkover" control automatically lowers music level for voice announcements

Easy-to-read professional style VU meters

Five-bank graphic equalization for each output channel available

Deluxe models include echo/reverb

Get more sound value with a new ATUS mixer. Four models available from leading dealers everywhere. Write for list and catalog today.

AM300E

office had taken pity on me and agreed to show me a yuppie night on the town.

"A Beamer," she told me as we rode down the elevator together.

"A what?"

"A Beamer. A BMW."

"Oh."

Jessica is one of those gorgeous broads who is always friendly and accessible, the kind you dream about making babies with, sharing your innermost thoughts and aspirations with, having great sex with, and being supportive to. The perfect woman. But then you take a second look and shake your head and say, "Nah!" Something is missing, like the edge.

"Where's your tie?"

"In my pocket." I blushed. Shit. I knew what was coming next.

"What's it doing in your pocket?"

"I don't know how to tie a tie," I whispered, hoping the janitor standing in the elevator with us couldn't hear.

"You want me to do it?" It was him.

"Well, ah, if you don't mind."

He just laughed as the door opened, took the tie and began assembling the knot around his thigh. Jessica laughed. She found it cute. I felt like an asshole. I take off the leather jacket and become a yuppie pet.

Big Kahuna was having a party for Shearson Lehman, or maybe it was the other way around. The dance floor was packed with fun-loving corporate types bobbing away to "Tequila" and all doing their Pee-wee Herman imitations. God it was pathetic. Guys getting drunk and looking for the lampshades, and not finding them, putting their ties on their heads. The women danced up and down, looking about as graceful as subway straphangers during rush hour. Every so often a piece of jewelry would fall off them and they'd get down on their hands and knees to look for it and the drunk guy with the tie on his head would drift over to make some obscene dance motions. Whoa, we're talking a real wacky fun time! But I didn't care. I was finally out with Jessica.

"So you having fun?" She asked after she made all the appropriate hellos.

"These shoes are killing me, why don't we go outside?"

"No way, the party's right here. C'mere and meet my friend Terri, you'll like her, she's a real fun girl."

Jessica made the introductions and split over to a group of guys that looked like a college football team.

"So what do you do?" Terri asked.

She was real cute, with short blond hair, a red miniskirt, and a high button white blouse that kept a nice pair taut against the fabric. But I didn't know how to answer her. I couldn't use my cover story because this party was Shearson Lehman. I had to think of something else quick.

"I'm a lawyer." Yeah, I had watched plenty of "L.A. Law."

"Do you like your job?"

"Love it, love it."

"What firm are you with?"

Now she had me. I didn't know one fucking law firm from another.

"Howard, Fine, and Howard." The Three Stooges' last names were the only ones that popped into my brain.

"Oh, I've never heard of them?"

"Oh, they're a new one, a lot better than those

old stuffy places, and listen, it's getting a little stuffy in here, you want to take a walk outside?"

We went up the stairs and through the velvet ropes and stood out on Columbus Avenue watching the corporate overachievers trying to get in to the party. I lit a cigarette and looked over at Terri. God, she was hot. Different from Jessica, but the same. Nice body, beautiful face, well dressed, but way too clean. It was bizarre—on the surface they were both so sexy, and yet, not at all. Like when you finished there wouldn't be any mess. No sweat, no odor, no passion. I leaned over and kissed her on the mouth.

"What was that for?" She smiled.

"I just wanted to make sure." It was like that scene at the end of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, when the townspeople have been duplicated by the pods and are chasing Kevin McCarthy and his date, who hide in a cave. McCarthy checks to see if they're in the clear. But when he comes back, the woman he loves has fallen asleep, and a replicant has taken possession of her body. McCarthy doesn't know until he gives her a big juicy kiss. The pod people don't have any emotion. McCarthy looks back at her in horror and knows. She is one of them.

"Don't fight it," she tells him. "It's better this way."

All the enthusiasm I had for jumping Terri's bones vanished.

"There you are, you two!" Jessica smirked as she came out of the club.

I stood and stared at these two beautiful women and wanted to cry. Yuppies aren't sexy, because they are preciously perfect. And I wondered, after I begged off from the rest of the evening with a sick excuse, and walked back downtown, if any amount of money was worth being neutered.

The girl on the diving board was striking. Though she must have only been twelve or so she carried herself with all the poise and confidence of a young lady. Contrasting her demeanor were a group of grammar-school-aged kids decked out in the most fashionable swimwear, baggies and neoprene, horsing around as they waited for their turn on the diving board. But the dark-haired intense little girl on the board paid them no mind as she walked out, stepped, jumped, and bounced up in the air, arced, and slid into the water without a splash. I didn't know a child could be so elegant.

Prompted by the adults sitting across the pool, the kids began to applaud when the girl resurfaced. But she ignored them—instead, her eyes were on three adults sitting in lounge chairs by the edge of the pool. After a moment I could see why. In unison they raised scorecards overhead, rating her performance. It must have been a high score, for this time the kids didn't need any prompting, but broke into applause themselves. Everbody likes a winner. Especially here at the Country Club, where yuppies are made.

"Gees, they're even scoring them," I said to Jessica.

"Yeah sure, it's diving practice."

We got dressed, went over to the golf course and took out one of the golf carts. For the first half hour Jessica wouldn't let me drive. I think she was a little pissed that the golf pro she had a crush on was out teaching a class instead of hanging out at the pro-shop waiting for her to parade in so he could ask her out for dinner. I don't think Jessica liked being stuck with me on such a pretty day when there was a man with some real potential in the vicinity. But she didn't pout. Instead she filled the time chatting about how much fun it was to grow

up having access to a golf cart all the time. Having the freedom to drive yourself everywhere from the very beginning. I could just picture it. So what are you doing after nursery school? Want to go down to the brook and throw rocks at frogs? Good, I'll pick you up at the sandbox.

But all her talk about the joys of the golf cart were making me mighty envious.

"Come on, let me drive for a while!"

These people really hate sharing their toys. Finally, though, she pulled over and gave me the wheel. A squirrel darted in front of us and I began chasing him over the fairways and greens, exhausting the little bugger as he looked for a tree to escape into.

"Okay, that's enough. We don't want to spoil someone else's game."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't done, that's why. You have to learn the rules."

I stared at her and I couldn't help but feel a little sad. Like the twelve-year-old diving champ, she would always be looking over her shoulder to see how she scored. Always be waiting for the adults by the edge of the pool to show how she rated. Yeah, there were rules alright, but not the ones you and I subscribe to. Here there was no great punishment nor suffering meted out when you fucked up. This world was too civilized for that. In this world, when you didn't play by the rules, what you received was a low rating. A bad grade. A C-minus. An endless high school grading system that followed you through eternity. And there was no curve.

Everytime I opened my eyes in the detox, visions of a new, improved Legs would come running to greet me. There was the friendly Maytag repairman version, the train engineer, the scientist, the taxicab driver, a whole bunch of them. But the one that scared me the most was the version of myself in the suit and tie. The one that looked dead from the wallet down. The one whose life without booze became an unfeeling system of routines. The guy who was no longer bad. A yuppie wimp who had extinguished the fires of life. Who no longer mucked up the works. Who was dull. And on the sixth day when the doctors decided the shit was out of my system and they kick me out, it was the guy in the suit and tie who made me want to go pick up a Budweiser, a hundred Budweisers, and drink until he went away.





**CD-3**—NOW GET THE MUSIC YOU WANT AT THE PRICE YOU WANT.

The music industry is about to put their hottest hits into the palm of your hand.

If you waited this long to experience the thrill of digital Compact Disc sound—but were knocked out by the price—your wait is over.

Introducing CD-3. The 3-inch compact disc that offers up to 20 minutes of digital audio music. Imagine hit singles, dance mixes and even mini albums—all at a price that won't break your wallet.

There are already hundreds of discs to choose from, including the latest pop, rock, country, jazz, R&B and classical titles. And each CD-3 is made to play in virtually all Compact Disc players—either directly or with a simple adaptor.\*

So get your hands on the new CD-3s. You'll find out why they're the music group that everyone's talking about!

**SONY**  
THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

© 1988 Sony Corporation of America. Sony and The Leader in Digital Audio are trademarks of Sony. CD-3 is a trademark 1988 RIAA. \*Check with the manufacturer of your Compact Disc player for compatibility.

Announcing the new music group everybody can get into.

**GIBSON from page 99**

cian ethic going on. They don't throw cigarette butts on the street, they have little ashtrays on every lamppost. And they're emptied quite often.

*Can you imagine that in New York? I mean, even if they had ashtrays on lampposts here, they'd overflow in ten minutes and never be emptied...*

New York is a weird place. If I had been living there all this time instead of living in Vancouver, which is an extremely soft environment, I'd probably be writing about unicorns and elves. I don't think I would have been able to quite focus on the intensity, although there's a writer named Jack Womack who lives in New York—his stuff isn't being sold as science fiction, but it's mostly set in an unbelievably bad New York of the near future. If you dropped the characters from *Neuromancer* into his Manhattan, they'd fall down screaming and have nervous breakdowns. If you hate New York, this guy's for you. Womack is from Louisville—I don't think native New Yorkers or even case-hardened people who have been there a long time can perceive just how heavy it is. They can't—it's an anti-survival trait to be too conscious to what's going on around you. I'm always worried about what I'm going to see in New York. Every time I'm there I see at least one thing I don't want to have to remember.

I've often thought it would be a good idea if we could make a deal with the Japanese, kind of subcontract out or let them run New York for a decade or so, as long as they'd give it back. They'd get everything cleaned up and going.

*That sounds really sinister—it smacks of getting the*

*trains running on time.*

Well, it's a totally different mindset. I don't know, maybe that's why my books seem to be so popular in Japan; my suspicion is that they get a kind of perverse kick out of seeing this absurdly entropic view of their own culture. For the same reason, a lot of their better comics are set in a broken-down, post-nuclear holocaust Tokyo.

*Have you been paying any attention to what's going on in comics right now?*

Not really. I try, but there's so much interesting stuff going these days that it really has to be forced on me—"Hey, you've got to check out Frank Miller." I liked Howard Chaykin's *American Flag*; Bruce Sterling turned me on to that. We tried to have it nominated for a Hugo one year [the science fiction equivalent of an Oscar] but they wouldn't accept it. No, the last time I was a fan was with the underground comics in the '60s, that was the only time I went out and bought everything. Now there's so much of it, and so much that's apparently pretty good, that it's hard to keep track. Although *Neuromancer* is going to be a comic, a graphic novel. I've seen it, it's kind of neat, although the characters look a little healthier than I had imagined.

*I know you're working on the screenplay now for Aliens III, with James Cameron. Are there still plans to film "New Rose Hotel"?*

Yeah, I sure hope so—I'm on page 83 of the screenplay right now. What we decided to do is shoot it in Tokyo, and not treat it as a science fiction story. Just say, this is about now, and treat it as a story about industrial espionage in present-day Tokyo. I'm very happy with that idea. I thought Tokyo is a lot more

interesting than having to build a *Blade Runner* set, although it's probably going to be hell to try to shoot there. The director's going to be Katherine Bigelow. She did a film last year called *Near Dark*—it was great, there was a scene in a redneck bar, the best thing I've seen in years.

*I remember that film, it was a good example of the cyberpunk ethic popping up unexpectedly. I went to see it just expecting a generic horror film and was totally blown away. It was so intense. I love when stuff like that just unexpectedly boils to the surface of pop culture—like seeing Survival Research Laboratories on MTV.*

Yeah, speaking of them, they pop up in my new book [*Mona Lisa Overdrive*], in a way. One of the main characters is a Mark Pauline type, kind of an ex-car-thief guy who builds giant robotic monsters. I don't know him personally, but I've always loved his stuff. My favorite tape of theirs is a performance they did at Area, this club in New York. In the background you can see these cool New York art people just standing there with expressions on their face like, "Should I run? Am I going to die now?" Talk about intensity, they've got it.

And so does William Gibson. If you are bored and jaded with so much of what passes for literature these days, get with the program. Pick up one of his books (it's probably best to start with the short-story collection *Burning Chrome*, just to immerse yourself in his *weltanschauung*). And you'll know why he's the hottest writer going, and why his cyberpunk vision is the way to fly the unfriendly skies of the late '80s.

thought, Mrs. Brown—who was admitted to Augusta University Hospital with black and blue marks on her arms, legs, hips, thighs, and feet—has been unwilling to testify, even though Beech Island billboards proclaim "Real Men Don't Hit Women!"

**July, 1988, Augusta, Georgia**

Brown, who often says "turn me loose two times, turn me loose three times, I'm Dr. Feelgood," is sentenced to two and a half years of suspended jail time, fined \$1,200, and placed on probation until he performs a benefit concert for the local chapter of the Fraternal Order of Police and Helping Hands. The man who penned the just-say-no anthem "King Heroin" pleads no contest to possession of PCP and pleads guilty to resisting arrest and carrying a pistol. These charges stemmed from an incident in May when deputies pulled over Brown's car after receiving a call from Mrs. Brown, who had reportedly been beaten.

Brown, who is currently planning a jazz album, harbors his unofficially adopted son, Reverend Al Sharpton, and his friend Tawana Brawley and her on-the-lam mother upon their return from the Democratic National Convention. Al and James no doubt reminisce about their 1981 gospel-rap record, "God Has Smiled on Me," and trade hair grooming tips. No charges are filed.

**September, 1988, Richmond County, Georgia; Aiken County, South Carolina; and Richmond County again**

James Brown, who plans to record a Yiddish album, is arrested after leading police on a half-hour chase from near Augusta into South Carolina and then back into Georgia.

Trouble begins when Dr. Feelgood, armed with a shotgun and pistol, and using abusive language, interrupts an insurance seminar in the same building where he has offices. Said to have mumbled through a microphone that he "wanted to know who was using his rest rooms," the original Sex Machine orders everyone to leave while he "escorts" some women outside to lock the lavatories.

Brown again chooses not to "stay on the scene" and authorities chase him on Interstate 20 across the state line, where they lose him for about ten minutes. Later, the entertainer who sang, "Man made the car to drive on the road," tries to run over two police officers setting up a roadblock. They respond by shooting out the truck's front tires. The resilient "Eighth Wonder of the World," however, drives on wheel rims for six miles before "doing it to death" and running into a ditch.

In Georgia, Brown is charged with having no state tag, reckless driving, driving with a suspended license, attempting to flee and elude a police officer, carrying a pistol without a license, carrying a deadly weapon to a public gathering, and simple assault. South Carolina authorities book him on two counts of assault and battery with intent to kill, failure to stop for blue lights and sirens, and driving under the influence.

The man who wasn't lying when he said "I'm Super Bad" is released after posting \$25,298 in bonds in the two states. "He didn't mean no harm," says Brown's wife, Adrienne, explaining that he had been taking medication for recent jaw surgery. "He's in pain. He's not in his right mind."

"A million and a half dollars down the drain!" exclaims William Glenn, vice president of James Brown Enterprises, referring to a European tour that would have to be cancelled.

The very next day—September 25—Brown is, again, arrested for driving under the influence. ●

suit you can't just take it off like that." Other examples surface: Brian Setzer, Joe "King" Carrasco, Sparks, Leo Sayer, Elton John, the Bay City Rollers. The joke doesn't always end with the punchline. The Bangles' clown suit is being an all-girl group from LA who dress in Frederick's of Woodstock gear. The new album is a pop masterpiece, but will anyone notice?

The Houston venue #s (pronounced "Numbers") is one of those horrible places that sprang up soon after the burbs got their MTV. Though the club's capacity of 700 is small by Bangles standards, it's only half full when the mod squad hits the stage to run through the 40-minute set they'll be playing the next few weeks as George Michael's opening act. Opening with "Manic Monday," Prince's rewording of "1999," the band is stiff and tentative. Ditto on the next tune, the Merry Go Round's "Live." The Bangles are rusty and they know it. "I hope y'all are warmed up," Vicki announces in a fake Texan drawl, "cuz we shore ain't." With each ensuing song, the Bangles get one breath closer to being the act they want to be this night. "Egyptian" gets the crowd heated up, but the band doesn't really hit its stride until "Hazy Shade of Winter" ends the set. As Susanna Hoffs said at lunch, "Hazy Shade of Winter" was the first song to show a lot of radiophiles that the Bangles were indeed a rock'n'roll band and not just some sinister siblings of Debbie Gibson. It takes only a brief smattering of applause to bring the band out for an encore, Arthur Lee and Love's "7 and 7 Is." It kicks the cabbage around the block and finally the Bangles feel good about the next day's gig opening for George M. in front of 28,000 of his fans.

The backstage scene is crowded and non-celebratory, with autographs and chats with various reps taking precedent over a cooler of beer. I wait a few minutes for someone to take the first beer, but when no one does I decide to wander around in the restricted bowels. In a small, even more crowded room next to the Bangles' sits the opening act, an all-boy group called the Van Goghs. A chubby girl with too much make-up and jet black hair is interviewing them, probably for some paper you pick up from the tops of cigarette machines. She apologizes for the next question, but asks it anyway. "How did you get together to start your band?" The guys answer it honestly, as if it's the first time they'd been asked that, and as I walk back to the stars' dressing room I realize that it probably was.

I asked the Bangles how they got together to form their band and they roll their eyes. "We answered an ad that [CBS Prez] Walter Yentikoff placed in the *Hollywood Reporter*," Debbi says, then Susanna jumps in. "It said 'Wanted: Four gals . . .'" "Four wacky gals," Vicki interjects. Susanna continues,

"Wanted: Four wacky gals to form Go-Gos-like band." "No, the ad said, 'Wanted: Four wacky gals to sing, no, to lip-sync over pre-recorded tracks,'" Michael says, and the girls seem satisfied with that.

Truth be told, however, the Bangles did get together because of a classified. It wasn't placed by Uncle Walt, though, but by Susanna Hoffs. ■ was 1981, Susanna had just graduated from U-Cal Berkeley and returned home to LA with the intention of making it in the music biz. The Peterson sisters answered her ad and quickly discovered that they had found a musical soulmate. "I remember the night we met," Hoffs says. "We were sitting in the kitchen and I'd say, 'I love the Hollies,' and Vicki would say, 'So do I.' It went on like that for two hours and by the end of the night we were in a band together." They christened themselves the Supersonic Bangs, from an article in *Esquire*, then shortened it to the Bangs. When their original bassist Annette Zalinskas dropped out in search of a bigger role with cowpunkers Blood on the Saddle, the Bangles didn't have to look far for a replacement. They auditioned, then hired, Vicki's roommate Michael Steele, a former member of the Runaways. After a European tour opening for the English Beat, the Bangles returned to LA, signed to Columbia and became the first band to break out of the so-called "Paisley Underground." Their first album, *All Over the Place*, received almost unanimous rave reviews.

The major swivel in the band's career came in '85, when Prince announced himself a big fan and joined the band onstage in LA. A few weeks later he sent them "Manic Monday," complete with recorded backing tracks, which he said the Bangles could use if they wanted. They passed on the instrumentation, but kept the tune, which revved up sales for *Different World*, their second LP. An even bigger hit was "Walk Like an Egyptian," the Liam Sternberg charttopper which was originally recorded by Charlie Sexton and turned down by MCA.

For the Bangles, however, real success is not measured in units sold. "When I was first learning to play guitar I would go down to the music store and buy those guitar songbooks and they would always have the wrong chords," Vicki recalls. "The other day I was in a music store and I came across a Bangles songbook and, sure enough, they had the wrong chords. We have arrived!" Michael has another success story: "I heard 'Different Light' on Muzak," she says, delighted. "What about those Filipino girls we saw in Japan?" Debbi asks. Michael laughs, and explains: "We were in this club in Japan and saw a band do painstakingly, anally-correct versions of our songs. They sounded like androids." "Yeah," Susanna adds, "they were so much like us that we hired them to sing on *Everything*. Hey, there's your scoop. The Bangles don't really sing on their records." ●

SPIN STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Statement of ownership, management, and circulation (required by Act of August 12, 1970, Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: SPIN. 2. Date of filing: October, 1988. 3. Frequency of issue: Published monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 6 West 18th St., New York, New York 10011-4608. 5. Location of headquarters or general business offices of publishers: 6 West 18th St., New York, New York 10011-4608. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: Bob Guccione, Jr., 6 West 18th St., New York, New York 10011-4608. Editor: Bob Guccione, Jr., 6 West 18th Street, New York, New York 10011-4608. Managing Editor: Bob Keating, 6 West 18th St., New York, New York 10011-4608. 7. Owner. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Camouflage Publishing Inc., 6 West 18th St., New York, New York 10011-4608; Robert Charles Guccione, Jr., 6 West 18th St., New York, New York 10011-4608; David H. Horowitz, 1133 Ave. Of the Americas, New York, New York; Richard Keech, 11 West 18th St., New York, New York 10011-4608. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more total amounts of bonds, mortgages or other securities: NONE. 9. Average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: (A) Total number of copies printed: 308,500. (B) Paid and/or requested circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 126,200. 2. Mail subscriptions paid and/or requested: 6,000. (C) Total paid and/or requested circulation: 132,200. (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 2,000. (E) Total distribution: 134,000. (F) Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,500. 2. Return from news agents: 172,800. (G) Total: 308,500. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: (A) Total number of copies printed: 294,500. (B) Paid and/or requested circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 121,910. 2. Mail subscriptions: 15,000. (C) Total paid and/or requested circulation: 136,910. (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary and other free copies: 2,000. (E) Total distribution: 138,910. (F) Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,500. 2. Return from news agents: 154,090. (G) Total: 294,500. I certify that the statements made by me are correct and complete: Bob Guccione, Jr., President/CEO.





# Announcing the newest way to take them on tour.

**THE SONY POCKET DISCMAN  
—NOW TAKE THE MUSIC YOU  
WANT WHEREVER YOU WANT.**

Sony has created what could be the world's smallest concert tour.

The amazing new Sony Pocket Discman™ Compact Disc player. Designed to let you hear the exciting new 3-inch CDs on the street, at school or even in your car.

Just slightly larger than the CD-3 itself, the Pocket Discman player comes complete with its own headphones, rechargeable battery, A/C adaptor and a carrying case that holds up to six 3-inch discs.

Yet it still has all the talents of a full-size CD player with features like Repeat, Shuffle Play and Music Search. It's even remote control capable.\*

Best of all, the Pocket Discman shown plays not only CD-3s, but the thousands of 5-inch CD titles available today.



The new Sony Pocket Discman. Now you can get great digital sound without having to carry around all that "heavy metal."

**SONY**  
THE LEADER IN DIGITAL AUDIO™

© 1988 Sony Corporation of America. Sony, Pocket Discman and The Leader in Digital Audio are trademarks of Sony. Model shown: D-58. \* Remote control optional.

## GREENHOUSE from page 30

And the numbers get worse. Currently, about 6,900 acres of tropical rain forests are being destroyed every hour, according to Rainforest, an environmental advocacy group in San Francisco. That's 165,600 square miles a year, or 60.4 million acres—an area slightly larger than California. In 1987, NASA reported some 77,000 square miles lost that year in Brazil alone.

When the rain forests are taken down for timber, as is usually the case in Zaire, it is just the carbon dioxide-oxygen exchange cycle that is worsened. When they are burned to make room for grazing cattle, such as in Brazil, the fires not only take rain forest, but also contribute an estimated 10 percent to the build-up of greenhouse gases in the atmosphere, according to joint studies by U.S. and Brazilian scientists.

Half of the planet's rain forests have already been destroyed, and, if we continue at the current rate, all the rain forests will be gone in our children's lifetime. With them will go an estimated 300,000 to 500,000 plant and animal species, according to botanists and zoologists, and 40 percent of our oxygen supply.

As the combined effects of greenhouse gases, ozone depletion, and the destruction of rain forests get worse in coming years, it is conceivable that the planet will get so hot that all life will die and that rivers, lakes, and oceans will evaporate, leaving the planet bare and waterless, with an atmosphere of swirling gases and a surface temperature of some 600 to 800 degrees Fahrenheit. Earth would then be a lot like its sister planet, Venus.

"Runaway greenhouse is what we think hap-

pened on Venus," says Taylor at the DOE labs in California. According to Roland, "There is no reason to believe that Venus did not at one point look very much like Earth." Recent radar analysis shows that, beneath the thick Venutian atmosphere, there are vast, dry "ocean basins" and raised masses of land that look very much like continents.

Whatever its history, the surface of Venus is now dry. Its atmosphere, as revealed by spectrographic analyses, is composed of 97 percent carbon dioxide, with traces of nitrogen dioxide, various other gases, and water vapor, and its surface temperature is about 900 degrees Fahrenheit, in and out of the sun.

Drs. Roland, Squires, and Kellogg say that the possibility of runaway greenhouse on Earth is what they are all "very concerned about."

Researchers hold out no hope of reversing the global warming trend, but with a radical turnaround in our use of coal, oil, and natural gas, an immediate ban on the manufacture and use of CFCs and an end to funding international development projects that require the destruction of rain forests, we might be able to prevent the planet from becoming an uninhabitable desert.

Several organizations, including the World Resources Institute and the Audubon Society, are raising funds internationally to buy large tracts of rain forests, which they will preserve as refuges.

Politicians like George Bush have touted the importance of developing natural gas and ethanol from corn as solutions to global warming. But scientists warn that, while these fuels release less carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxides, both factors in air pollution, they contribute just as much as to the greenhouse effect. They, like every other combus-

tible fuel, put out carbon dioxide when burned. Kellogg insists that we must commit resources to rapidly develop renewable energies, such as solar, wind, hydrogen economy, and fusion.

Perhaps most troubling, however, is that global warming is becoming an issue at a time when scores of developing nations are relying ever more heavily on fossil fuels for their own industrialization. "It is unfair," says Squires, who recently spoke at a conference on global warming where representatives of several developing nations were present. "Now that they are beginning down the course that we charted we are saying: 'Go back to the stone age.'"

"Their response is, 'Who are you to tell us we can't become what you have become?'"



# yo! it's a wonderful life

Colorized version by Darius James

## "YO, IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE!"

Snow flakes fall as **TITLE** and **CREDITS**, sprayed in ornate, free-style graffiti, roll in flip-book fashion on the side of a string of subway cars rumbling on an elevated track.

**PULL BACK** to **ESTABLISHING LONG-SHOT** of a whimsical miniature of **HARLEM**. **DIALOGUE BALLOONS**, in varied colors, appear over the rooftops of Harlem's brownstones. It is Christmas Eve.

### BLUE BALLOON

George is a righteous brutha. Help him through his struggle. Open his eyes to the right choice.

### RED BALLOON

Homeboy can mix the wax, lay the tracks, and make the urban word soar like a bird. Keep the brutha out the clutches of that swine-eatin' devil.

### YELLOW BALLOON

I'm a stick a pop-gun up his ass and blow homeboy's brains out! Yo, stop piggin' the pipe!!

**TILT DOWN** and **CROSS-FADE** to brownstone in disrepair. **TILT UP** to window and **ZOOM-IN**, beyond the glass, to **MA BAILEY**. She is on her knees, at her bed, with her hands folded in prayer. Hanging on the wall above her head, in a heavy metal frame, is a portrait of a winking Jesus. The portrait rattles from the vibrations outside. Her bedroom smells of talcum powder and insecticide. (Prod. Note: Ma Bailey should be portrayed by Oprah Winfrey, who seems quite good at shallow characterizations of dignified old women with syphilitic-looking eyes and voices quavering with self-righteousness.)

### MA BAILEY

Lord, watch over my child. Teach him to use the sense he was born with. He ain't got much and he ain't bad. He just can't find his self. Unfortunately, neither can nobody else.

The portrait of the winking Jesus shakes from the wall and falls, konking Ma Bailey on the head. She bleeds from a large gash in her skull and dies, scrambled brain pulp oozing from the wound. As we **FADE** on the face of the dead Ma Bailey, Jesus winks.

### FADE UP DEEP SPACE.

Travel past huge planetoids, barren asteroids, and blazing comets. **STOP ON** spiraling star clusters. Each of the two respective star clusters pulse with light each time it speaks in **VOICE OVER**.

### CLUSTER ONE

Shit is shaky in the Milky Way. Folks is hollerin' 'bout a cat named George Bailey. And his curtain is 'bout to drop, dig?

### CLUSTER TWO

I heard that. Send one of the cats to help the brutha out.

### CLUSTER ONE

That's the thing. Clarence. It's his turn at the mike and he ain't got his chops yet.

### CLUSTER TWO

Let the brutha riff, do his shit. He keep the beat, he get his chops. Fact, he do right, we get him a nice gig, set him up with a quartet. Call Clarence.

### CLUSTER ONE

Yo! Clarence! Get y'ugly Quasimodo-ass over here!

A point of light zips across the sky.

### CLARENCE

What up? I'm readin' *The Autobiography Of Malcolm X*. He writes some heavy shit. And you should dig what he puttin' down now.

### CLUSTER ONE

You giffin', cat, in the Milky Way. You gon' help out a cat named George Bailey.

### CLARENCE

Who dat?

### CLUSTER ONE

Smoke this. You'll see.

### CLARENCE

What is it?

### CLUSTER ONE

Angel Dust.

SFX: Sibilant intake of breath.

**CLARENCE'S** point of light shatters into a burst of Disneyesque psychedelia.

### CLARENCE

*SHEE-IT!* This is better than the time I shot smack with Bird in '52! (Beat) Yow! I'm buggin' out! Somebody else's life is flashin' before my eyes!

### CLUSTER ONE

'Course, fool. That's George Bailey.

Blurred **DISSOLVE** to **EXT, HARLEM RIVER**. **GEORGE BAILEY**, as a child of seven, sits on the shores of the Harlem River with his younger brother. The afternoon is sunny and the river is serene. A large rat paddles by. **GEORGE** muses to his younger brother.

### THE YOUNG GEORGE BAILEY

What if . . . what if one day, I was standin' here on the shores of the Harlem River an' I wanted to jump in and kill myself but dis angel comes in the nick o' time to save me den shows me what life would be like if I hadn't been born. What do you think would happen den?

**GEORGE BAILEY'S YOUNGER BROTHER** Nuthin'.

**DISSOLVE** to **DEEP SPACE**.

### CLARENCE

What's d'deal now?

### CLUSTER ONE

His mama's dead. Jesus hit her in the head. A producer with horns and a tail wanna buy his soul and market him as America's New National Coon. A crackhead and the police is both gunnin' for his ass. And he want to throw his self in the Harlem River. Can you save him?

### CLARENCE

Bet.

Clarence zips off in a trail of light. **FADE. GEORGE BAILEY**, who looks and talks like Jimmy Stewart with a flat-top, stands on the shores of the Harlem River. He stares up at the sky. A police siren is heard in the distant background.

### GEORGE BAILEY

All my life, I've done well by the community. Through the money I made producing rap shows, I've been able to sponsor free breakfast programs to feed hungry children, start a clothing drive to dress the needy, and build a shelter for the homeless. I'm a one-man Black Panther Party! Now, because of my talents, I'm being asked to compromise my revolutionary values by a record producer who has offered me countless sums of money, more cocaine than anyone could possibly snort in a lifetime, and lots of white girls—blonde ones with big tits, too! The temptation is too great! I can't live this life!

**GEORGE** jumps into the river's icy waters. And drowns. Blurp. Blurp. Blurp.

**CLARENCE** appears. He is a crab-backed junkie jazzeteer (played by Antonio Fargas). He looks into the churning river. And shrugs his shoulders.

### CLARENCE

There goes the quartet . . .

As the **CLOSING CREDITS** roll, we hear on the soundtrack—

### LITTLE BOY (V.O.)

I don't get it Uncle Remus. What's the point?

### UNCLE REMUS (V.O.)

The point is this—*You Can All Kiss My Unruly Black Ass and Go to Hell!!! Merry Christmas.*

*The End*

With Special Thanks to Jeff Belton.

NOW JEEP HAS  
CHRYSLER MOTORS  77<sup>®</sup>

# King of the Hill.

# \$8995\*\*



For that low price, you get the champ. Not a toy, the real McCoy. It's as adept at thrashing about the out-back as it is stretching out on the interstate. A wonderful companion. A four-wheel friend. The kind you want around when you're caught between a rock and a hard place. It's Jeep Wrangler... proud champion of Jeep's not-afraid-of-anything tradition. Check out a Wrangler soon. Heck, \$8995\*\* is a small price to pay for freedom.

For further information, call 1-800-JEEP-EAGLE.

\*Protects 1989 models' engine and powertrain for 7 years or 70,000 miles and against outerbody rust-through for 7 years or 100,000 miles. See limited warranty at dealer. Deductibles and restrictions apply.

\*\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Title, taxes, destination charges, and options are extra. Price may change without notice.

Buckle up for safety. Jeep is a registered trademark of Jeep-Eagle Corporation.



**Only in a Jeep**

**Eagle**



## THIS BOTTLE OF BEER COST \$50 MILLION.

Why have we spent \$50 million to develop Miller Genuine Draft?

Because we've always believed in making every effort to produce the best tasting bottle of beer. So we took a long, hard look at how a beer is made.

Most beers are heat-pasteurized. And that can affect a beer's taste.

But Miller Genuine Draft isn't heat-pasteurized. It's cold-filtered™.

We spent a lot of time and effort to develop the cold-filtered™ process.

It's an exclusive method that doesn't alter the rich, smooth, pure taste of beer.

Cold-filtered™ Miller Genuine Draft. What our \$50 million buys you is a beer that's as real as it gets.

**AS REAL AS IT GETS.**